

THE
TRAVELS
OF
CYLLENIUS.
A
POEM.

IN SIXTY-SIX CANTOS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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THE TRAVELS
OF
CYLENIUS.

THE FIRST CANTO.

NOW from the western shores Britannia drew
Of her once powerful troops the scattered few,
(There with infatuated haste had run
To seize by force what gentleness had won
And

And with terrific brow and sullen pride
Her free-born sons presumptuously defied)
Disgraceful flunk from the Atlantic main;
Nor satiate with the blood of millions slain
O'er the Pacific straight she darts her eye,
New scenes of fraud and rapine to descry.
And as some famished kite in search of prey
Scowls on each harmless bird upon his way,
So on the states of Oude and Malabar
She seeks to wage a more successful war;
On Coromandel's unexhausted coast
To find that wealth her frantic rage had lost.
Soon at her feet the routed Indians bow
And the torn laurel sprouts upon her brow.
What in the wantonness of power she gains
With unexampled treachery maintains.

Still

Still on each side extends the olive wand,
The pledge of peace, the prelude of command;
In feigned remonstrances explains her will;
Her proffered faith forebodes impending ill;
Summons the neighbouring nations to her aid
The plea to guard, the project to invade;
Supports the claims of each surrounding throne
More opportunely to enlarge her own:
Or when triumphant o'er her vanquished foes
Her military ardour seeks repose,
The ancient maxim still is understood
That Lions are the monarchs of the wood.
The dregs of avarice, the ignoble aim,
The tricks of office, the contempt of fame,
The abuse of power, the vices of the great,
Compose the features of this motley state;

Corruption

Corruption too, through each department spread,
Rears in a thousand forms her Hydra head;
A thousand gilded snares are scattered round
Or more destructive engines o'er the ground,
Wheel within wheel, in subtle ambush lay
And through all ranks of life securely play.
Full many a veteran chief in evil hour
Has sunk beneath their fascinating power.
But if beyond their reach the object lies,
If uncorrupted zeal their force defies,
The more decisive shafts of malice fly,
Soon the devoted wretch is doomed to die;
The venal guardians of the law are feed
And the broad seal of Justice stamps the deed.
All that the hapless Mexicans endured
When Cortez by the thirst of gold allured

Spared

Spared neither state, nor rank, nor sex, nor age,

When even their Sovereign, oh, remorseless rage!

Who hid the royal treasures from his view

Was burnt alive by his infernal crew:

Or what still worse of that opprobrious den

Whose nameless horrors scare the sons of men

We read in epic or dramatic lore,

Where all the sins done in our days of yore

By penance due are purged and washed away,

What bards have feigned in legendary lay

Was realized here. Yet still in vain

These hopeless sons of misery complain,

Though oft sustained by some protecting hand

The leaders of this mercenary band

Have been accused of their enormities,

Yet still at each approach the mischief flies.

Nor

Nor even to these must we impute the blame,
The accused and the accusers are the same.
Shall they who have so many states undone
Condemn those arts by which their own were won?
Or sacrifice the man, howe'er depraved,
Whose fertile genius from destruction saved?
Or they whose fates perhaps on his depend,
Who in the culprit contemplate the friend,
Who never listened to the voice of fame,
Refuse to save his hoary head from shame.
Secure amid their crimes these caitiffs stand
And brave the justice of their native land.
Of ravaged provinces the spoils display
Still march triumphant in the face of day.
High o'er the subject lawn their mansions rise
With domes that threaten the receding skies;

With

With groves and grottos, towers and temples decked,
Where with sagacious foresight they collect
Full many a godlike form and glorious name
To decorate these monuments of shame.
The abodes of peace still study to annoy ;
Still feel a secret impulse to destroy ;
Still fix where plenty smiles upon the plain,
Where Industry conducts her jocund train,
Upon the ruins of some happy seat
In solitary grandeur their retreat.
Or with a vassal's homage lowly bend
And supplicative accent, to extend
Their baleful influence o'er the neighbouring towns
“ With twenty mortal murders on their crowns.”
Now on the mall, now on the course appear,
Bedizened lacqueys glittering in the rear,

And

And as they drag their cumbrous state along
Feast on the transports of the gaping throng.
Through courts and senates bear with sumpter pride
Their blushing honours, and on every side
While confidential rogues their coffers fill
Present the prospect of propitious ill;
Or spread contagious vice through other climes;
The very air is tainted with their crimes.
Amid such scenes of prostitute reward
Where each is bent to seize what all should guard
The legal plunder, the perverted rule,
The titled knave, the ministerial tool,
The splendid equipage, the blasted name,
The blank of character, the waste of fame,
The millions purchased at the expence of blood,
The wanton sacrifice of every good,

Of

Of solid worth to infantile parade,
The eternal substance, to the fleeting shade,
Where o'er our trampled rights ambition lowers,
'Mid places, pensions, perquisites, and powers,
Of Slaves and Villains the preposterous boast,
Each trace of real dignity is lost.

As when some baneful fog comes scowling o'er
The Pontine marsh, or the Etrurian shore,
Wide o'er the darkened landscape meteors glare
And poisonous dews infest the doubtful air;
The flocks and herds that wander through the gloom
With many a rueful gaze forebode their doom
Or o'er the plain in wild confusion run,
Plunged in night beneath the noon-day sun.

While thus relentless o'er the groaning land
Giant Oppression stretched her iron hand,

A native

A native Hindoo who had long complained
 Of treaties broken and of rights profaned,
 Seen fraud and violence alternate reign,
 His country ravaged and his kindred slain,
 Wept o'er their sufferings with paternal care
 And thus to Jove addressed his ardent prayer:
 Eternal King, dread Sovereign of the skies!
 Ah, listen to an injured people's cries!
 What greater outrages are yet in store
 Or can the sated heart devise no more?
 Must we then tamely crouch beneath the rod
 And hold our lives but at a master's nod?
 Bereft of all the pangs of doubt endure?
 Disastrous fate! oh, misery past a cure!
 In hopeless bondage serve a Prince unknown,
 The hapless victims of a Despot's frown!

Muft

Must we still toil to fill their ravenous maw
 Who in despight of Nature's sacred law
 Of these devoted realms usurp the sway?
 Still to each ruffian fall an easy prey?
 Still to the Tyrant shall the scourge be given?
 Why sleeps the thunder of avenging Heaven?
 A race of Pedlars, that in quest of gain
 Sought but a shelter from the inclement main,
 That from surrounding perils we retrieved,
 Their ends promoted and their wants relieved,
 Lay waste our lands, and traffic but in blood;
 Dupes to all evil, Sneerers at all good.
 See, o'er our fertile plains their march they bend!
 See, desolation on their steps attend!
 These dogs of war still hold us close in view,
 With more than bestial rage their course pursue;

Still

Still o'er depopulated kingdoms scour

And those who best have served them first devour.

Extend thy powerful arm ere yet too late

And rescue myriads from impending fate.

Jove heard his prayer, and bending down his eye

Surveyed of all the sad reality.

The winged Herald in his presence stands

On whom the God imposed his high commands.

Fly swift, my son! where Albion shines afar

And spreads through distant climes oppressive war.

But first towards the Ganges' wizard stream

Where Phœbus yokes his heavenly-harnessed team

Direct thy way, then steer thy rapid flight

To where he plunges in the shades of night.

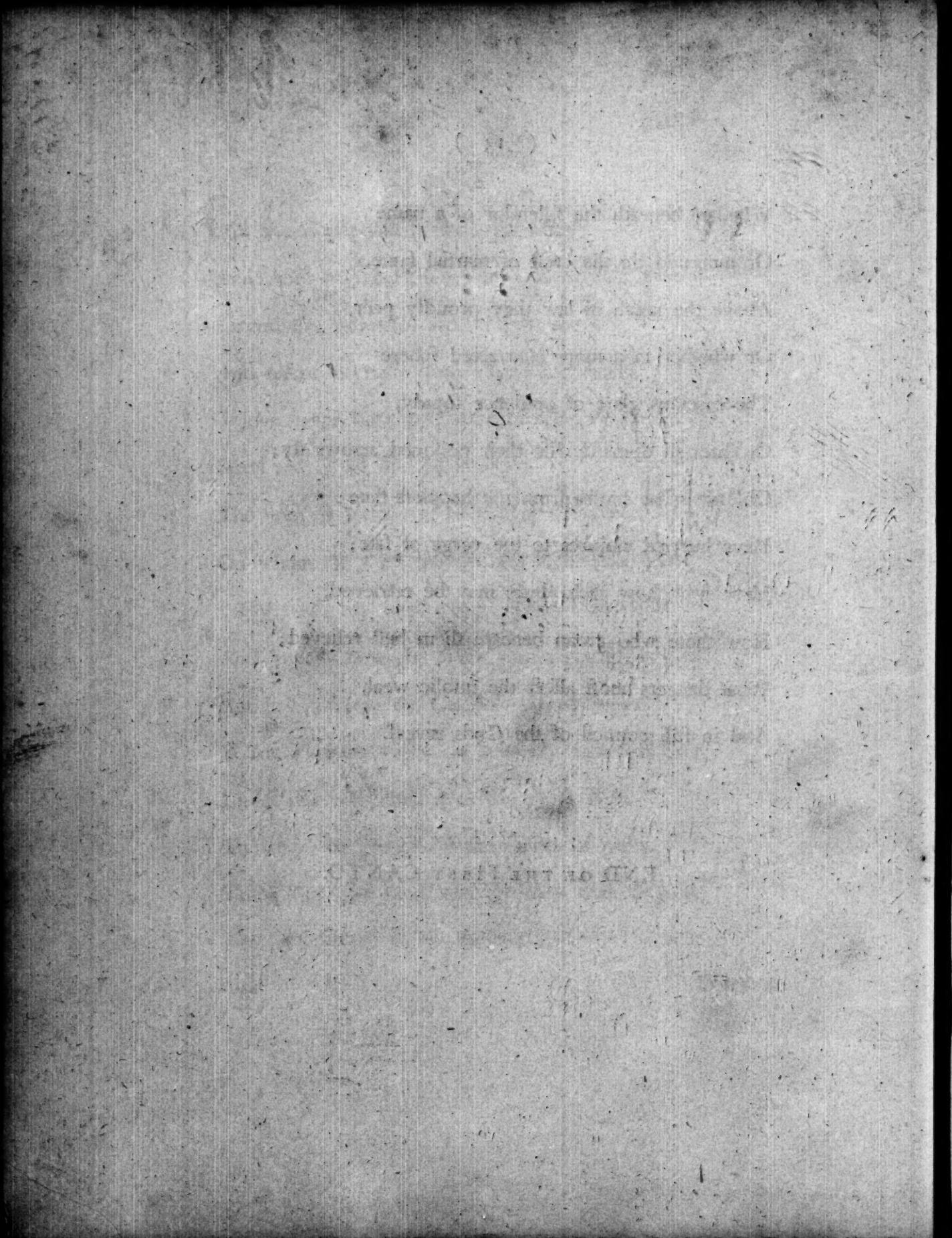
Trace Vice and Folly through each dark disguise

The fatal source of her calamities;

Whether

Whether beneath the splendor of a name
Or mounted on the crest of martial fame,
Above the reach of law they proudly peer,
Or whether in a more contracted sphere
The specious glare of opulence supply,
Or through domestic life their poisoned arrows fly;
Observe what causes from the happiest state
Have hurried empires to the verge of fate;
Mark well, how each abuse may be retrieved,
How those who groan beneath them best relieved;
What dangers most affect the public weal,
And in full council of the Gods reveal.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLLENIUS.

THE SECOND CANTO.

HE scarce had spoke ere with expanded wings
Through the Empyreal vault Cyllenius springs;
Nor pauses in his flight as poets tell
The interposing vapours to dispel,

Or

Or wind amid the stars his oblique way
Or spread his golden pinions to the day,
But straight on this important embassy
Darts like the vollied lightning through the sky.
Amid a thousand worlds that round him rise
Our sublunary planet he descries,
That like an atom floated through the air
And soon arrives on levelled pinions there.
Awhile he stood on Ceylon's rocky shore
And listened to the troubled ocean's roar,
When intermingled screams assail his ear
And shipwrecked sailors through the gloom appear.
The shattered hulk descending full in view
Amid the groans of the expiring crew.
A few that rise on the inclement wave
Of the torn mast the scattered fragments save.

Swifter

Swifter than thought he takes a sudden bound
 And plunges headlong through the gulf profound;
 With guardian care conveyed them through the deep
 And of their senses chased the oblivious sleep.
 Alert they bound upon the desert strand,
 And still conducted by his magic wand
 O'er regions unexplored securely stray;
 At length a harmless Indian crost their way
 And touched with pity at their wretched plight
 Humanely rescues from approaching night;
 Invites them to partake his homely fare,
 Extends unasked that hospitable care
 Which in a British bosom rarely glows:
 Beneath his mouldering cottage they repose.
 But when with lowliest reverence to their friend
 And hearts transfix'd with gratitude they bend,

A sudden panic through each bosom ran
 To see their fancied guide was more than man;
 Who soon with aspect mild dispels their fears
 And all his services still more endears;
 How best they may direct their future course
 He then explains, but first to know the source
 Of their adventures urges his request;
 Whom thus the Captain of the band addressed:

Celestial Sprite, or Genius of the woods,
 Or more propitious Guardian of the floods,
 Whether or earth or ocean owns thy sway,
 Or jarring elements thy voice obey,
 Methinks these titles by just right are thine;
 For who delights in good is sure divine.
 To thee our tale of woes shall be revealed,
 Though 'tis a tale I would have fain concealed,

And

And of my country spared the tarnished fame,
Though it redounds to her eternal shame,
The heart-felt gratitude that binds us now
No less than truth, compels me to avow.
Thou seest the remnant of that hapless crew
Whose foundered vessel perished in thy view,
Who were from wounds or age employed no more,
Bound from the Ganges to the British shore.
How long we strove that faithless wreck to save,
How struggled to repel the encroaching wave,
How some on planks, some on the shrouds were spread,
The maddening billows booming overhead,
How persevering even to the last
We lashed our comrades to the broken mast
To reach the shore, were needless to relate ;
Their services deserve a better fate.

Nor

Nor of this worst of crimes do we complain,
(Too well we know remonstrances were vain)
Nor on the aggressor's head for vengeance call;
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis not of one but all.
When bribery infects the public weal
And private views absorb the Patriot's zeal,
Who to his interest alone sincere
O'er human misery scorns to shed a tear,
When real worth no longer leads to fame,
And conscious virtue is an empty name,
When even laws no longer can befriend
Or to the poor at least no more extend,
Involved in tenfold ruin to succeed,
The wretched Claimant is left poor indeed!
When those who should extend a generous hand
Like guardian-angels o'er the smiling land,

Whose

Whose hearts inspired with warmest amity
Should guard the interests of humanity,
When Sovereigns withhold their wonted care
And cold indifference mocks the suppliant's prayer,
Who by no other means can find redress
Amidst accumulated wretchedness,
While sore vexation points the thorn of grief
Or blank despair affords a sad relief.
Shall those who have to hardships been inured,
The horrors of captivity endured,
And for their country starved and parched and froze,
Who the high rampart 'mid surrounding foes
So oft have scaled and on the breach have stood,
Directed all their efforts to her good
And shed their hearts' best blood in her defence,
Be shuffled off on any stale pretence,

While

While pampered minions their revels keep,
Condemned to brave the perils of the deep,
Sad recompence for all their toil and pain,
In some vile bark the refuse of the main?
Yet each still plied his task disdaining fear,
Still breathless toiled though no relief was near;
Each for the general safety scorned his own;
Even here, their worth might have conspicuous shone,
And though concealed beneath this dismal shade,
Blazoned in Courts or in Gazettes displayed
Might well have merited a deathless name
And graced the temples of immortal Fame.
Would on the edge of battle we had sped
With glorious effort, or for them had bled;
Had bravely fought, or perished by their side;
There stubborn patience, there true valour died.

Yet

Yer this of knaves was not the subtle play,
The effect of chance, or frolic of a day,
Nor for the wretch alone such wrongs designed,
Nor to this cruel instance are confined,
Full oft these base delinquencies of state
Even of exalted merit are the fate;
Full oft receding from the Hesperian shores
With crowded transports and deficient stores,
We see of British youth the choicest train
Exposed to all the horrors of the main,
Their crazy hulks upon the wild wave tost ;
There many a gallant veteran is lost.

He scarce had finished ere from mortal fight
The Godhead vanished in the shades of night.
But while the harassed Chieftain, funk to rest,
Composed the tumults of his troubled breast,

And .

And lost all thoughts of injuries or fears,
 High o'er the dusky air Cyllenius steers.
 Towards the Carnatic then his course he bends,
 The promontory height with ease ascends
 And winds along the coast his devious way.
 Through every city traces wild dismay.
 The prudent Sultan seeks his last resource
 And hides his treasures from superior force;
 'Mid barren rocks and deserts unexplored
 Seeks a far refuge from the British sword,
 Whose subtle edge no barrier can withstand
 But the rich plunder of his native land.
 Here sights of misery and shrieks of woe
 Mixed with loud curses on the insulting foe,
 There floating standards through the gloom appear
 And martial sounds assail the listening ear.

While

While pensive Guards in terrible array
 Forebode the horrors of the coming day.
 O'er many a desolated realm he passed
 And pillaged town, by war's obstreperous blast
 Laid low, where not a sound disturbs the air
 But sobs and groans, while Thieves that loiter there
 Prowl through the desart streets that smiled before;
 O'er many a valley drenched with human gore.
 Nor pauses here, but eastward bends his flight
 And lights unseen, amid the shades of night,
 Where proud Calcutta's columned walls ascend
 And frowning ramparts o'er the wave extend;
 Where Ganges through a hundred channels brings
 The sumptuous tribute of dependent Kings;
 Where pampered plenty smiling o'er the coast
 Sits on the pedestal of honour lost.

While midnight wide extends her ebon reign

And not a breath disturbs the placid main,

Through each apartment of the Court he flies

And of the guard evades the piercing eyes.

The doors receding feel his magic sway

Nor maffy bars obstruct his destined way.

Here all is mute, not even a light appears;

Still onward through the sumptuous maze he steers,

Through secret cabinets and stately halls

Where martial honours grace the whitened walls,

Through winding steps and passages unknown

That lead the crafty minion to the throne.

When flaring tapers strike his wandering eyes,

And upon near approach the God descries

With many a ponderous folio scattered round,

The Secretary plunged in thought profound.

A cyphered

A cyphered scroll in either hand he bore
 Which long with eager looks he puzzled o'er
 And seemed as he advanced with joy elate,
 Then crams his pockets with the craft of state.
 The useless Franks extended o'er the board
 Betray the signet of his absent Lord.
 Unseen behind him stands the wary God
 Nor scarce had time to grasp his potent rod
 Or mutter o'er his head mysterious spell,
 Ere at his feet the drowsy miscreant fell;
 And while he laid extended on the floor,
 Of his politic art collects the store.
 Amid the hieroglyphicks of command
 Were seen some fragments in his master's hand,
 All which exposed, though fraught with nothing new,
 The general drift of the dispatch to view.

What

What states were ravaged or what wealth acquired,

What more successful agents may be hired,

What may the miseries of war increase

Or counteract the overtures of peace;

What subtle shifts his genius may devise

To screen their conduct from enquiring eyes;

How their pretended views may be displayed,

How in the garb of justice best arrayed,

How like the lamb the tiger may appear,

How violence be construed into fear,

How make their enemies who stand at bay

What best may serve their purpose write or say,

Then exercise their rage without control

And cast on them the odium of the whole.

So often, to compare great things with small,

The huckster Jew upon some neighbouring wall

Encamps

Encamps his gilded troops; with wondrous phlegm
 Proclaims their worth. The counterfeited gem
 Of basest metal shines in many a row
 And the daubed Hero stands in mimic show.
 The hollow Sage his plastered visage rears
 While the plump rogue in solid bras appears
 And picks or gleans from all who pass along,
 The spoil or tribute of the captive throng.
 Still from his customary price is driven,
 'Tis under par, 'tis absolutely given,
 'Tis certain loss, which he in vain withheld;
 Still doubts if even the current coin be good;
 Still condescends in artifice complete
 To give his neighbour credit for the cheat.
 The tool of state now stares with haggard eyes,
 And soon to other climes Cyllenus flies.

The

The rustling sound alarms the menial band
 Who at the door in dull rotation stand ;
 And as they bear his torpid limbs away
 Each to his comrade says or seems to say :
 Wondrous good man ! what toils must he endure
 The happiness of thousands to ensure !
 What feelings exquisite, what talents rare !
 What must these Atlantean shoulders bear !
 What titles or rewards for him too great
 Whose generous hand directs the helm of state,
 Pursues our welfare with unerring zeal ;
 The jealous guardian of the public weal.
 Our injuries still blazons into shame
 Still kindles every spark into a flame.
 Of bold ambition spurns the invidious bar,
 Preserves his country 'mid the rage of war,

That

(That unexhausted when her feuds are o'er
Appears more bright and prosperous than before,
Makes distant empires tremble at her nod)
And acts the part of an avenging God.
Let Fortune's minions boast a fleeting name,
His actions are the standard of his fame.
Of lessening taxes see the frugal plan
That speaks at once the minister and man !
See of politic thrift the magic force !
See of declining states the proud resource !
That from accumulating debts revive,
That wealth from prodigality derive,
That reap from war the benefits of peace,
And with encreasing burdens still encrease.
See Commerce on our favoured shores descend,
O'er new-discovered seas her flight extend !

See

See the high frolics of exalted state !
 See the meridian splendor of the great !
 See Science brighten in the general blaze !
 Of population see the endless maze !
 Whilst peasants cast their thankful eyes around,
 While o'er their progeny their hearts rebound
 That thrive and thicken in the genial ray,
 The warm creation of a summer's day.
 Even heaven-born Liberty that bliss supreme
 Of our fore-fathers the eternal theme,
 That bright reversion of politic good
 For which so many Tyrants they withheld,
 That distant ages might enjoy at last ;
 So many years so many sorrows past ;
 The stern Philosopher, the cloistered Sage
 Employed his early youth, his hoary age,

For

For which the Patriot in the field has bled
 Or on the scaffold bowed his willing head;
 That our inheritance we vainly deem,
 The pedant's prattle, the enthusiast's dream,
 That gem of price, the Britons constant boast,
 Without his guardian care had long been lost.
 On him alone all praise we should bestow,
 The very air we breathe to him we owe.
 Without that wisdom which directs the whole,
 Which of politic bodies is the soul,
 Of what avail were all that we receive,
 All that the most propitious fate can give
 Or earth produce delectable or rare?
 What human prowess can with his compare?
 Whose central force, whose energy divine
 Extends at once from Lapland to the Line,

E

And

And through the empire operates unseen;
 Whose powerful arm sustains the vast machine;
 Who views the changeful scene with stedfast eye,
 While round his head eccentric atoms fly
 That are in one continued vortex whirled,
 Stands like the elephant that props the world.
 So clear in his great office, so compleat,
 So much above the arts of low deceit,
 The means so well adapted to the end
 That untaught infancy may comprehend.
 If in some high debate he chance to rise
 The souls of men are centered in their eyes;
 The period flows with such enchanting ease,
 So calculated to instruct and please,
 To chase our doubts and dissipate our fears,
 The most notorious wrong most right appears.

But,

But, oh! what thought can trace the magic spell,
 What tongue the mysteries of state can tell?
 How by some wild infatuation crost
 Each particle of common sense is lost;
 How such exalted talents of the mind
 Are by some subtle process so refined
 That mere utility dissolves in air;
 While such egregious blunders harbour there
 Which though adorned with all the powers of face
 The most unlettered ideot might disgrace;
 How all those virtues that so brightly shine
 That round their honoured brows we fondly twine,
 Steal from our glowing optics one by one
 Ere yet their glorious race be well begun,
 Or ere a few revolving suns be past
 So modestly withdraw themselves at last.

While

While nought remains of all the splendid scene
 No recompence for what we might have been,
 But high dramatic pomp, a proud display
 Of unimagined treasures thrown away.

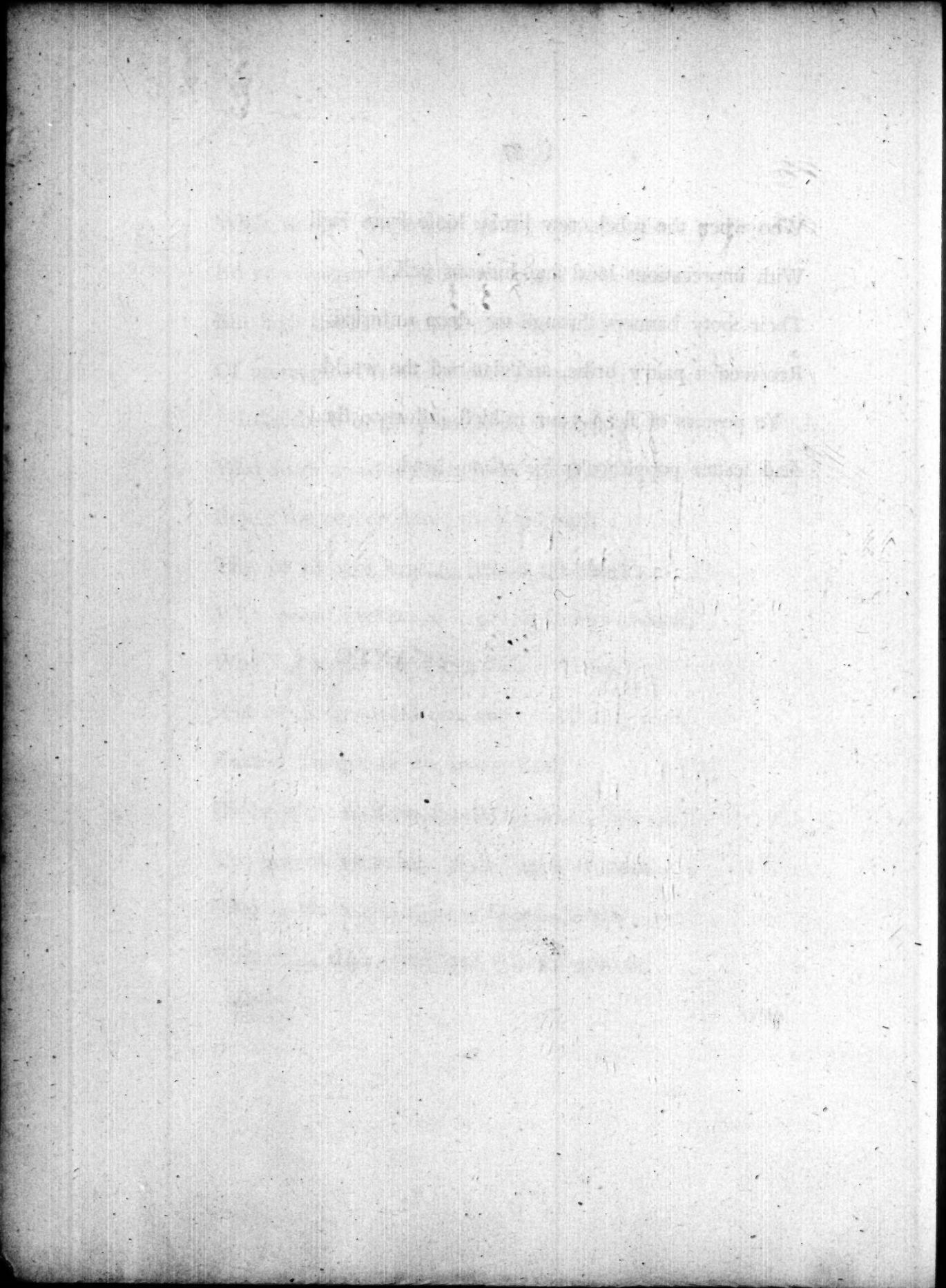
Like those bright patterns of true piety
 Who sneer at worth and plain integrity,
 Reject the corner stone, the solid rock
 That of all ages have withstood the shock ;
 Who spread mysterious hopes and fears around,
 Who still prefer the rotten to the sound,
 And of the trampled dirt and mouldering clod
 Erect a Temple to the living God.
 Or he who acted on a nobler plan,
 The general Guardian of the rights of man,
 Who in the midst of Paradise was placed
 With more than ministerial wisdom graced.

Who

Who when the rebel crew broke loose from Hell
With imprecations loud and hideous yell,
Their footy banners through the deep unfurled,
Received a paltry bribe, and damned the world.

- Ye powers of sleep your mildest influence shed
And scatter poppies o'er his aching head.

CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE THIRD CANTO.

NOW in the east the morn begins to play
And soon is followed by the jocund day,
The distant hills their towering summits rear
While through the dappled vault his beams appear.

Woods,

Woods, meads and villas rush upon the sight
 And the wave glimmers with reflected light,
 Whose vivid tints enrich the brightening land.
 Now living souls through all their powers expand.
 Uprise the sportive train disdaining sloth
 And to his toil the peasant fallies forth;
 The speckled tygers roam in search of food
 Or nurse with anxious care their tawny brood;
 The flocks and herds betwixt the woodlands seen
 Conspire to decorate the varied scene.
 The steeds now summoned by the thrifty hind
 Commit their manes loud neighing to the wind;
 The sprightly birds, spread o'er the dewy lawn,
 Pour forth their tuneful homage to the dawn.
 The busy housewives now fresh herbs prepare
 Cull for the rosy babes their homely fare.

The

The tinkling bells to early matins ring,
 And the blithe milk-men through the uplands sing,
 All nature smiles: save where the moping owl
 Or pampered glutton, nodding o'er the bowl,
 Consumes in torpid sloth the joyful hours;
 Save where the circling canopy embowers
 Or princely sluggard lies in state forlorn,
 Unconscious of the melodies of morn.

The rapid Herald towards the western climes
 Now bears the inquest of politic crimes,
 Nor stops to taste the comforts of repose
 But on the breezes of the morning rose.
 Surrounding kingdoms now the scene renew
 And spires and palaces recede from view,
 The little pomp, the transitory glare
 For which we dedicate our lives to care,

In kindred bosoms sheath the hostile sword
 To be of parasites the mighty lord,
 The poor man's penury, the rich man's boast,
 Amid the wide-extended landscape lost.

Hyperion now his progress had begun
 Towards Heaven's ascent the fiery coursers run;
 Now through the barriers of day they bound,
 He looks with radiant majesty around;
 His rising beams new beauties still unfold.
 Convert the boundless ocean into gold,
 Dart from the Caspian to the Atlantic shore:
 Him well the prostrate Indian, may adore.
 Swift through the ambient air Cyllenius flies
 Beneath his feet imperial Agra lies,
 Whose crimson walls the tainted Jumna laves
 And in the Ganges pours her confluent waves.

But

But who can paint the variegated scene
Or trace the wonders of the blue serene?
On all sides round in endless maze expand
Immeasurable tracts of sea and land,
Covered with fleets, with cities sprinkled o'er
Or monuments of art now known no more.
Full in his view the domes of Ispahan
And the diminished pomp of Ecbatan;
The Arabian sands by holy pilgrims trod
That hold enshrined the relicks of their God;
Ormus of wealth and commerce once the seat
That mourns with briny tears their sad defeat.
But still majestic glitter from afar
The tempest-beaten fanes of Kilmanar,
And other capitals though famed of yore
And celebrated in historic lore

That

That are divested of their high renown
 Or by revolving ages overthrown.
 Around the Persian gulf the Nereids play,
 Choaspes, Tigris and Euphrates stray ;
 Imaus too and Caucasus arose
 'Midst regions covered with eternal snows.
 Far to the north the Scythian hills extend
 And with the shades of night their summits blend ;
 A thousand rivers wind their rapid course
 That from these deep recesses take their source,
 Receive a thousand rivulets that roll
 Their dimpled waves from Indus to the Pole.
 The Mogul's fertile states are stretched behind
 And aromatic groves perfume the wind.
 Here broken rocks and cultivated plains,
 Seductive art 'mid savage wilderness reigns,
 And

And every charm the gorgeous east displays
Illumined by the sun's resplendent rays,
Range above range in long succession seen,
With many a proud metropolis between,
And waving pines and stately cedars rise
And branching palms that emulate the skies.
The Ava ruffled by the southern breeze
There intersects the golden Chersonese;
Amidst encircling isles extended wide
Ciampa bounded by the encroaching tide;
Remoteft China's peopled realm appears
That counts beyond all dates unnumbered years.
While hills and dales in sweet variety,
Each lovely form that can attract they eye,
Distinctly seen, the splendid foreground yields;
With ruins interspersed and peaceful fields,

The

The residence of many a chieftain bold,
 Of sages, potentates, and warriors old ;
 And scattered o'er the consecrated ground,
 Now with pagodas and mausoleums crowned,
 The vestiges of their immortal feats ;
 That even Gods might leave their loved retreats,
 Fly from Parnassus and Olympus height
 And dwell delighted on the glorious sight.
 Now nearer to the Line Cyllenus bends
 His airy flight, and higher still ascends,
 Nor stoops to contemplate each varied clime,
 But o'er the vast horizon towers sublime.
 The Tropic past and the Erythrean main
 And traversed the Colure, the sterile plain
 Of rocky Afab and the fertile vales
 Of blest Arabia, whose delicious gales

Obsequious

Obsequious zephyrs on their pinions bear,
 And quench the fervour of the parching air.
 Then towards the cliff of Geech directs his course
 From whence the Nile derives her hidden source;
 Torrents and cataracts unknown he crossed
 Amid inhospitable climates lost,
 Whose gathered streams through fertile channels pour
 From Ethiopia to the Egyptian shore.
 O'er wastes and wilds and provinces forlorn
 That no wild shrubs or healing plants adorn,
 Nor even the smallest trace of cheerful green,
 Nor beast nor bird, nor fruit nor flower is seen;
 Where solitude and deathlike silence reign
 And banished Chaos seems returned again.
 But ere the sun had sloped his eastern beam
 Still upwards mounts like Scipio in his dream

Till

Till Atlas dwindleth to a speck of dirt.
The pestilential air he cleaves unhurt
And o'er the flaming Equinoctial soars
(Where to his view innumerable shores
Confusedly mix in one promiscuous crowd)
At ease reclined upon a fleecy cloud;
And while contending winds around him veer
Surveys at once the boundless planesphere.

The fate of empires in his mind revolves
And each contested problem quickly solves;
Those objects that delude us here below,
For which substantial comforts we forego,
That still revolve with each revolving age
And of recorded time corrupt the page,
Minutely traced by his prophetic eye
Swift as the fabric of a vision fly.

Amongst

Amongst the general mass the God despises
 The few that are politically wise;
 Whose Kings by no wild freaks disgrace the throne
 As if their states were made for them alone,
 But all their faculties with meekness bear
 And rule their subjects with paternal care;
 Who have with temperate zeal maintained the laws
 Nor sacrificed to fame their country's cause;
 Amid the clamours of the crowd serene
 The one thing needful have distinctly seen;
 Clung to the vessel 'mid the boisterous wave
 And still through every storm from shipwreck save.
 Who ne'er from vanity or frantic rage
 Cry havock! and in endless wars engage,
 For gauds or toys or shadows of renown
 Or folly's jingling bells or ideot crown;

G

Have

Have sense to laugh at all her idle brood
 And to discriminate their real good.
 Ne'er thinned their peasantry in useless fight
 Nor from their hard hands wrung the well-earned mite,
 The rich and great abstracted from the rest
 Nor boasted blessings, but the poor were blest.
 If favouring commerce smiles upon their shores
 She still adds increase to their native stores;
 Nor find in peace a frivolous pretence
 To drain the source of national defence,
 But touch the nerves of war with timorous hand,
 And still like rocks amid the ocean stand.
 Some that have spurned the yoke in evil hour
 And scorned allegiance to despotic power;
 That long have groaned beneath oppression's rod,
 And finding Sovereigns deaf appealed to God;

Resolved

Resolved their ancient compact to renew
 Nor live the abject vassals of a few;
 To reassume the dignity of man
 And their primæval rights once more to scan;
 But find when all this patriot zeal is o'er
 And philosophic phrenzies rage no more,
 Millions of treasure spent and seas of blood,
 They have acquired at best a dubious good;
 A poor exhausted and disheartened state
 That dreads at every breeze approaching fate;
 Despised abroad, divided in itself;
 Where even the miser trembles for his pelf;
 Where the fond father sees his children roam
 In search of blessings they have lost at home;
 Where all the charms of private life are flown
 And that sweet peace which most endears our own,

Though

Though drenched in gore still more and more is shed,
 Still discontented Chiefs their banners spread,
 While keen resentment rankles in the breast
 Their more propitious rivals to molest ;
 Where licensed mobs still threaten to annoy
 Houses or owners as they list destroy
 And o'er the frightened realm triumphant range,
 The never-failing advocates for change ;
 Find oft, when they have settled their account,
 Coolly reflected on the whole amount,
 Though peace and order be once more returned,
 The balance 'gainst themselves most strangely turned ;
 How much the horrors of the change outweighed
 (When sense by prejudice no more is swayed,
 And all the fury of the passions quelled,)
 Those grievous wrongs for which they first rebelled ;

That

That spite of all the ills they must endure
The innocent at least are less secure,
More frequent wrongs and keener anguish feel
Than from the bugbear-cells of the Bastille.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

(3)

comes from your efforts to enlighten us.

Indeed did we think the treatment of
India & Burmese by our Government would
only be to increase the power of England

and not add to ours.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE FOURTH CANTO.

ALTHOUGH their Chiefs with generous ardour fired
Have nought but honour in the field acquired,
Though with devoted courage they have stood
Proud of their cause and lavish of their blood,

Yet

Yet as we needs must taste the cup of woe,
 As human sorrows never cease to flow,
 Nor Sage nor Patriot, however pure,
 Nor chiefs in sapient conclave can ensure
 Perpetual obedience to their will,
 As some sad counterpoise depreciates still
 Both the domestic and politic state,
 'Twere well to make a compromise with fate
 And tolerate those ingredients of alloy
 Rather than hazard what we still enjoy;
 Or seek by milder measures to asswage
 What else may madden with unbounded rage.
 'Twere nobly done to summon to our aid
 The courage to protect and not invade,
 To bear like men that stated load of grief
 From which no mortal state can claim relief;

Those

Those very ills of which we most complain
 With unrepining fortitude sustain ;
 Oppressed with wrongs still act the patriot's part,
 Although, like men, we feel them too at heart ;
 Think for ourselves, nor let the sophist smile
 Of shallow wit, our better thoughts beguile
 Nor passion's poisonous fume infect our heads,
 That o'er the world Egyptian darkness spreads ;
 Coolly converse with generations past,
 Consult their warning voice, be wise at last ;
 Take down the lettered statesman from our shelves ;
 Pause for a while and reason with ourselves ;
 Nor madly post to anarchy again
 And rouze the slumbering lion from his den.
 Conjure more spirits from the gulf of Hell,
 Even in a moment, than an age can quell.

H

Think

Think what by vigilance may be atchieved;
 How small the part of which we are bereaved
 When to the general happiness compared;
 How very few these miseries have shared.
 As skilful Advocates for justice plead,
 Sometimes maintain their ground, sometimes recede,
 Nor even though all their efforts should be vain
 Despond, but rally to the charge again;
 Still with audacious zeal assert the laws,
 Though far more zealous for their client's cause,
 Nor urge them with vindictive malice curst
 To give their fury reins and brave the worst:
 Or friends embroiled, when generous thoughts pervade
 Their wrathful minds, suspend the uplifted blade
 While down their cheeks the tears of gladness flow,
 Magnanimously raise the vanquished foe

Erewhile

Erewhile extended on the ensanguined plain,
 With dear forgiveness to their arms again:
 Even so our country's wrongs we should resent,
 Still slow to wrath, still ready to relent.
 If through tempestuous times we chance to steer,
 Think ere we are engaged in full career,
 In the wild vortex of the passions blown,
 There is an interest far beyond our own.
 What to our ruffled temper breeds annoy
 Myriads of subjects still at ease enjoy.
 Reflect upon the vast majority;
 Their varied sources of felicity;
 Their lives, their properties, their comforts spare!
 Consult their welfare with a Patron's care!
 Nor judge, if we pretend to honest fame
 Or even of citizens deserve the name,

What

What for a few high spirits may be best
 Without one human feeling for the rest.
 If out of evil we can call forth good,
 'Twere greatly done though at the expence of blood ;
 But if no foresight can that meed secure,
 The advantage doubtful, and the mischief sure,
 If sighs and groans must rend the burthened air
 And uproar wild, for mercy's sake forbear !
 Even though our glory should resound to Heaven ;
 Nor taint our souls with the unhallowed leaven.
 Convince the world we are both brave and wise,
 Not only life and fortune can despise
 But an intemperate zeal too can withstand,
 For such alone are worthy of command ;
 And all our secret store of griefs and fears
 At once relinquish with repentant tears,

Even

Even though the grievous burthen should increase;
A truly patriot sacrifice to peace.
Attune the soul to joys as well as woes;
Revere the source from whence all comfort flows;
When these depress the mind let those revive,
That the transgressor may repent and live.
Preserve the truant child though most remiss.
Methinks we take too little care of this:
In all his simple tales we trace the lie,
And view his frailties with malignant eye;
From discontent we hurry to despair,
And half unsheathed our thirsty sabres glare;
Had he ten thousand lives in one misdeed,
(Though for each life ten thousand tongues might plead)
Even in one error should he chance to fall,
“ Our deep revenge had stomach for them all.”

If we reflect upon the great design,
What more than human virtues must combine
To crown our patriot efforts with success,
What strange occurrences conspire to bless
(Even those no human prudence can command)
Their sanguine wishes, whose adventurous hand
At once the bonds of empire would unloose,
Through the corrupted mafs new life diffuse,
All forms reverse, all prejudices quell,
Of factious chiefs the envenomed rage repel,
And all their jarring interests control
To reunite them in one perfect whole,
Who will presume to trace the vast extent!
Or dare to risk the perilous event!
The man who pain and ruin can despise
Or in the heat of battle greatly dies,

His

His friend amid surrounding ruffians saves,
Who casts his body to the winds or waves,
Regardless of himself submits to all
Though not one generous tear should grace his fall,
Well may immortal fame his deeds attest!
Well may such great examples fire the breast
And through each nerve with keen sensation thrill!
But the true Patriot is greater still.
Not only brave but most supremely wise.
Nor all this waste of valour would suffice
To rear the standard of true liberty,
To chase the tear of sorrow from his eye,
Or clear his rugged brow with smiles of joy;
His object is to save and not destroy.
In truth and reason he alone confides
And the wild dogmas of a sect derides.

Nor

Nor warped by passion nor seduced by gain
What seems most intricate, to him is plain,
Whose warm philanthropy and solid sense
Compose the true palladium of defence.

When gathering tempests o'er his country lower,
When torn by parties or opprest by power,
This adamantine shield around her throws ;
Even amidst anarchy secures repose.

No other source or science seeks to know
Save that from whence her choicest blessings flow.
Difdains to herd with faction's motley brood,
But in her welfare centers all his good ;
Firmly convinced their interests are the same.

On peace and order builds a modest fame.
At once discerns the specious from the true,
No fond delusions intercept his view.

Safe through the labyrinth of error steers,
 Both the reform and the reformer fears
 And views their progress with suspicious eye;
 The golden scales of empire lifts on high,
 The good and ill with providential care
 In nicest counterpoise he places there;
 Of total change the dubious success,
 And of those wrongs the probable redress
 That with ungoverned rage we would resent,
 Deliberately weighs each great event,
 Until the balance rests in even line
 Or with the downward scale his thoughts incline.
 If chance through civil slaughter he should wade,
 What he would die to save must needs invade;
 No wild precipitation leads the way
 But moderation sheds her heavenly ray;

Nor hate usurps the empire of the mind
Still more to peace and lenity inclined
Whate'er success from art or arms may flow;
Still ponders o'er this Rubicon of woe;
Where all that the distracted soul can move,
Where that infernal rage the tenderest love
Converted into hatred can impart
Sheds its rank venom o'er the hardened heart;
Where kindred bosoms meet in mortal strife;
Where the most dreaded ills of human life
Are all combined in one tremendous scene;
Where foul assassination skulks unseen,
Where murder stalks in terrible array
And havock shames the averted eye of day.
As when some hell-born fiend by Jove's command
Spreads horrible destruction o'er the land,

OF

Of misery unlocks the choicest stores
 And the full phial of his vengeance pours.
 Amidst this complication of distress,
 The extremest verge of human wretchedness,
 When fears assail or anxious cares molest,
 He quells the rising tumults of his breast;
 Coolly surveys the ground on which he stands;
 Still equal to the event his soul expands;
 And though no words can rancorous rage repel
 Through the distressful maze, considered well,
 And viewed collectively, perceives a line
 In which our varied interests all combine;
 In which the obvious welfare of the whole
 Subordinate dissensions may control;
 And founds a permanent tranquillity
 On the broad base of unanimity.

doubt

Convinced

Convinced that all his efforts must be vain
 And his most fervid zeal, the surest bane,
 Without these saving maxims full in view;
 That with unthinking ardour to pursue
 Some doubtful blessing through the rage of war,
 Some fleeting good that dazzles from afar,
 With foul dishonour were to blast his name.
 He scorns to barter for a senceless fame
 The blood of thousands trusted to his care.
 Impressed with deepest awe, and well aware
 Of the portentous import of his cause,
 (Shield of our lives, and Bulwark of our laws)
 Though at his nod confederate powers should stand
 And veteran chieftains rise at his command,
 Extol his worth and valour to the skies,
 Though distant empires at his call should rise,

Though

Though on his single efforts, should depend

Their last resource and ages without end,

But still the more indissolubly bound,

He takes no step but on the surest ground;

Tremendous only to his country's foes

He weeps with tenderest pity o'er her woes;

Amidst her sufferings still more beloved;

By vanity or party rage unmoved,

He wounds her happiness but to ensure,

In one firm bond of union to secure.

Though crowned with victory his fears encrease,

Even in the midst of conquest sighs for peace.

Whole temperate zeal feeds bittings o'er the land

But what a horrid contrast strikes the eye

When from these traits of warlike humanity

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

That mark the real Patriot, we pass

To the vile carriage, the front of brass,

Through on his purple stalls, gaily decked
 Then set telepathic and sage without end
 But till the stars intuitionally pointing
 He places so well out the tides of boundry
 Telepathon only to his comitias goes
 He wades with impetuosity out of the mire
 Amongst the pillars till more peevish
 By anxiety to burst into unison
 The moment past possible out of range
 In one full bound it seems to tame
 Longly crowed with airy in his lass address
 Then in the mirth of goodness it glides to peace

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

Thomas

THE TRAVELS

selected of their ambitious youth, soon augur'd off

The day when they might be estim'd above all others off

OF

Their numerous talents and fine dispositions off

And the whole world now look'd up with admiration off

CYLLENIUS.

He had a noble mind, and nobly studious, but it had

been his misfortune to have been born in a country where

Oppression, like vice, was the prevailing bane—off

Oppression, but vice, was the prevailing bane—off

THE FIFTH CANTO.

and now we are to see him in his native land, where he

IN deeds like these we trace his generous hand

Whose temperate zeal sheds blessings o'er the land.

But what a horrid contrast strikes the eye

When from these traits of warm humanity

That mark the real Patriot, we pass

To the vile cozenage, the front of brafs,

befogmed

The

The rancorous malice, the perfidious smile,
 The specious promises, the hidden guile,
 The pomp of words that charm the listening ear
 Performances still halting in the rear,
 The rash resolve, the expedient ever new,
 Which in that clamorous discordant crew,
 That race of serpents clothed in human mien,
 The self-created patriots are seen;
 Who wealth and power and interest pursue
 And with composed assurance ape the true.

By deeds which least deserve a deathless name
 Which through a scene of horrors lead to fame,
 Which if the sense and feeling of mankind
 Were from the dross of prejudice refined
 Must needs excite one universal groan,
 The Leader of this caitiff sect is known.

Composed

Composed of bigot rant and sophist lore
 With eloquence and learning lackered o'er,
 The rights of man as taught in modern school
 And the vile cant of each fanatic fool,
 Replete with theories and dogmas wild;
 In wit a man, in wisdom but a child.
 How to exonerate the mortgaged state
 Or counteract the vices of the great,
 Corruption's baneful influence to withstand
 And spread new life and vigour through the land,
 What for the general welfare may be best
 Of all on earth the least disturbs his rest.
 'Midst intrigues, factions and intestine broils,
 Disgraceful contests and ignoble spoils,
 Cabals inflamed with groundless jealousies,
 Commemorations, juntos, dark conspiracies,

The haunts of desperation and of shame,
 He stoops to glean a surreptitious fame.
 Renowned at clubs and at the festive board,
 Of Bacchus' boisterous train the chosen lord,
 The symbols of supreme command he bears ;
 Amidst a world of patriotic cares
 And ever-watchful zeal for government
 Still fans the rising flame of discontent ;
 Whilst crude debates and senseless clamours reign
 The wild effusions of a heated brain,
 And quick retorts and controversial arts
 Pass for the sterling coin of real parts.
 As low in wealth, as lavish in expence,
 As full of words, as destitute of sense.
 Ardent in his pursuits and void of fear,
 No sense of shame, no ties however dear

The

The force of his unbitted lusts can awe
 That form his rule of conscience and his law.
 An undistinguished heap of vast desires
 Still haunts his mind and all his bosom fires.
 His passions to extravagance allied
 By the most courteous manners are belied
 And veiled in moderation's lowliest guise,
 'Till licensed plunder marks the golden prize
 Or discord sheds her sanguinary ray,
 Then rage and madden with unbounded sway.
 O'er past calamities he loves to brood,
 Like famed Sangrado his delight is blood.
 Whate'er redress our grievances require
 Or seasonable aid we most desire,
 This never-failing nostrum can ensure,
 Of all politic ills the certain cure.

In tenfold ruin plunged to rise no more
He waits impatient for some wild uproar,
Nor seeks his sanguine wishes to conceal;
And if the perils of the public weal
Amidst encreasing debts we should bemoan
Prescribes the remedy that suits his own.

But if the truth too plainly should appear
And dash the promise of the ripening year,
He fain our lost opinions would renew
And still of worth preserves the outward shew;
Or by some virtuous deed would make amends.
Selects the most conducive to his ends;
Of modest merit claims the just reward,
Stands singly forth our chartered rights to guard,
The privilege of conscience to extend
And our invaded liberties defend;

Or

Or dwells on some less noble theme that chimes
With the prevailing humour of the times,
The most replete with popular applause,
And roars and bellows in his country's cause.
When all this jesuitic rant is o'er
With fond impatience, to complete the score
Of crimes and follies, speeds without delay
Back through the subtle maze his winding way.
This spurious merit bears with jealous pride
Like an enchanted buckler by his side,
That amidst all assaults secures from harm;
Arrests of justice the uplifted arm;
Although a host of foes around him stand,
With dauntless front he views the hostile band,
Or from whatever quarter they may fly,
Still harmless at his feet their arrows lie.

Accomplished

Accomplished thus he fallyes to display
His specious virtue in the face of day :
Like some portentous light or blazing star
Denouncing as it shines intestine war.
When thus, we coolly trace his mad career,
In which the extremes of villainy appear
Clothed with transcendent art as triple steel,
Though none dare utter that which all must feel ;
Survey this champion of the rights of man
Who forms himself the center of his plan ;
Who would in one stupendous sacrifice
Confound all moral and politic ties,
Strain each pretext, insidiously explore
Each source of discontent from shore to shore,
Pervert the page of mild philosophy,
Amid substantial happiness descry

Through

Through dark futurity, some fancied good
To plunge his murderous hands in kindred blood,
Amazed and almost petrified we stare,
While shear an end upstarts our bedded hair!
But when this Gorgon-shield appears in view,
When firm intrenched with this preposterous shew
Of varnished crimes, he would recount each deed
Of highest virtue claim the glorious meed
And his vile tinsel pass for genuine ore,
Or boast his worth, who some few moons before
Had in a frolic lost both house and land,
Transfixed at once and motionless we stand.

But as the gaping crowd are soon deceived
And high professors still the most believed,
He plucks assurance from his errors past
And talks of his consistency at last.

Turns

Turns into shape the chaos of his brain.
 Confounding still our antidote and bane,
 Sheds perfect absolution on his soul
 And with constructive merit crowns the whole.
 Proud of the past contemplates woes to come.
 With secret triumph lures us to our doom.
 Nor conscience goads him nor compunction grieves.
 What sense rejects credulity receives;
 From each plebeian mouth his praises flow
 And laureate honours grace his miscreant brow.
 Still gathering strength beneath the public frown
 Becomes a Patriot of high renown.
 First on the list he rises to command
 And scatters promised blessings o'er the land.
 If duped at length by this infidious game
 Our smothered wrongs should burst into a flame,

Consults

Consults his safety with consummate art
 And closely guards all access to his heart.
 Though not a ray of hope to lovers croft
 Nor to a mother's arms her child long lost,
 Nor to the sportsman's ear the mellow horn
 When first it breaks upon the silent morn,
 Nor of the hunted hare the dire alarms
 Are more delightful, than the din of arms
 To his intrepid soul, when raised on high
 The cloudcapt standards of rebellion fly;
 And marshalled chiefs and ordered troops appear,
 And bold defiance greets his listening ear.
 Amidst this awful crisis stands serene
 And coolly views the desolating scene:
 Even dark suspicion from his faith recoils
 Confounded with irrefragable smiles.

L.

He

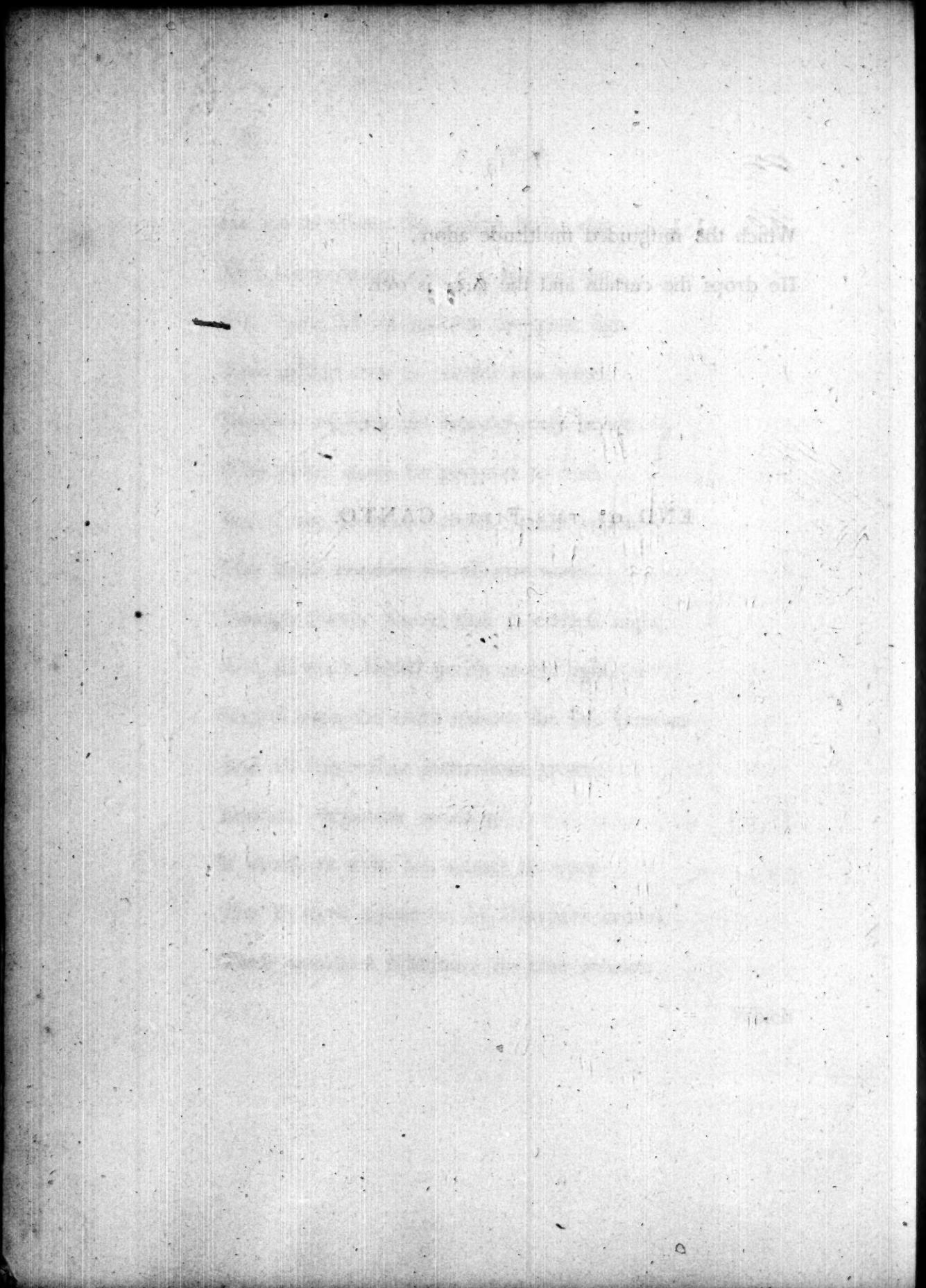
He too perceives the golden scales afar
That ascertain the doubtful fate of war;
Erst 'twixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
Now mostly seen in politics and wine.
Heedless of what his country may betide
With either party he prepares to side.
But if one grain of interest should oppose
The surest antidote for all our woes,
Though liberty should sink in endless night
And all that's sacred perish in his sight,
Should even the child unborn his loss bemoan
And all succeeding generations groan
Beneath irreparable miseries,
If wealth or titles but attract his eyes
The Tyrant's power or the Usurper's crown,
Those wretched substitutes for true renown

Which

THE FRIENDS
Which the misguided multitude adore,
He drops the curtain and the farce is o'er.

CYDLENIUS.

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE SIXTH CANTO.

ERE on this wretched rafter we embark
Let us examine well our foundered bark ;
Nor sacrifice to infantile despair
What still may amply recompence our care.

Can

Can blood alone cement the general weal?
Or rank rebellion prove our patriot zeal?
If we must needs our active powers display
Let truth and moderation lead the way.
Teach nations to be wise and Sovereigns just;
To exercise their delegated trust
With sober sense and Christian lenity;
Unfold the charms of genuine liberty,
Ere yet intestine rage usurped her shrine
In perfect mockery of her rites divine.
Strive to repel and blazon every hour
The slow approaches of despotic power;
That even from points invisible extend,
Progressively advancing to their end.
Teach Ministers to venerate the laws
And from the wise and good to court applause;

So

So shall our empire triumph over time.
Instruct them to revere the truth sublime.
Alike from phrenzy and from fear remote;
Nor on the boisterous surge of passion float
Nor soar in speculation's airy dream.
Still in their ears resound the eternal theme.
But spare, ah! spare the vitals of the state.
Pause for a while o'er this Utopian bait,
That for true liberty so long received
Has the profoundest heads the most deceived;
That makes defect far more defective still
And partial mischief, universal ill.
Of all the various blessings we enjoy
Even the most hallowed have the most alloy :
So power though oft by cruelty disgraced,
Whether it be in Prince or people placed,

Supported

Supported by a faction or a test,
Is best repos'd where exercised the best.
How oft except the bugbear of a name
The Tyrant and the Tribune are the same!
How oft by some licentious spirits curst
The best of governments becomes the worst!
Though equal happiness be not diffused
Alike through all, as all may be abused,
And their extremes so often coincide,
The inference may apply on either side.
Had we a form of government to chuse
The best were most consistent with our views.
'Twere pity that our wishes should be crost
Since no security would then be lost ;
No hazards run ; no sacrifices made ;
No retrospective glance our peace invade.

But

But where that form by time has been approved,

The nation happy and the Prince beloved,

Be well assured no plan we can arrange

Will compensate the mischiefs of a change.

Though with high hopes the people may be fed,

The blessings of security are fled

And liberty is but an empty name;

Nor all our laurels can conceal our shame.

Look round the earth, and trace this good supreme.

Of governments too trace the varied scheme.

When we perceive, that property is sure

And from the earliest times has been secure,

That laws their wholesome influence expand

And Princes govern with a lenient hand,

How from their towering height republics fall!

How oft by factious Chieftains held in thrall!

M

How

How very far removed from happiness
 When even most free ! we surely must confess,
 Whate'er heroic thoughts our bosoms warm,
 The fault is in the abuse and not the form ;
 To find redress we must retrieve the past ;
 And to correct the first, preserve the last.

But still the unthinking crowd substantial deem
 The speculator's rant, the dotard's dream ;
 From sage experience turn their roving eyes
 And lost in errors deem themselves most wise.
 Upon surrounding states indignant lower
 As the mere scions of despotic power ;
 As if there were no happiness on earth
 But from the heated brain derived its birth ;
 No liberty, no energy of mind,
 But to the lawless rabble were confined.

Amidst

Amidst the rage of wild democracy
Peace and good order is the general cry.
Those who are governed by the laws are free:
Who ne'er to Tyrants bent the supple knee.
Placing in front of their politic creed
Those very things of which they most have need.
Where punishments are mild, offences rare;
Where poverty receives, what wealth can spare;
Nor laws remiss, nor taxes overstrained;
Where power protects, what industry has gained;
Nor even to criminals the Judge severe,
But still to mercy lends a favouring ear;
Where all the arts of polished life abound
And generous patrons scatter blessings round;
Where peace and plenty deck the cultured plains
And numbers thicken, sure no Tyrant reigns.

To

To live, to speak, to act without control
Where nought affects the interest of the whole,
To enjoy our own in full security
There lies the substance of true liberty.
Are human statutes then without a flaw?
What are inviolable forms but law?
Consult the nations that in frantic mood
We would divest of all politic good.
If through successive ages they have found
Their rights established on substantial ground,
If from a retrospection of the past
They fairly may conclude those rights will last,
Since their concurrent causes are the same,
The whole discussion centers in a name.
Then o'er democracies our view extend,
And say from whence they sprung and whither tend?

Nay,

Nay, even of democrats, how very few,
How'er delighted with the outward shew
And form of liberty, but gladly would
Renounce a part of that ideal good
Which they enjoy with such peculiar zest,
If they could only realize the rest!

If states to that disastrous pass are driven
Which makes, on either side, the chances even;
If sapt by vice or gradual decay
Subjects and provinces should melt away,
Like some gigantic oak or mouldering wall
That bent with age seems nodding to its fall;
Nor art can save nor wisdom can secure;
There let the malady point out the cure.
But if from such a scene of wretchedness
Where nought but total change affords redress,

The

The state be far, nay very far removed,
(Though some despotic measures may be proved
To militate against the rights of man,)
If small defects disgrace a noble plan,
Nor sense nor moderation take the lead
But fire-eyed fury rages in their stead;
If ancient forms devoted zeal inspire
Or giant-like in agonies expire ;
Let us find out a remedy in art
That may new health and energy impart :
Or be contented to endure those ills
Of which some stated portion ever fills
The cup of life, and calculate afar
The probable result of civil war,
With these scholastic dreamers for our guide ;
Whose motto is politic suicide ;

Who

Who bend the Tyrant's sceptre to a noose,
 Still drawing to themselves what others loose.
 Let us not pass at least from bad to worse;
 Entail upon ourselves the ideot's curse.
 Shall he who tries all remedies in vain
 Quaff the rank poison to relieve his pain?
 Who parched upon the Nile or Lybian coast
 Beneath the sun's meridian beams has lost
 The vigour of his health and early prime,
 Retire to Lapland to correct the clime?
 Though load on load may vex the jaded beast
 Still of two evils he prefers the least.
 Howe'er from these positions we dissent,
 Howe'er disposed to suffer or resent,
 In this at least all mankind will agree
 That what promotes the cause of liberty

From

From whence our choicest blessings must accrue,
All parties should with stedfast zeal pursue.
But revolutions, rising from despair
Of what more lenient measures might repair;
Or those which must the public peace annoy
Nor e'er requite the blessings they destroy;
Though honoured by the name of patriot zeal
And justified by many a bold appeal
That oft of reason dims the piercing eyes,
Are nought but foul rebellion in disguise.
Even those that have the noblest ends in view
(Since universal uproar may ensue,
Of all on earth the most disastrous fate)
Nought but the worst extremes can vindicate.

END OF THE SIXTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE SEVENTH CANTO.

YET some amidst the variegated scene
Who seem to have preserved this golden mean,
Cyllenius contemplates with high applause;
Who truly pregnant of their country's cause,

N

Bid

Bid factious rage and civil discord cease
And hail the dawn of liberty and peace.
This sure of revolutions is the boast!
Here all has been acquired and nothing lost.
Here may the Patriot the Enthusiast dwell,
To ages yet unborn delighted tell
And mark the year, the month, the day, the hour
When from the fetters of tyrannic power
Myriads of free-born spirits were relieved!
When by one glorious effort they retrieved
Their lost inheritance, their highest good!
And even without a tear or drop of blood
At once restored to all their rights again,
Refumed the rank of citizens and men.
A theme the most heroic and sublime
That e'er was blazoned by recording time

Since

Since the progenitor of mighty Jove
 Saw through the boundless deep his spirit move;
 When the first dawn of this auspicious light
 Sprung from the womb of everlasting night:
 Or when returning to his sapphire throne
 Erewhile with dire combustion overthrown,
 Ministrant quires, celestial anthems sung
 And Heaven's high vault with Hallelujahs rung.

Some that have passed the zenith of renown
 Beneath the scale of empires dwindled down.
 Who erst with high prosperity elate
 O'er earth's remotest bounds, in idle state,
 Have sought to spread the terror of their arms;
 Buoyed by delusive hopes or glory's charms
 Have spurned at length those arts by which they rose;
 Still straining to eclipse confederate foes,

Still

Still hazarding what most they should defend,
Have brought their power to an untimely end.
Even now enamoured of an empty name
They batten on the very dregs of fame;
And casting an invidious look behind
Commit their past experience to the wind;
Still from this poisonons source would seek redress
The very bane of human happiness.
Yet far more blest, in their abasement blest,
Than those whom speculative cares molest,
Which for a while amuse the public eye
Then like an unsubstantial pageant fly.
Their fancied degradation now complete
(Though with all real comforts still replete,) and beyond
They end their course just where they first begun
Their varied views concentrated in one.

No scheme of conquest now their thoughts ensnare,
No tributary thrones demand their care
Nor waft the Patriot's zeal from coast to coast
That oft amid contending claims is lost:
The public welfare is the public aim
And their pursuits and interests the same.
Now circumscribed within their native shore
They swell the catalogue of crimes no more.
Nor is the nation's wealth in gauds displayed
Or useless armaments or vain parade;
Nor through the obstreperous trump of war resounds
But to the general happiness redounds:
Nor over distant climes their fame extends
But through domestic life makes rich amends.
If no high feats their Chronicles can boast
Propitious plenty smiles upon their coast;

If through more moderate bounds their commerce flows
Affection's hallowed flame more warmly glows; ~~and yet still~~
If less infected with the thirst of gain ~~and yet still~~
Their social habits in full force remain, ~~and henceforth~~
Though in all states those cormorants will rise ~~and yet still~~
Who virtue's sacred influence despise,
Who buoyed by their professional career
Feast on the widow's sigh, the orphan's tear, ~~and yet still~~
Grant what they must and rifle what they can
Without one feeling that proclaims the man; ~~and henceforth~~
Yet as we range through these abodes of peace ~~and yet still~~
We find the fatal catalogue decrease.
Though few the avenues that lead to power ~~and yet still~~
More generous cares beguile the fleeting hour: ~~and yet still~~
Nor emulation drops her eagle wings: ~~and yet still~~
Fair science there her choicest treasure brings ~~and yet still~~

Or

Or sweeps the heavens or the abyss explores.
 There art displays her unexhausted stores,
 That from enthusiastic rage recoils,
 Nor revolution fears nor civil broils.
 There oft the Muse has fixed her chosen seat
 And lettered age has found a loved retreat
 At once removed from triumph and despair,
 At least the blessings of repose are there.
 With these instructive lessons full in view
 How plain the path that others should pursue;
 Who have attained such envied happiness
 That all the powers on earth could scarce depress,
 Would they but stoop from that aerial fame,
 Those dreams of greatness, and direct their aim
 To what the frenzy of the times may cure;
 Which can alone their happiness ensure.

The more enamoured of the public wealth,
The more we should exert our patriot zeal;
And with redoubled circumspection guard
What of past cares has been the rich reward.
Yet those who are with wealth or freedom blest
Who claim some high distinction o'er the rest,
Cloathed in presumption as in complete steel,
Laugh at those follies that they do not feel;
Regardless of the means by which they rise
Still deem themselves too prosperous to be wise.
Like some proud steed impatient of the rein
Play all their freaks and frolics o'er again;
Still round their brows triumphant laurel twine
That shed the fatal seeds of their decline.
Even so the spendthrift whose ideal store
Exhausted every hour augments the more,

Fondly

Fondly presumes should all his hopes prove vain
A competence at least must still remain;
But scorning to renounce his favourite plan
Spends the last doit and ends as he began.
No cottage charms his view, no blest retreat
Where sense resumes her abdicated seat,
No bower extends its hospitable shade
For rural ease and cool reflection made;
No regular gradations of decay
To his approaching ruin slope the way;
But whirled at once from his meridian height
To noisome caves that scarce admit the light,
(Where from the massive grate the cobweb falls)
And poisonous vapours stain the mouldering walls,
Whilst tattered shreds his fainting limbs surround,
His drink the chryſtal fount, his bed the ground,

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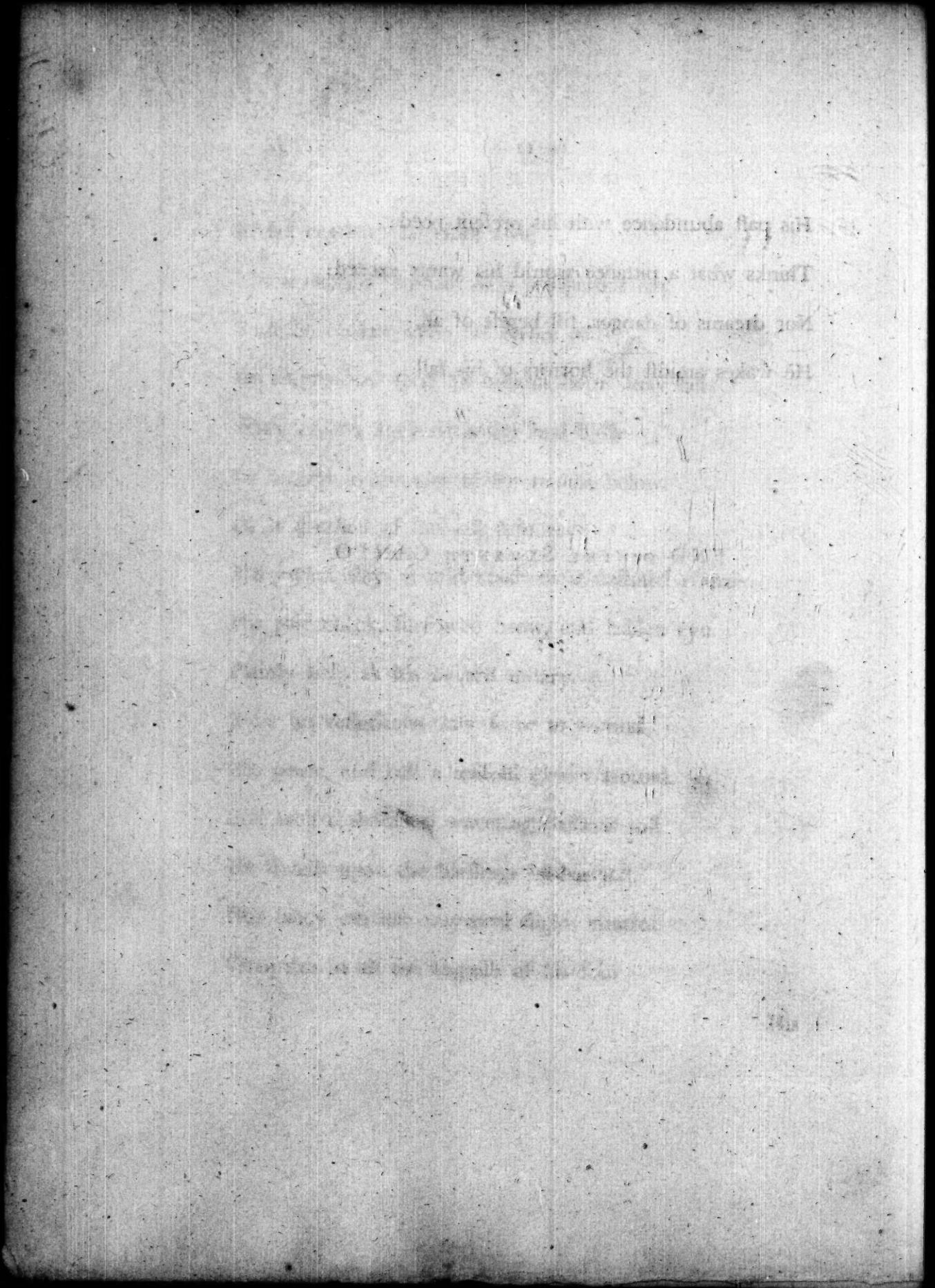
O

In

In sad captivity he pines away
The wretched remnant of a prosperous day.
Reflects too late upon his errors past
Or counts how long his tedious hours may last:
With impious fury deals the fatal blow
Or sweeps in thunder to the realms below.
Or if divested of this last resource
His joyless days should reach their destined course,
His pale cheek, furrowed brow, and leaden eye
Plainly bespeak his inward misery.
Even his reflections only serve to wound
His peace, and cast a tenfold gloom around.
Still with a thousand wavering passions tost
He dwells upon the blessings he has lost.
Nor fancy can her wayward flights control.
Compares in all the anguish of his soul
His

His past abundance with his present need;
Thinks what a pittance would his wants exceed;
Nor dreams of danger, till bereft of all,
He wakes amidst the horrors of his fall.

END OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

CYLLENIUS.

THE EIGHTH CANTO.

BUT can poetic licence then extend? It is still best
The moral to ourselves? nay, Heaven forefend!
And grant, that warned by our misfortunes past
The dawn of reason may return at last.

As

As public happiness is still the theme,
As trade still flows in one increasing stream,
As we still boast of freedom, wealth and peace,
So may our prudence ere too late increase:
That we through time these blessings may secure;
That no vain projects may our thoughts allure
No vices counteract the generous flood;
That the rich harvest of politic good
Though sown in trouble we may reap in ease;
That those who glean defects or errors leave
May still with gladness see their cup o'erflow.
May we reverse their prophesies of woe!
And smile at all their visionary views
As the mere wanderings of a vagrant muse.
But if those laws should lose their wonted force
That of past ages were the proud resource,

Or

Or violated in the face of day
Should to corruption point an easy way;
Should even the Senator preserve his seat
By an implied concurrence in the cheat;
If those who most this bias should disdain
Their fingers with unhallowed bribes should stain;
If bought and sold like oxen at a fair
Such impious traffic should be all their care;
If place, promotion, patronage and power
O'er our devoted liberties should lower,
Bid useless battles rage and laurels bloom
And like the Syrens lure us to our doom;
Confound the weak, contaminate the wise
And taint the very source from whence they rise;
Blot out each trace of virtue from the land
That might its wholesome influence expand;

If

If the whole fabric of the common weal
 Should on this artificial basis reel,
 Torn from the rock and placed upon the sand
 In perilous uncertainty should stand:
 Should piety evaporate in parade,
 Defeat those ends for which all laws were made
 Or with our moral duties disagree;
 Secure our goods and set our conscience free;
 Should her best precepts by some strange abuse
 Be rendered too equivocal for use,
 Or frittered down on every stale pretence
 Become an insult to all common sense;
 Or those who most these precepts should revere
 Concentrating their thoughts and wishes here,
 To jesuitic mummery resort
 And of their sacred functions make a sport;

Betray

Betray the cause they labour to defend;
 Should Priests to politics their views extend,
 Those who of faith the banners should display
 To radical corruption lead the way;
 At once their hopes and promises belie,
 Proud of the wages of iniquity:
 If commerce should engross our whole esteem,
 Who like the boar contending with the stream
 From her own efforts has the most to fear,
 If even commerce should be bought too dear;
 If we in armaments should waste away
 What no contingent profit can repay;
 If wild ambition should debase our aim
 Or rising jealousies divert our claim
 From wealth to power, from traffic to renown;
 Or if a state already overgrown

This wayward policy should still increase;
Should still uproar the universal peace;
Or ere the fierce contention well be o'er
And in weak convalescence we deplore
This wretched substitute for promised gain,
Burst out with tenfold violence again;
If feats of chivalry must be displayed
And pride become the arbitress of trade;
If British valour must our ears assaile
Where'er the merchant courts the swelling gale
And wafts his traffic to a distant shore;
Or at his heels the British lion roar;
If individuals suffer or complain
The public treasure must their cause maintain,
Or what the wealthy lose the poor supply;
Should arms repair each fancied injury;

If feelingly alive in every part
Of the terraqueous globe, we must impart
That wealth we should devote to useful ends;
Where even conquest scarce could make amends;
Where from our zeal no profit can redound;
Where no equivalent was ever found,
No honour won; (for rightly understood
The public honour is the public good.)
If the mere laughing-stocks of all around,
These dreadful menaces, these views profound,
In some delusive satisfaction end;
If lost the very right we would defend,
Increasing debts should be our glorious meed
And rising tumults signalize the deed;
If penniless without the hopes of gain
Or vanquished or victorious we remain;

(So

(So two Pedestrians some authors say

Encountered once an oyster in their way;

Both as their own the luscious morsel claim

Nor either party would his right disclaim.

Not knowing how to settle the dispute,

To a learned pleader they refer their suit;

Who in a trice upon the oyster fell

And graciously returned to each a shell.)

Should general depravity prevail;

Should the great ends of education fail;

Whose chief design, is not to rummage o'er

An undigested mass of ancient lore,

But all our selfish passions to control

And to expand and elevate the soul;

If emulation should reverse her plan

And fopperies drown the better part of man;

If

If of that hopeful race which grace our schools
The richest, still should be the greatest fools,
Still to those very follies be inclined
That most contract the heart, debase the mind;
To dance, to dress, to drink, to drive, to game,
And all such puerile conceits their aim;
If from their early prime to hoary age
The merest baubles should their thoughts engage;
Should sense and reason lose their wonted sway
Or crouch before the frenzy of the day;
If those on whom our future hopes depend,
Who should our trampled liberties befriend,
Should prostitution's giant strides withstand
And spread their healing influence o'er the land,
Be still the first in this inglorious chase
And sell their very birthrights for a place;

From

From native independence should descend
With hireling knaves their characters to blend,
As if enamoured of venality;
Even from the bosom of prosperity,
From the high porch and academic bower;
The dupes of faction and the tools of power;
Blind to our interests, and deaf to truth,
Traitors in age and Sybarites in youth;
Whose crimes alone the dread of shame can guard,
Whose spur to honesty is the reward:
Should those on whose discernment we rely
Each latent imperfection to descry,
Whose depth of thought and foresight we revere,
With idle tales amuse the public ear;
Who, most erroneous, deem themselves most sure,
And aggravate those ills they cannot cure,

The Mountebanks of state, who fain would mend
That which they cannot even comprehend:
Should prejudice her sable wings expand
And Gothic darkness thicken o'er the land:
Should we attach to scientific fame
Those honours that the good alone can claim;
Or should we seek our merit to display
In arts that must precipitate decay;
Or scowl at those that most have power to bless
The surest source of public happiness;
Should we o'er earth and ocean vainly roam
For that which only can be found at home;
Too gross or too refined in all we know,
Should we still rise above, or sink below,
That plain and simple sense, that heavenly light
Which in all instances conducts to right:

Should

Should real virtue lessen in our eyes
As outward show and specious talents rise;
Or should we to the follies of an hour,
The freaks of fortune, the abuse of power,
Pregnant of ill, prophetic of our fall,
Impute the blame that overwhelms us all:
Should we from partial efforts seek relief,
From wild despondency or hopeless grief,
Or fly to opiates for a moment's ease;
When we should cauterize the foul disease,
With skilful hand eradicate the wound
Ere the corrupt contaminates the sound;
Where we with vice eternal war should wage
And boldly stem the follies of the age;
Since the reform that renovates the land
Must wide as her infirmities expand:

Of

Of all these schedules of encroaching ill
Which if explained at length might volumes fill,
That are not founded upon vain surmise
But from substantial evidence arise,
Of all these complicated stores of grief
If but one article should claim belief,
Although the rest were but an idle dream,
And e'er so groundless or unjust might seem,
Some dire presage must sure our peace molest;
Some anxious cares disturb the Patriot's breast.

END OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

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THE TRAVELS
OF
CYLENIUS.

THE NINTH CANTO.

YET with unwearied zeal should we exert
What still remains of honour, to divert
The impending storm: the more we have to fear
The more conspicuous should that zeal appear.

What

What though our ancient lustre should abate,
 That vital spring and vigour of the state
 That long have been, and still may be our boast,
 'Midst base intrigues and sordid views be lost?
 The form remains; the spirit may revive;
 And freedom still through distant ages live.
 Though patriotism be an empty name
 And public virtue but the dread of shame,
 Yet the distinction oft eludes the eye;
 What merit lacks, appearances supply;
 This apprehension of the public frown,
 This compromise 'twixt conscience and renown,
 These selfish offerings at virtue's shrine,
 Not only may assume her garb divine
 But even our sober judgment may beguile
 And tranquilize our fears; nay, for a while

As much to real happiness may lead
 As when from purer motives they proceed.
 Though prostitution hovers o'er our heads
 And on all sides her baneful influence spreads,
 The outworks of the state her rage has spared
 And left a glorious fabric, though impaired.
 She has not dared our charters to repeal,
 The Herculean columns of the public weal.
 Why then despond? since, in our own despight,
 Those who have still preserved our dearest right,
 Who have not the extremes of folly passed,
 Some sense of decency may bind at last.
 If those who think all safe are much deceived,
 Still less the croaking crew should be believed,
 Though not enough to justify despair
 The danger should awaken all our care.

Since

Since crimes and follies thicken every hour
And bribery guards the avenues to power,
Whose foul contagion taints the very clime,
One moment's hesitation were a crime.

For who can trace the progress of abuse?
Who knows what even a moment may produce?

Assembled Chiefs their banners may display
And insurrections scatter wild dismay.

The abandoned prostitution of the great
Or the increasing patronage of state,

May soon anticipate those scenes of woe
That oft from public indignation flow.

Even though profound tranquillity ensue
Or some ideal happiness accrue,

Let us not trust to the deceitful calm.
Let not the hand that wounds infuse the balm.

The

The more destructive still the mischief grows
 The more it lulls us to profound repose;
 For while this canker preys upon the state
 No art can save us from impending fate.
 The present ease our patience may procure,
 Inevitable ruin must ensue.
 Abuses gain accumulated force
 And bear down all that's sacred in their course.
 Of still increasing debts we shall complain
 And tread the paths of folly o'er again;
 Still crown corrupted senates with applause,
 Still tremble for our liberties and laws;
 Still apprehensive of some fatal stroke,
 Still bend with tame submission to the yoke;
 While we to Ministers impute our woes
 Practise those very arts by which they rose;

Deluded

Deluded victims of a ruthless spleen,
Still search their hands as if our own were clean;
To future good, prefer our present ease
And speak and vote and move which way they please;
Coolly predict the horrors of our fall,
And make ourselves responsible for all;
In wild Philippicks still our parts display
And eloquence to office lead the way;
Distinctions that the good alone befit
Still lavished on the very dross of wit;
Deluded still by each aerial scheme
Despise the substance and embrace the dream,
Like the poor Pedlar posting to renown
Who spurned his traffic to revenge a frown;
Elate with hopes of universal peace
When most politic jealousies encrease;

Still

Still drain the beggared state in mere parade,
Still think we rise, when others we degrade;
The thrift of years, the ministerial boast,
Still in magnanimous achievements lost;
The past disaster still propose to shun,
Still deprecate the hazard we have run,
But when politic storms around us rise,
Conceal the mischief in some new disguise,
In vain pretexts or counterfeit alarms,
And drown our sorrows in the din of arms;
Colossus like the narrow earth bestride,
Still o'er the subject main in triumph ride
The peace of prosperous empires to molest;
Who feel the wound still rankling in their breast,
Or wait the moment to revenge their scars,
Inevitable source of future wars.

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Still

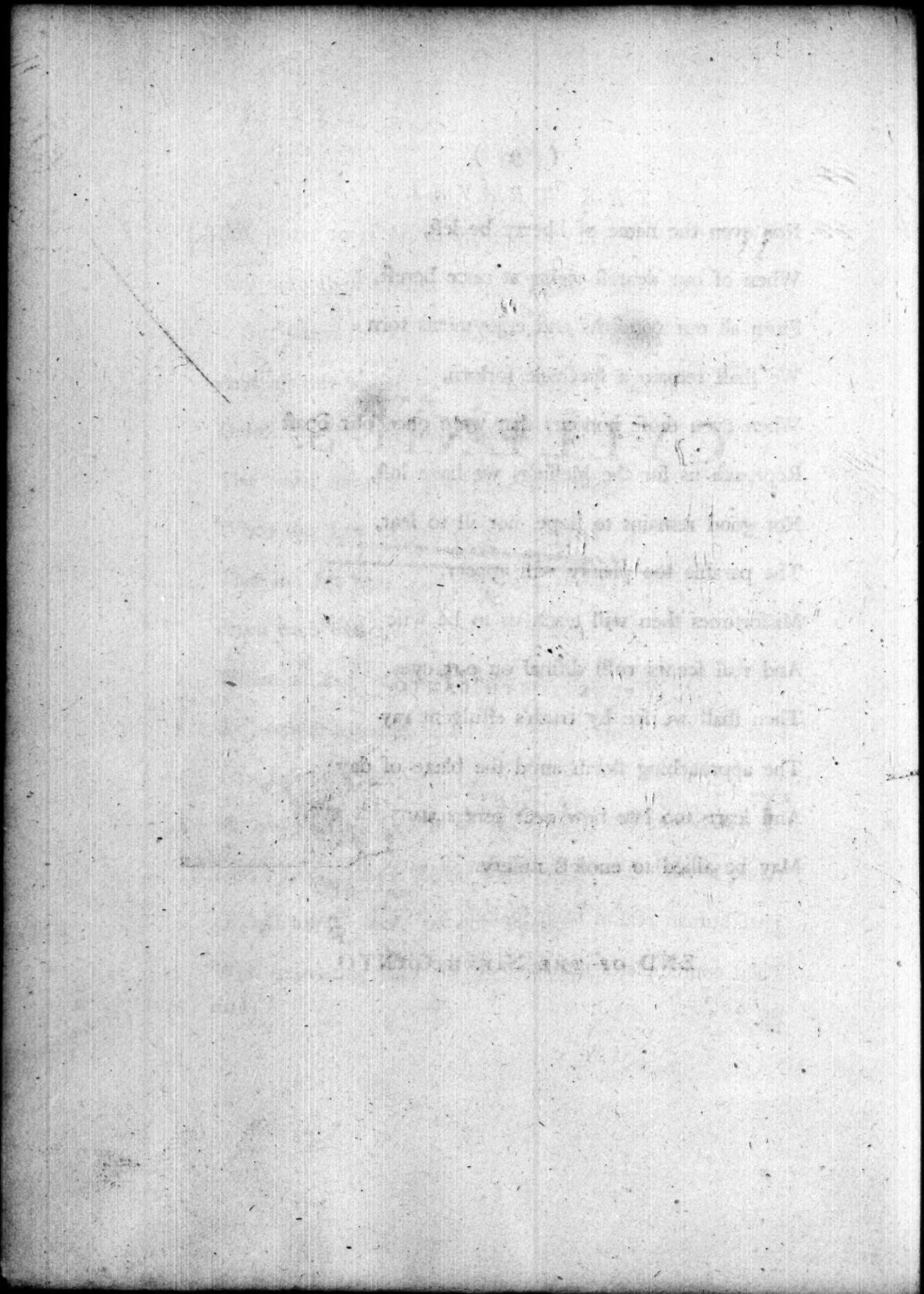
Still prone to error, to experience blind,
Still with their crimes at least instruct mankind.

But when the hour arrives, arrive it must,
And all our towering hopes be laid in dust,
Unless one general effort should withstand
The venal influence that taints the land,
When this best pattern of politic good
That has for ages now unshaken stood,
From each extreme so happily refined,
Where all our varied interests are combined
By counterbalanced rights and equal laws,
That has obtained unlimited applause,
By unperceived gradations shall decay
And like a baseless fabric waste away,
Or lost amidst some popular uproar
With unavailing tears we shall deplore,

Nor

Nor even the name of liberty be left,
When of our dearest rights at once bereft,
From all our comforts and enjoyments torn
We shall remain a spectacle forlorn,
When even those honours that were once our boast
Reproach us for the blessings we have lost,
Nor good remains to hope, nor ill to fear,
The parable too plainly will appear.
Misfortunes then will teach us to be wise
And real scenes rush dismal on our eyes.
Then shall we see by truth's effulgent ray
The approaching storm amid the blaze of day;
And learn too late how near prosperity
May be allied to endless misery.

END OF THE NINTH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE TENTH CANTO.

THUS o'er the globe Cyllenius darts his eye,
While at each glance the shades of error fly
That human reason have so long o'ercast;
Then contemplates the relics of the past.

Full

Full many a prosperous state, neglected laid,
And towering Capital, with sighs surveyed;
Whose miscreant Chiefs are still adorned with bays
And celebrated in poetic lays,
Of flattery's fickle lore the constant themes;
And many a wide extended empire deems
Though oft recited in the historic page
As sunk beneath the oppressive weight of age
Or borne resistless down the tide of time,
The victims of accumulated crime.
For sure eternal wisdom ne'er designed
Our actions by predestined laws to bind ;
That freedom should to ruin lead the way
Or perfect good precipitate decay.
Nor have the Gods ordained or Fates decreed
That virtue e'er should lose its glorious meed;

Nor

Nor cramp't the patriot efforts of the mind;
Nor to politic bodies have assigned
The stated period that in life appears;
Nor by revolving suns, nor flights of years,
Have ascertained their progress or their fall.
Mere pomp of words, and vain conjecture all!
An insult to the Majesty of Heaven!
That has to every state and empire given
The means of preservation or decline;
That with increasing glory they may shine,
Or with increasing crimes their measure fill.
And made even age subservient to their will.
Whate'er the philosophic eye may trace
Amid the regions of unbounded space,
Though stars may rise and comets disappear
Through the vast round of Heaven's eternal year;

Though

Though worlds on worlds may from their spheres be
One of the seven Pleiades be lost,
Or of those orbs that form the Milky Way
Whole systems may at once be swept away,
Whatever changes higher orders know,
Those that we have experienced here below
But slightly can affect the general truth,
That states may flourish in immortal youth.
Since the worst evils that infest the earth
From our own follies still derive their birth.
Nor of all casual ills the worst extreme
Was e'er so dreadful as we vainly deem,
Or if united in one general care
Our general efforts might not soon repair.
Yet still amidst the records of the skies
We find the source of all our miseries.

But

But if the rays of glory round us shine
 We soon forget their origin divine,
 And in distinguished merit trace the cause :
 Like some poor Candidate for vain applause
 Who counterfeits the pageantry of state
 And meanly courts the favours of the great ;
 Who in the dregs of age to want is driven
 And hurls his follies in the face of Heaven.
 Whoe'er of time unfolds the motley page
 Or contemplates the temper of the age,
 Will soon perceive that from corruption's source
 And all those mischiefs that attend her course,
 The freaks of power, the insidious game
 By which ambitious men conceal their aim,
 Who still of reason take the fair disguise
 The most disastrous changes ever rise.

Were we abstracted from that idle glare
Which of extensive empires is the snare
And even of wisdom dims the piercing sight,
To judge of things by truth's unerring light,
We should detest what now we most desire;
And think those very measures we admire
As if endowed with sovereign power to bless
Were but the varied forms of wretchedness:
That all this wild extravagance of state
Were but a pageant to adorn the great:
A solemn sacrifice of all that's just:
A base delinquency of public trust:
And the high feats of each successive reign,
Whose boasted merit and exalted strain
Compose the annals of the sons of men,
But the same follies acted o'er again.

Amidst

Amidst the monuments of ancient pride,
That all our little vanities deride,
And whisper truth to the reflecting mind,
The Delphic Oracles of human kind,
The God expatiates from shore to shore ;
But seeks in vain the ruins to explore
Of powerful states and capitals renowned,
Of which no mark or vestige can be found ;
Even those that have the waves of glory trod
Made distant nations tremble at their nod
And waved their banners over earth and flood,
No trace remains to tell us where they stood.
But o'er these tombs of time, and wrecks of power,
Sports the light reed and sprouts the fading flower ;
Or the rough Peasant plies his daily toil
And harmless ploughshares turn the trampled soil.

Then

Then towards the Lybian coast extends his view,
Where arts and commerce now their charms renew;
Where mighty Carthage in the dust is laid
That such high scenes of opulence displayed.
Here columns stand, in majesty forlorn,
O'errun with weeds or shagged with horrid thorn:
There sunk in caverns that elude the eye,
Or mounds of sand, her mouldering honours lie.
And o'er the Tyrrhene wave extended wide
Amidst the relics of her ancient pride,
By barbarous Potentates at random hurled,
The Nurse of arts, the Mistress of the world.
Now o'er her trophied walls and fertile plains
An ever-brooding desolation reigns.
Where stately groves with palaces were crowned
Danced on the waves and graced the horizon's bound,

Imperial

Imperial Domes, where art with nature vies,
Temples whose summits seem to prop the skies,
That long had triumphed o'er the rage of time
And Villas swarming in the vernal clime
Stretched from the Tiber to the Etrurian coast,
In one continued perspective were lost.
Alas, how changed the scene! those peaceful shades,
Those lucid streams, those consecrated glades,
Those attic bowers, those love-inspiring vales
Where bliss sat pregnant on the balmy gales,
No more the speculative eye can trace;
Nor even their form discern nor date nor place.
Those towers that o'er the subject woods appeared
By some fond recollection still endeared,
Some great event, some memorable feat,
Where elegance had fixed her chosen seat,

The

The cloistered Area, the resounding Hall,
 Where kindling nature rouzed at honour's call;
 Where mirth and joy in social converse joined,
 Exalted genius, and wit refined,
 With social transport past the hours away
 And the rapt bosom owned their genial sway.
 Stupendous Vaults with sculptured trophies dight
 Where all conspires to exquisite delight,
 Where in collected streams those blessings flow
 That tributary Empires can bestow;
 Where every charm, through every sense transpired,
 That ever eyes beheld or hearts desired,
 High o'er the plain in cumbrous heaps are piled;
 A dismal solitude, a dreary wild.
 Where not a sign of life is seen around.
 The rank weed fades upon the cheerless ground.

Nor

Nor even the bird of night is heard to scream,
But vollied lightnings glare and meteors gleam.
Where the lorn traveller seized with sudden dread,
While sulphurous vapors thicken o'er his head
And feverish winds arrest his shortening breath,
Precipitately flies from sudden death.

But this is nought; since even within her gates
Whose citizens were Kings, whose suburbs States,
The choicest fabrics and the chief resorts
Where centered all their gauds and pomps and sports,
Of the wide earth the wonder and the pride,
Still to the meanest purpose are applied.
So strongly mark the unstableness of things,
How certain ruin from ambition springs,
How from the past to judge of times to come
Beyond the narrow limits of the tomb,

As

As if by Heaven's own hand they were designed
 But to convey a moral to mankind.

Propt on the sculptured wall, the boast of years,
 The haggard form of misery appears,
 The quivering lamp gleams faintly o'er the ground
 And yawning dungeons scatter plagues around.
 Religious Maniacs scream with hideous yell;
 In constant requiems sounds the mournful bell.
 Amid the empasted dirt the Medal shines
 And the rank night-shade round the Altar twines.
 The aerial Spire that long had braved the sky
 In mouldering fragments sinks beneath the eye.
 The Encaustic cieling, the Mosaic floor,
 The solid Vestibule, the columned Door,
 Where warlike Chiefs had fixed their favourite seats
 Of thieves and out-laws are the foul retreats;

Where

Where the starved herds that batten on the plain
 Seek some frail shelter from the beating rain
 Or ruthless Butchers ply their barbarous toil,
 With guiltless blood still stain the thirsty soil.
 The Arch of Triumph, erst with laurels crowned,
 Almost entire is sunk into the ground,
 O'er names and dates, the adhesive moss is spread
 And the wild nettles wave upon its head.
 Where his degenerate sons now pipe and play
 The early Roman kept a host at bay,
 Thrill at a look and tremble at a note
 Where the bold Culprit seized the lion's throat;
 Where busked Chiefs fictitious passions feel
 The fiery Vandal urged the avenging steel.
 Where Latian Sires rehearsed their glorious deeds
 Beneath the assassin's knife the victim bleeds.

T

Where

Where seized with terror whines in accent faint
 And Bondsman-key, the hypocritic Saint,
 To doleful dirges tunes his parting breath,
 Devoted Patriots braved the approach of death.
 The Fabric which was dedicate to Heaven,
 To which all rites were paid, all homage given,
 Where erst approving conscience used to dwell,
 Receives the dogmas of a Hermit's cell;
 The guide of erring nature and the boast
 In wild traditions swallowed up and lost.
 Where the bold Rampart propt the incumbent tower
 Or Aqueducts conveyed the kindly shower,
 The wretched Peasant heedless of its fall
 Sleeps under cover of the tottering wall.
 Where his palled sense the glutton used to strain
 The famished orphan pours his plaints in vain.

Beneath

Beneath the furrow lurks the Diadem
 And earth once more receives her native gem.
 That Stone, on which the Pythian Priests kneeled,
 To distant times portentous truths revealed,
 Becomes the footstool of some lowly clown;
 Magnificence to meanness dwindleth down;
 Each implement of ornament or use
 The force of art or genius could produce
 That scattered o'er the earth neglected lay,
 In one promiscuous heap is swept away.
 The lofty Tiara, the Consul's rods,
 The residence of Monarchs and of Gods.
 Not far removed the States of Greece appeared
 For virtue, eloquence, and arts revered.
 Of Athens still the splendid ruins stand
 And gleam majestic o'er the desert land.

At

At sight of each bright form, each breathing line,
 Each sumptuous pile, each exquisite design
 Which graced those periods, alas! too short,
 That soon of wild ambition were the sport,
 Which in the eternal round of frauds and crimes
 That swell the histories of other times,
 Like a bright gleam amidst the night appear
 Or the rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
 The happiest union and the noblest plan,
 That even does honour to the name of man,
 His bosom still with generous ardour thrilled;
 With many a pleasing recollection filled.
 Around her walls the same drear aspect reigns
 As o'er the Tuscan shores and Lybian plains.
 Far to the north Ambition now retires
 Though throned in ice, preserves her native fires.

Their

There thronging towers, their spiral summits rear
And plenty smiles through each revolving year.
New scenes of wealth and cultivation rise
In splendid undulations to the skies.
Armies in dreadful preparation stand
And cloudcapt cities darken half the land.
There the rank weeds of vice to seed are run
That erst were ripened in a warmer sun.
There states will their untimely end deplore
And be what Rome and Carthage were before.
As they would fain participate their fame,
Unless the thirst of glory they disclaim
And cease surrounding nations to enthral,
They will at last participate their fall.

END OF THE TENTH CANTO.

1921-1922. The first year of my work at the
new position, the following table gives the
Vitamin C content of the various fruits and vegetables
that I have examined. The method of analysis
is the same as that used by Dr. E. V. McCollum
and Dr. G. H. Whipple. The results are given
in milligrams per 100 grams of fruit or vegetable.
The values are based on the assumption that
the whole fruit or vegetable contains the
same amount of Vitamin C. This is not true
for all fruits and vegetables, as some contain
more Vitamin C than others. For example,
the Vitamin C content of citrus fruits is
higher than that of apples, while the
Vitamin C content of apples is higher than
that of carrots. The following table
gives the Vitamin C content of various
fruits and vegetables.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLLENIUS.

THE ELEVENTH CANTO.

FROM Heaven's high vault, the Sun now darts his beams,
And o'er one half the world resplendent streams.
Through the vast concave not an atom flies.
Supine beneath his feet creation lies.

The

The distant landscape glares upon the sight,
 And the wave darkens with excessive light.
 Now to their haunts the feathered race repair
 Not even a pinion cleaves the parching air.
 Even those that in meridian brightness rise
 Wing the tempestuous vault and brave the skies,
 Almost exhausted in their secret shades,
 Pant in the brakes and languish in the glades.
 Mute are the melodies that wake the morn;
 No vivid tints his splendid face adorn;
 No rural song, no hospitable sound,
 Nor scarce a zephyr can be heard around.
 What orb presumes in his full blaze to shine?
 What eye can gaze on Majesty divine?
 The earth conceives beneath his quickening rays;
 And silent nature grateful homage pays.

Safe in the thickets lurks the fearful game,
 The hollow causeways like a furnace flame ;
 No more the dolphins skim the tepid waves,
 The Sea-nymphs languish in their coral caves ;
 The flumbersome Peasant soon forgets his toils
 Even the rough lion pants amid his spoils.
 Stretched o'er the ground the wearied Sportsmen lay
 And the parched Traveller faints upon his way.
 But who the splendor of his beams can trace
 Amid the regions of ethereal space ?
 That tenfold light and energy impart
 And with a flood of joy o'erwhelm the heart.
 How great, how small the objects of his care,
 (Stupendous round ! extremes beyond compare !)
 That from the sightless gnat and gilded fly
 Spreads o'er the varied forms that deck the sky ;

U

From

From the poor worm that crawls upon the sand
 To where no eye can reach or thought expand.
 That while the sober-vested dawn retires
 Or the mild eve withdraws her wasting fires
 Or deepest night extends her ebon ray,
 Still rolls sublime amidst the blaze of day.
 That while perpetual change pervades the year
 And gradual waste exhausts the glowing sphere,
 New worlds arise or from their orbits fall,
 Still reigns secure, sole paramount of all.

Now o'er the western coast Cyllenius threw
 His flight precipitant, when full in view
 A numerous crowd of Africans appear
 And busy murmurs rush upon his ear.
 Where, strange to tell ! Britannia's sons outvie
 All that was ever feigned of cruelty.

These

These advocates of liberty and law
Here glut with human gore their ravenous maw.
On some vain plea of policy or gain
Condemn their equals to an age of pain:
Reft of all choice but what despair can give;
To die in torments or in slavery live.
No fair equivalent their vessels claim,
No friendly intercourse directs their aim;
No great atchievements here their fame attest,
No spark of honour fires the youthful breast;
No aromatic sweets their stores exhale,
Float on the breeze and waft the swelling sail;
But trade is tyranny, and profit shame,
The most enormous crimes their constant aim:
Their only mercy, to protract the breath
Of groaning misery that longs for death.

Poor

Poor hand-cuffed prisoners compose their spoils,
And honour spurns their ignominious toils.
Freighted with wrongs and rigged with curses dark
O'er the wide ocean speeds the fatal bark,
While morbid vapours taint the wholesome air,
And sickness preys on those that grief may spare;
Together linked the dying and the dead;
While brooding thunders thicken overhead;
Erinnys leads the way with frantick yell
And faithful to their tract the hounds of Hell.
Yet still without a blush do they avow
The atrocious charge; still with undaunted brow
Would from our hearts expunge all sense of shame
And found upon their crimes an honest fame.
Of sophistry still beat the eternal round
And true and false, and right and wrong confound.

With

With many an opiate drug, and leperous dose,
Would lull our indignation to repose;
And turn our thoughts from those opprobrious ills,
That while one thought humane our bosom fills
Or generous ardour glows within our veins
Or in our senates sense or shame remains,
Must surely overwhelm the accursed band
That thus spread horror o'er a guiltless land.
That for a worthless, senseless, ruthless trade,
All rights, all laws, all charters would invade;
What we most prize to others would deny
And Savages with human flesh supply.
To such unheard-of cruelties resort !
And of the tenderest feelings make their sport.
Carouze amidst the famished infants moans
And hear unmoved the smothered captives groans,

That

That o'er the shrowds in circling eddies rise
 And waft their imprecations to the skies.
 Smile o'er the wretch on life's extremest verge
 Writhing beneath the inexorable scourge,
 That on the blood-stained planks extended laid
 Where never funeral obsequies were paid,
 Or dropped neglectful down the vessel's side
 Floats at the mercy of the beating tide:
 Or borne perchance upon his native coast
 rejoins, too late ! his friends and kindred lost.
 Still in each port their burdened navies pour
 Of kidnapped youth an inexhausted store ;
 That while upon the rack one victim dies
 Successive victims from his blood may rise.
 From shore to shore extend the galling chain
 And spread destruction over the affrighted main.

On

On ages yet unborn, that power entail
By which the very germs of being fail :
That to his hapless sons the fire may tell
How with oppressive stripes his parents fell,
Or to succeeding times those sons unfold
The treachery of power ! the curse of gold !
When in the straw-built shed their babes complain
And look around for charity in vain,
By sudden storms assailed or parching dearth
May curse the very hour that gave them birth !
Think of their fate with sighs of heart-felt grief ;
Where not one ray of hope affords relief.
In life's last scene, when all their hopes must fail
Still dwell upon the melancholy tale ;
Bequeath with heavy hearts and tearful eyes
The sad reversion of their miseries.

In deepest guilt involve the British name
 That stands conspicuous on the lists of fame.
 Of basest tyranny support the cause
 And openly insult all human laws;
 On pleas far more preposterous and wild
 Than e'er the unlettered multitude beguiled.
 Gloss o'er such deeds no Ruffian can conceive
 With such pretexts no Ideot can believe!
 That with the hardest heart may be combined
 The most imbecil weakness of the mind.
 Mixed with the virtuous band Cyllelius stood,
 Disguised like one who dealt in human blood:
 And of the first who struck his roving eye
 Enquires the cause of his calamity.
 Not even a word the pensive youth returned,
 Though with vindictive rage his bosom burned.

Upon

Upon his pinioned arms his head was hung
 And thoughts too big for utterance chained his tongue.
 O'er the parched soil his tears begin to flow
 And the deep sigh bespeaks his deeper woe;
 His naked limbs with secret horrors quake;
 When for his captive thus the Hero spake:
 "Twere vain to analyze preposterous fears
 Or seek the source of hypocritic tears.
 These wretches oft torment themselves in vain
 Even when they least have reason to complain;
 All rules of right and decency reverse
 And in the lap of blessing find their curse.
 Beyond the Atlantic main there lives a race
 Of Godlike men, that no foul crimes disgrace;
 That to no rustic offices incline
 To plant the cane or bend the supple vine;

That no ignoble view their minds may stain,
 No paltry profit, no unhallowed gain,
 (For high exploits and vast achievements made)
 Summon these hardy Ethiops to their aid.
 But though compelled to till the fertile soil
 Profusely recompence their useful toil;
 Treat them like fellow-citizens and friends,
 And for their freedom lost make rich amends.
 While in each state their families increase
 Flushed with the arts of industry and peace.
 But their obdurate senses still repel
 Those Christian charities in which they dwell;
 Repine amidst an unexhausted store
 And even though gorged with plenty figh for more.
 Reject those maxims of eternal truth
 That can preserve the soul in plight and youth,

Which

Which their kind masters, studious of their good,
 Inculcate oft though rarely understood;
 From which perennial joys are said to flow,
 Upon their very slaves those joys bestow.
 Yet still of bonds we talk in pedant strain
 As if all slavery were toil and pain;
 These rogues will soon be happier far than we,
 Nay, happier far than if they had been free:
 Still on their cares their lordly patrons smile
 And oft in social talk their hours beguile;
 With ever-open hand their wants supply
 And guard their offspring with a watchful eye;
 Relieve their sufferings and appease their strife
 And strew with flowers the thorny paths of life.
 More blest, more free than the laborious hind
 To one unvaried scene of toil confined.

Who

Who feels no right can wretchedness elude;
 No form of government his wants preclude;
 Who barely earns that mite on which he lives,
 Or even with food or rest his strength revives.
 Still late at night and early every morn
 Plods o'er his task, in solitude forlorn;
 Nor the chaste pledges of his youthful fire
 One gleam of hope or clearing thought inspire;
 In the dark haunts of vice and folly bred.
 When living mourns, congratulates when dead.
 Soon finds that freedom is an empty name
 And poverty and servitude the same;
 That the same laws that bind the basest slave
 Who works the mine or ploughs the wintry wave
 Full oft from his necessities arise,
 And are the source of equal miseries.

Oppressed

Oppressed with labour, stupified with care,
 His very comforts border on despair;
 These meagre fiends still hold him close in view
 And each succeeding day his wants renew;
 Pervert the means of some expected joy
 Or with fallacious hopes his peace annoy.
 His rights are but an insult to distress;
 His freedom aggravated wretchedness;
 Since they preclude that sympathy of grief
 Which in all human ills affords relief.
 But art thou then a stranger to our port?
 Or in some cave or cell dost thou resort,
 Who hast not heard that men are bought and sold?
 Say, whence thou art, the mystery unfold?
 Be thine this happy lot, the God replies
 While indignation sparkles in his eyes.

For

(For through the veil of dark duplicity
 He had distinctly traced the hidden lie.)
 Fly to this Godlike race, that thou mayst prove
 The blest effects of their paternal love.
 Long mayst thou feel its influence divine
 And practice with thy theories combine.
 May that abandoned, that audacious crew
 Who would such Theban tragedies renew,
 Those cormorants that others would devour,
 Those abject slaves of interest and power,
 Those hearts of stone, who view without a sigh
 The keenest sufferings of humanity,
 And what they most should reprobate commend,
 Experience those abuses they defend.

He spake; and stretching forth his potent rod
 Resumed the port and semblance of a God.

The

The ponderous chains that from the Captive fall
Upon the Master fixed, unseen by all.
Conducts him pinioned through the fable bands
And soon receives the premium he demands;
To the astonished Slave presents his gains
And sends him bounding to his native plains.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CANTO.

(7)

The following table gives the results of the experiments made by Mr. G. C. Shattock, of the Bureau of Fisheries, on the growth of fish under different conditions of temperature and food.

REND or the **RENT** in Capital is

THE TRAVELS
OF CYLLENIUS.

THE TWELFTH CANTO.

NOW o'er the town and the adjacent shores
Cyllenius roams; and many a Son restores
To his afflicted Sire, and Sire to Son;
Whole families and tribes together run,

Y

While

While tears of gladness trickle down each face
 And drown their sorrows in one fond embrace.
 The frantic Lover from his mistress torn
 And mewling Babes that for their mothers mourn,
 Whose smothered cries bespeak the mortal strife
 Of nature tottering on the verge of life;
 The Spouse his captive mate; the orphaned Maid
 With unavailing tears her hopes betrayed;
 The faithful Friend that overwhelmed with care
 Laments his kindred, and in deep despair
 Extended o'er the ground neglected lies;
 And all the sacred, the endearing ties
 That tyranny or fraud had rent in twain,
 Are with redoubled ardour joined again.
 On the bare beach, the withered corpse is thrown
 And the red wave with mangled limbs bestrown.

Here

Here warm with life in scattered groups are spread

The sick, the maimed, the dying and the dead:

There piled in one stupendous heap repose

Prophetic pile! Mausoleum of woes!

Their stiffened joints, who nature's debt have paid.

There health and toil and giant strength are laid,

Whose dauntless courage braved the Tyrant's rage;

And feeble infancy and tottering age.

Some whose ferocious features plainly tell

How on the battle's edge, they fought and fell;

And some that still a horrid grin maintain

That of their prison-house bespeaks the pain;

Still seem in death their miseries to deplore,

Convulsed with agonies they feel no more.

Here ruthless foes resign their mortal hate

And the fond Servant shares his Master's fate.

Here

Here pregnant maids depose their secret fears;
 To the dried nipple still the babe adheres.
 High o'er the scene the prowling eagles sail
 And the grim tyger snuffs the tainted gale;
 Swift from their haunts the hungry jackalls run
 And swarms of flies obstruct the noon-day sun.
 As if some Tyrant should infest their shore,
 Or of intestine war the wild uproar
 That most tremendous harbinger of fate!
 With constant fury thundered at the gate.
 Or fire or tempest, by supreme command,
 Or spotted plagues, raged o'er the affrighted land:
 When the grim guard prohibits all egress
 And consternation aggravates distress.
 Loud ring the vaults, with screams that never cease,
 And the heart hardens as their woes encrease.

All

All ties dissolve, even friends withhold their aid
Save some devoted Slave or filial maid
That o'er her parent bends in deep despair;
Or some fond Mother, that with frantic air
Her darling infant in her bosom shields;
Not all the balmy blessings nature yields
One moment can prolong his parting breath.
Even flight precipitates the dart of death:
Who stalks his round, in terrible array,
And toil and strength and vigour lead the way.
In life's full bloom, convulsed with sudden pains,
Feel the blood stagnate in their morbid veins;
Decline and perish in the self-same hour;
Fast as the falling leaf or vernal flower.
Or strown on earth or plunged amid the wave,
Or heaped by thousands in one common grave.

But

But such tremendous scenes what hand can paint?
Numbers how weak! and eloquence how faint!
The big tear starts, the Muse forgets to sing,
And horror damps the Pegasean wing.
Should all the powers of verse at once combine
To swell the page with energy divine,
Though armed with Theban force and attic fire
And all succeeding ages can inspire,
Should even the Prince of Bards resume his pen
To tell this tale of horrors o'er again,
Though to more dulcet notes his lyre were strung
Than ever warbled from an Angel's tongue,
Or he who soared on pinion more sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of space and time,
Who erst disclosed the wonders of the deep,
His tortured soul could only think and weep.

On

On all sides round, Cyllenius wheels his flight
And on the closing eyelid pours the light;
The sick and weak relieves with tendereft care
And wakes to joy the slumber of despair;
The victim rescues from the assassin's knife,
Or through his nostrils breathes the breath of life;
Speaks comfort to the heart oppressed with fears
And pain and anguish with his presence chears;
Supports the head depressed with hopeless grief,
And to exhausted nature brings relief;
The Tyrant binds and sets the Captive free,
And bends of hardened guilt the stubborn knee;
Rallies the wretch to servitude devote
And points his sword to the Aggressor's throat,
Who eyes aghast the inexorable steel,
The wound he would inflict, now learns to feel.

To

To panic fears, heroic fires succeed ;
The famished Lion's strength and Eagle's speed.
Loud clash the chains, the broken bands resound
And locks and bolts and rivets strew the ground.
Unfettered crowds uplift the prostrate head ;
While on all sides their suppliant arms they spread,
Even to his native skies their voices raise
With intermingled shouts and notes of praise.
High o'er the tropic, his heightened graces shine ;
He views their tears with ecstasy divine ;
The tears of gratitude, the shouts of joy,
And tastes of happiness without alloy.
At his approach, spontaneous fruits arise
And copious showers embalm the torrid skies,
That as they pass their tedious march beguile,
And peace and plenty o'er the desert smile.

The

The few that of the oppressive crew survive
 Their own invented pains, in bondage live.
 Or in new shapes are spread through distant climes
 To warn succeeding ages of their crimes.
 Not in such forms as graze the peaceful plain,
 Ride on the wave or awe the subject main,
 Nor in the spacious firmament are hung,
 Like those that erst the tuneful Naso sung ;
 Nor such as in the meads or vales appear,
 Disclose the spring and wake the purple year,
 That still by love or vanity betrayed
 Survey their image in the watery glade,
 But in all monstrous, execrable forms,
 That shun the light and howl in midnight storms ;
 To human wretchedness devoted still ;
 The prodigies of some approaching ill ;

Or as they crawl obnoxious o'er the earth
Infect the very soil that gave them birth.
The most disgusting fancy ever framed
Or fear conceived or superstition named.
Still viewed with horror or at random hurled
The bane of life the outcast of the world.
Condemned wherever found to sudden death.
Still yield in agonies their vital breath.
That all the snares they have for others spread
May still be heaped on their perfidious head;
That the abhorrence of succeeding times
So justly due to such enormous crimes
May still increase through ages without end,
And to their latest progeny extend.

END OF THE TWELFTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE THIRTEENTH CANTO.

BUT while the God dispelled the Captives fears
The most tremendous sounds invade his ears;
As if some child of woe by torments tired
Spent his last breath, and in a groan expired.

To

To the lone tower, from whence these plaints arise,
 Swift on his golden wings Cyllénus flies.

Where crowded Slaves their Tyrant's orders wait
 And the grim guard stands frowning at the gate.
 Remote from view the doleful mansion stood.

The home of Misery! the sink of blood!

That nor the clash of chains, nor tainted air,
 Nor the loud shrieks of anguish and despair
 That rise from this receptacle of woes,
 Might interrupt the sweets of his repose.

Unseen he passed, the tortuous maze ascends
 And o'er the thrice-barred gate his wand extends.
 The massive bolts recede with jarring sound;
 Even to their very base the walls resound.
 Heavens! what a sight of horror strikes his view!
 What heartfelt pangs, does even the thought renew!

O'er

O'er the distressful scene, deep silence reigns:
Cold runs the vital current through his veins:
Three paces back, with outstretched wings he sprung,
While execrations faultered on his tongue:
In deep amazement raised his trembling hands:
And stiff with horror on the threshold stands.
'Tis said, nor does the tale exceed belief,
That instant, overpowered with sudden grief,
The dews of pity through his eyelids creep:
For even Gods at such a sight might weep.

When the same voice that had been heard around
Once more reverberates from the vast profound.
Fearless the God advances through the gloom.
A boundless sepulchre! a living tomb!
Where never shone one ray of solar light,
But dismal Vaults elude the baffled sight.

Like

Like some tremendous Cave or Giant's den
Strewed with the mangled carcases of men;
Or those from whence the fierce Lagoni rise
That with their steam and stench infect the skies.
Where height and breadth, and form and space are lost,
Till of his rays the bright effulgence crost;
O'er the damp walls and sullen arches spread;
O'er many a blood-stained limb and prostrate head;
And where a lighted brand would scarce have gleamed
On all sides now, meridian brightness beamed.
Where'er he turned his view, but served to show
New scenes of sorrow, and new sights of woe,
That heap on heap promiscuous strew the floor;
Still warm as life, and bathed in sweat and gore
Like some enchanted Chaldron steam around
And with their fetid moisture drench the ground.

As

As when some harrassed Boar, forsakes the plain
And in his Haunt defies the hostile train.
Stalks o'er the dead, and mocks the uplifted spear,
And harrows even the stoutest hearts with fear.
With hounds and horsemen strews the ensanguined field.
Still fiercer from his wounds, disdains to yield.
Nor art, nor strength, his fury can restrain,
Still fights, entrenched with ramparts of the slain.
Or the fierce Paladin's heroic rage
Who durst unarmed, whole troops at once engage;
When with Herculean force the board he rears
That soon avenged the beauteous Captive's tears.
In crowds they fall; their shattered arms rebound;
And with expiring groans the roofs resound.
Nor fear nor force can intercept their doom;
Where'er they seek a refuge, find a tomb.

Back to their cavern, drags the few that fled,
And piles the floor with Mountains of the dead.

But what similitude, what form of speech,
What effort of the mind, such themes can reach?

At each attempt the powers of language fail
And still untold remains the thrice-told tale.

Each glimpse of life, the faint resemblance foils
And on the indignant heart the shame recoils.

Were of our prisons the disastrous train,
Disease and dirt and stench and want and pain
Before our eyes, in all their horrors spread,
Were Charnel-houses to eject their dead,
Though Hell itself, were summoned to our aid
And of the damned the agonies displayed
To fill the startled soul with deep dismay,
And breathe contagion in the face of day,

Not

Not all the plagues that in their confines dwell
 Were they contracted in one doleful cell,
 Or at one view all casual ills were seen,
 Could be compared to that tremendous scene.
 Amidst the worst extremes our nature fears
 There is one thought which moderates our tears,
 That from desert or destiny they flow;
 Which reconciles us to the cup of woe.
 But here no circumstance can sure be found
 From which one source of comfort can redound;
 Nor can the rose-lipped Cherub Patience dwell,
 But all the feelings of the heart rebel.
 Myriads of souls to lingering torments doomed
 Or in this groaning sepulchre entombed,
 From peace, from love, from joy, from freedom torn,
 To rot in noisome caves or pine forlorn;

A a

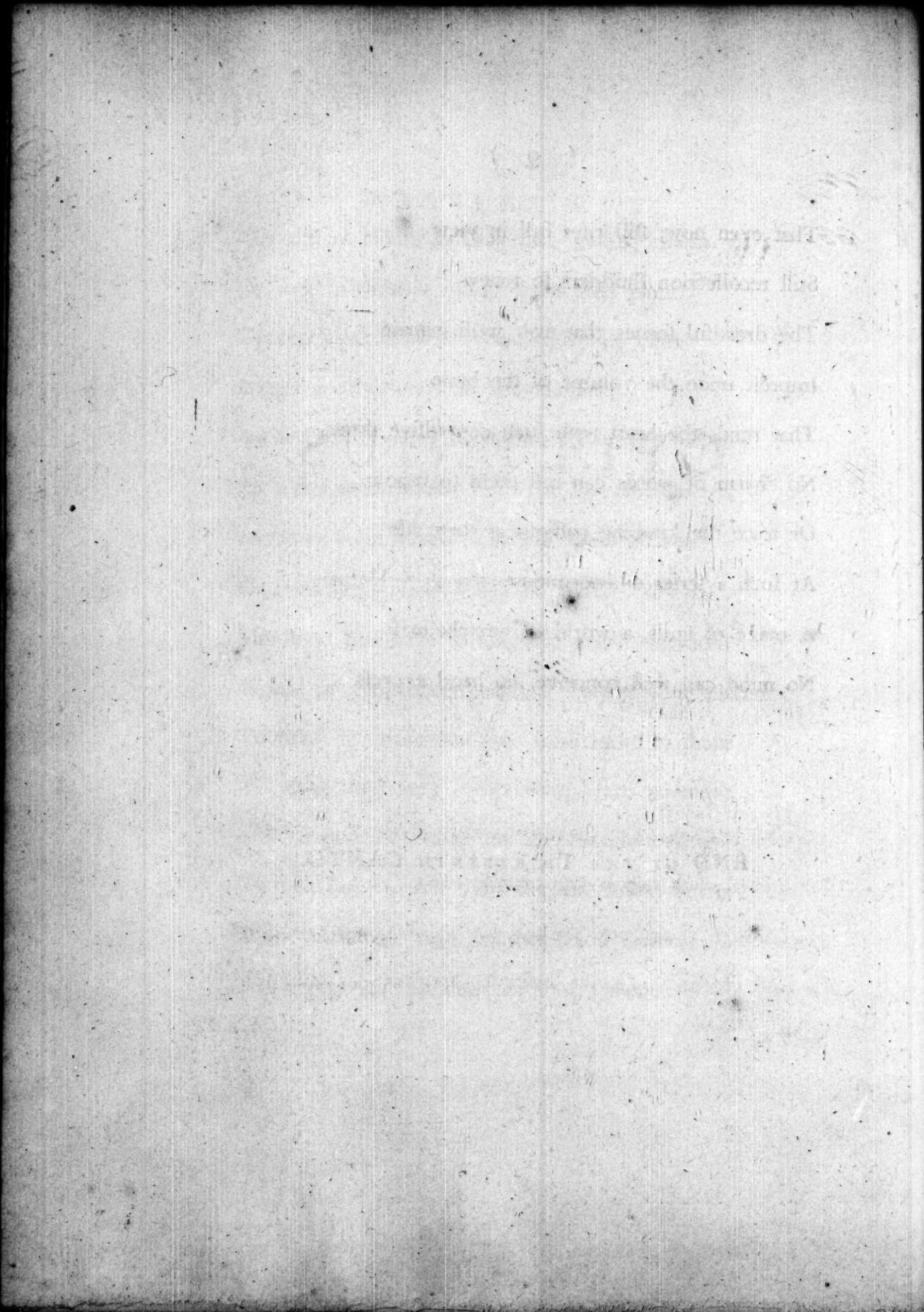
O'er

O'er distant climes to drag their galling chains
 Or seek in death a refuge from their pains.
 Tyrants! that deaf to nature's piercing cries
 Laugh at all liberty, all laws despise;
 As much concerned amidst their Captives' groans
 As when around their coast the Sea-mew moans,
 As when from vernal skies the tempest flows
 Or even the western wind too rudely blows.
 Monsters! that have so long the world disgraced!
 Would in some honest hand, a scourge were placed
 To drive the miscreant race from shore to shore
 Till even their very names were heard no more.
 With each returning day the thought returns
 Though sunk to rest the indignant bosom burns,
 With detestation, rage, contempt and shame,
 Still reprobates this deed without a name:
 That

That even now, still rises full in view;
Still recollection shudders to renew
The dreadful scene; that ever must remain
Imprest upon the volume of the brain.

That rends the heart with such convulsive throes
No charm of words can lull them to repose,
Or trace the kindling passions as they rise
At such a series of enormities:
A maze of guilt, a world of wretchedness
No mind can well conceive, no hand express.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE FOURTEENTH CANTO.

STILL through the doleful cell advanced the God,
And at each step o'er mangled corpses trod;
Through rough and smooth, on wand or wing he plies
And creeps and walks and runs and bounds and flies.

When

When, lo! a meagre wretch, whom death had spared,
 Transfixed with wonder, through the dungeon glared.
 The last that of the fettered troop remains;
 Who writhing with excruciating pains
 Scarce of his shrivelled limbs sustained the weight,
 That long had tottered on the brink of fate;
 Who like a famished Ugolino stood;
 The very floor was baked with human blood.
 Swift to the extremest verge Cyllenius flew
 Where first this hideous form had struck his view,
 Whom he conjures, his tale of woes to tell,
 When, at his feet, the astonished Captive fell.
 And in eternal slumbers had repos'd,
 But soon the potent wand his eyes unclosed.
 Quick through their orbits glanced the visual ray
 And in his veins the vital eddies play.

Erect

Erect once more the dreary vault he trod
 Rouzed at the powerful mandate of the God.
 Thrice he assayed to speak, and thrice his tongue
 Forgot its office and suspended hung;
 Till mixed with sighs, at length, words found their way.

Ah, fatal change ! he cried, disastrous day !
 When from those blest retreats, where free from pain,
 Free from the snares of power, the curse of gain,
 I lived at ease, and saw with joyful eyes
 Succeeding generations round me rise,
 My manhood's prime and youthful days had past
 And hoped in peace to linger out my last,
 Both me and mine, by ruthless hands, were led
 And plunged amidst these mansions of the dead.
 Here seven revolving funs, as far as time
 Can be perceived in this infernal clime

The

The malice of my fate and foes have tired,
 And envied those that even in pangs expired.
 Beneath these rugged walls, collected stood,
 Of neighbouring states composed, and kindred blood,
 From early manhood to declining age,
 The hapless victims of the Tyrant's rage;
 Who viewed with conscious pride the captive train
 That with their numbers darkened all the plain.
 When those that are for public sale designed
 In these Tartarian regions were confined,
 And troop by troop in stated order passed,
 Till the gorged Entrance scarce contained the last.
 Could I describe what wild confusion rose
 When first we heard these fatal barriers close,
 The slightest word, must harrow up thy soul
 And freeze the vital currents as they roll.

What

What hideous yells! unutterable woes!
 What mortal agonies! expiring throes!
 That through the vaults in one eternal round
 And o'er the desart plain for miles resound;
 As when devouring flames invest the wall
 Of some vast Theatre, or spacious Hall,
 The crowded audience seized with wild dismay
 Force, on all sides, their intercepted way;
 With universal clamours rend the air;
 Cast round their eyes for help, and find despair.
 Or when the horrors of Lycaon's feast
 Provoked the wrath of his immortal Guest.
 Round the devoted earth black tempests roar
 And from their dark retreats the torrents pour,
 Through Heaven's high vault vindictive thunders roll
 And the red lightning glares from pole to pole.

Some to the roofs, some to the rocks were clung,

Or from the mountain oaks, suspended hung;

While some on Alpine summits crowded wait

The progress of inevitable fate;

Rise through the gloom like pyramids of fire,

Then plunged amid the booming waves expire.

To shrieks of woe, a peal of groans succeeds

And every heart, with deep-felt anguish bleeds;

On every mind impressed, an awful pause,

Dread harbinger of fate, the tumult awes;

A universal horror chills their veins.

Deep silence o'er the dreary mansion reigns.

But soon the Cave re-echoes with their cries

That with redoubled vehemence arise.

Once more the trembling fabric, spreads afar

The horrid din of this afflictive war.

Some

Some through the ground, attempt to force their way,
And climb the vault, where faintly gleams the day;
Piled on each other, rise and fall by turns,
While with convulsive rage, each bosom burns ;
Round the rough walls and broken arches wind
Where scarce a quadruped could mount, to find
Some short relief from anguish and despair,
One moment's solace from the parching air ;
While some with eager haste rush towards the door
Or in the struggle sink to rise no more.
Others to force the massive barriers tried
That closed within, all art and strength defied.
The heat redoubles : some in frantic mood
Exhaust the very drains, in search of food,
Or lick the fetid moisture from the walls,
That from the crowd exhaled, around them falls.

Fierce

Fierce from their pangs, as fiends let loose from Hell,
Upon the dead, with one accord they fell,
Suck the swoln vein, the quivering limb devour,
More wild, and more vindictive every hour,
Those that still live and breathe, remorseless tear,
Nor dearest friends, nor closest kindred spare:
Even on their Children, would their thirst asswage,
And lap their blood with more than canine rage.
Still with each other, wrangling as they feed,
Add tenfold horror, to the accursed deed.
Some, for whole hours, upon their shoulders bear
Those that amidst the prostrate crowd uprear
Their languid heads, and pause upon their fate;
Then sink at once, beneath the oppressive weight.
While those that were above, their place supply
And writhe in complicated misery;

With

With out-stretched arms, to some frail succour cling;

Or turning, with restless effort, bring

(While some huge fragment of the mouldering wall

Abruptly broke precipitates their fall,

And universal havock spreads around)

The high-suspended column to the ground.

That when, at early dawn, the guards arrive,

The thousands, whom they thought to find alive,

Piled to the roof, heaps above heaps are lain,

That scarce as many hundreds now remain.

Where the preceding eve, a chosen band,

That still might have adorned their native land,

In youth, in strength, in vigorous health were led,

Appears a vast Mausoleum of the dead.

Of light and air bereft, supine we lay;

Still feel our pains increase, our strength decay;

Still

Still round our hearts Gorgonian serpents twine.

Fast by my side with patience most divine,

And far superior to her sufferings rose,

My faithful Wife, companion of my woes.

Upon this arm, her dying head was laid;

No wild intemperance her grief betrayed,

In all her agonies to Heaven resigned.

Three peerless Maids, for other scenes designed,

The pledges of our love, around us groan

And with incessant tears their lot bemoan;

That still new horrors to my soul impart

And pierce the secret foldings of my heart,

That now had almost lost the taste of fears.

The live-long night, their screams invade mine ears

Though scarce distinguished in the wild uproar;

Then lessening, by degrees, are heard no more.

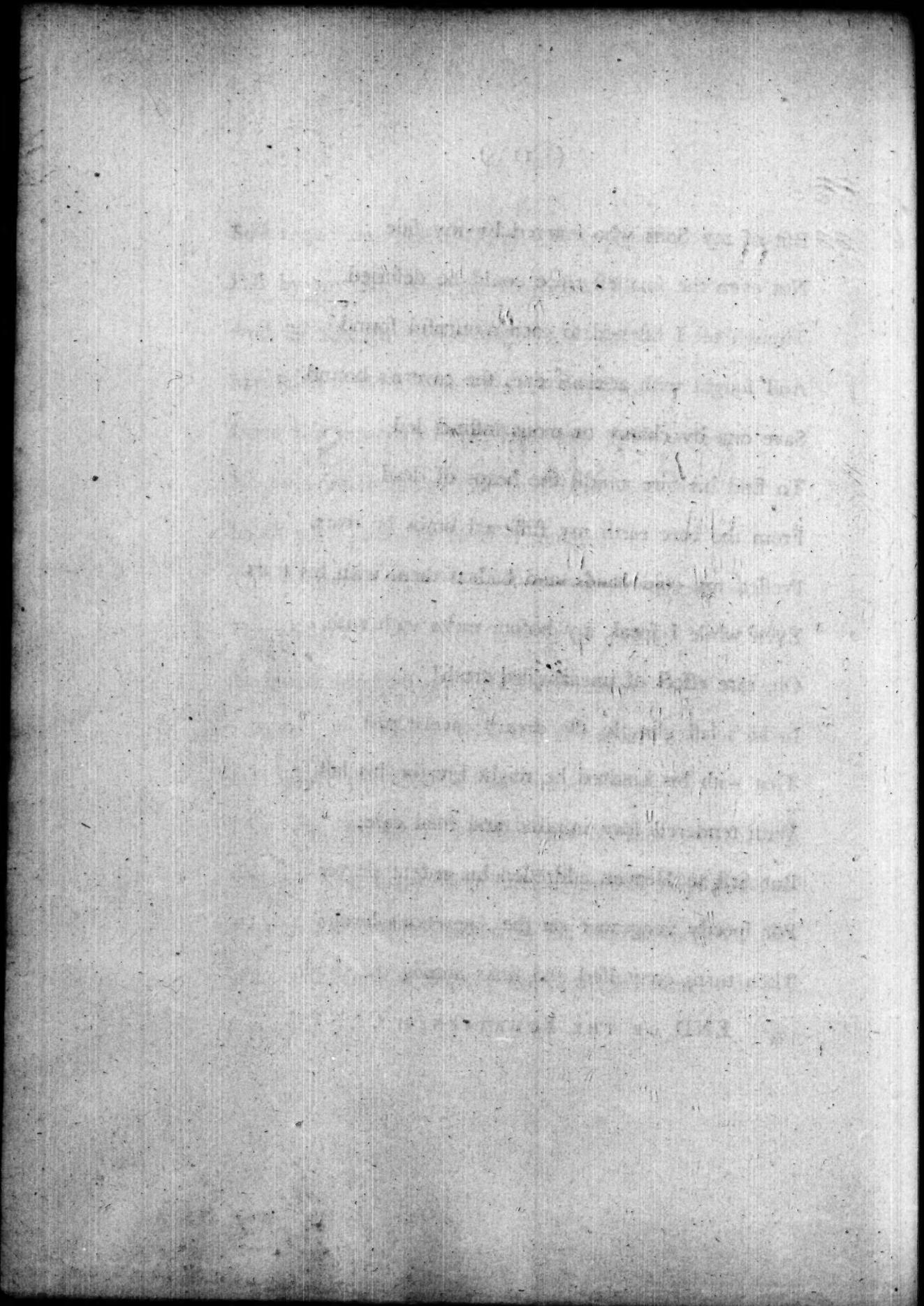
But

But of my Sons who entered by my side
Not even the smallest trace could be descried,
Though oft I listened to each mournful sound
And sought with anxious eyes the cavern's bound,
Save one by chance or pious instinct led
To find his Sire amidst the heaps of dead.

From the bare earth my stiffened limbs he rears,
Pressed my cold hands, and bathed them with his tears.
Even while I speak my bosom melts with ruth,
Oh, rare effect of unexampled truth!

In life's last glimpse, the dreary cavern past
That with his kindred he might breathe his last.
With tenderest love inspired and filial care,
But first to Heaven addressed his ardent prayer
For speedy vengeance on the Aggressor's head,
Then turns convulsed and sinks among the dead.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH CANTO.



(c)

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE FIFTEENTH CANTO.

INURED to grief, I knew not how to weep;
Such deathlike damps o'er all my senses creep,
That I no longer had the power to feel;
This once-relenting heart was turned to steel.

C c

Unmoved

Unmoved I stood, a monument of woes.

Nor even when the fatal gates unclose

And the grim guards arrive to set us free

Could stir from this abhorred captivity.

Bestrown around, my hapless Children lay

And with their huddled limbs obstruct my way.

With wistful eyes, I traced the captive throng

That scarce could drag their cumbrous chains along,

Till one by one they vanished from my sight,

Now dazzled with the distant gleams of light.

Once more I heard the jarring hinges sound

And total night environs me around.

What I have suffered since, 'tis vain to tell;

'Twere to delineate the pangs of Hell;

Nor could my feeble thread of life suffice,

Or memory trace this blank of miseries.

Lethargic

Lethargic slumbers now my limbs invade
And my fierce pains a moment ease allayed ;
Now with redoubled heat my bosom glows
Awakened to the sense of all my woes ;
Now horrid dreams infest my tortured soul ;
Distracted now, and wild beyond control,
Amidst a labyrinth of horrors stray,
And force through mounds of dead the obstructed way.
When, as I passed, terrific sounds were heard
Of a poor lingering wretch alive interred ;
Who from a trance awaked, and loudly cries
For some kind hand to end his miseries.
I feel my heart with dire presages beat ;
Nor was the measure of my woes compleat.
Up starts my hair ! cold tremors seize my veins !
'Tis my own darling Child that thus complains.

What

What could I do? my useless limbs I tore,
While down my cheeks amain the torrents pour.
Still, as I strove the incumbent load to spurn,
Sighs to his sighs, groans to his groans return.
Still keen distress, new energy supplies.
Till where the smothered wretch extended lies
My persevering arms at last arrive,
And from this womb of horrors, still alive,
Though to more dreadful scenes, alas! reserved,
The object of their tenderest care preserved.
But all in vain! his anguish soon returns,
And almost spent, the quivering taper burns.
Trembling he stood! what aid could I impart?
The hand of death pressed heavy on his heart.
I could have poured my blood that he might live
Or torn my flesh, 'twas all I had to give.

Aloud

Aloud for help, though none was near, I cried.
Alas, my Father! he exclaimed, and died.
How I have weathered out this scene of woes,
Or for what ends preserved, Heaven only knows.
That thou who listeneth to my artless tale,
When every human hope began to fail
Shouldst from the precincts of the cheerful day
Amid these dark abodes of misery stray,
Even to a wretch like me, shouldst bring relief,
'Tis wondrous all, and far exceeds belief.
It cannot be. Ah me! I fondly dream:
Thou seem'st, methinks, like one of race supreme,
The pitying Heavens have sent, to ease my pain.
I rave, alas! and grief has turned my brain.
Too soon our wayward wishes we believe,
But tears will flow! I have full cause to grieve.

Some

Some blest presages still, my anguish cheer,
When but to fancy's eye, my Sons appear.
Would in their arms my wretched days might close
And one short gleam of joy repay my woes !
Would my best blood their sufferings might repair !
Relenting Gods, fulfil my ardent prayer !
Yet much I fear, that prayers are now too late,
Since even the remnant, that remorseless fate
Had spared, or to some distant clime are led
Or long ere now, beneath the knife have bled.
If so, avert it Heaven ! then all is o'er.
Be still my heart ! I will repine no more ;
Nor from this house of woes depart again.
Even here, these tottering limbs shall still remain ;
That strengthened by despair, perchance may give
What neither grief nor famine can atchieve.

Perish

Perish the thought! the Gods have heard thy prayer.
 Far other projects now demand thy care,
 Cried Maia's son. The horrors thou hast named
 Are even beyond what fancy could have framed;
 But ere returning night thy eyelids close
 Substantial joys shall recompence thy woes.
 Know, that each deed, enough for man to know,
 Howe'er exempt from punishment below
 Where bold injustice triumphs uncontroled,
 In Heaven's eternal volume is enrolled;
 Where stands decreed, the counterpoise severe,
 Of all he has enjoyed or suffered here.
 Whoe'er I am, thou seest in me a friend
 Whose art can heal thee, and whose arm defend:
 To liberty and life at once restore
 And fix thee safe upon some happier shore.

So

So saying, he unloosed his fettered hands,
 While through his withered frame new life expands.
 Still wondering much, and still with much to say,
 Amid this vale of death directs his way;
 Who as he passed along the midnight gloom
 Seemed like a Spectre issuing from the tomb.
 Thus o'er the desert plain protected speeds.
 At their approach, each obstacle recedes.
 Towards the neighbouring strand they bend their course
 From whence the Despot draws his proud resource.
 The spot, where all his wretched kindred stood,
 That galled with chains and smeared with sweat and blood
 Before his frowny minions were displayed,
 With secret exultation he surveyed;
 And the torn heart, each scene of horror fled,
 Now beats with joy, that late with anguish bled.

But

But of his children, here, no trace appears;
 O'er the wide ocean's bound, Cyllenius peers;
 When to his view, extended far and wide,
 A crowd of sails, amid the foaming tide,
 That towards the western isles direct their way,
 Distinctly gleam beneath the eye of day.
 Even as the Falcon cleaves the yielding skies
 Or the poised Lark, that loudly chaunting flies
 When o'er her young the ruthless net extends,
 At once from her aerial height descends
 And anxious to relieve her feathered care
 Forms many a devious circle through the air;
 Precipitately thus Cyllenius springs
 And wheels around the fleet on levelled wings:
 Where many a smothered groan and dolorous cry
 Rend the seared planks and reach the vaulted sky.

D d

Where

Where the torn Slave, suspended full in view,
 Exhausts the rage of the unfeeling crew ;
 With ever-streaming eyes and suppliant hands
 That vainly deprecate their stern commands.
 Full in the midst, the God now steers his flight
 And through the hatches, darts his piercing sight;
 Where fettered thousands, sunk in deep despair,
 Reft of the common benefits of air
 Or even the power to writhe amidst their pain,
 Pour forth their groans and gnash their teeth in vain.
 Confusedly huddled in the murkiest den !
 Merciful Heaven ! what are the sons of men ?
 Who their own likeness, can remorseless tear
 That even wolves and famished tygers spare.
 Possessed of every comfort, gorged with food,
 Still plunge their impious hands in kindred blood.

Are

Are these the boasted benefits of trade?

Are such enormities by wealth repaid?

Are all things then, determined by their cost?

Can luxuries, compensate honour lost?

Must we of tyranny the cause display,

Support its horrors in the face of day?

Spread wild destruction o'er the Atlantic wave?

Extirpate realms, and gorge the ravenous grave?

Or to enlarge or civilize the mind

Spurn the most sacred rights of human kind?

But fancy can no more such scenes prolong,

Oppressed beneath the burthen of the song.

No longer can her purposed theme renew;

Expose the wretch or rouze the generous few.

There must the feeling heart her place supply

And the soft tear that falls from pity's eye.

There

There reason from her stedfast throne might reel,
There inhumanity might learn to feel ;
There even Tyrants, might their rage depose
And shudder at the sight of human woes.

Thither, ye silken sons of pomp repair ;
Before ye plead the accursed cause, look there !
To scenes like these extend your roving eyes
Where meditation may to madness rise.

Who never heaved a sigh nor shed a tear
Nor felt for miseries, but those ye fear :
Who stand unmoved at nature's powerful call
And quaff the cup of life unmixed with gall.

Ye apes of sense ! who to the slave extend
The sad reverse of what ye most commend.
Sagacious Band ! who wisely have decreed
The rich should triumph, and the wretch should bleed ;
While

While your own brows, with flowery wreaths are crowned,
While beating high with joy your hearts rebound,
Myriads of Captives, still should howl forlorn,
Still from their bones the quivering flesh be torn ;
This bane of industry, this vile resource,
Which of all liberty corrupts the source
This damning evidence of guilt and shame
Should still be echoed through the trump of fame ;
That these deplored effects of hell-born rage,
Which no compunctionous visitings asswage,
Which our fair frame of government degrade,
To the astonished world should be displayed.
Preposterous Guides ! in wilful error bold ;
The voluntary slaves of power and gold !
Who ne'er of virtue prized the glorious meed.
Nurselings of vice ! to each ignoble deed

By

By nature much, but more by habit prone;
 Who regulate all interests by your own;
 Who still through folly's maze delight to stray
 As prejudice or passion points the way;
 What ye should reverence most, the most despise;
 Vote without thought, and without wit advise;
 Know, ye have justified the worst of crimes;
 Entailed destruction on succeeding times;
 And patronized enormities, that tend
 To extirpate what most ye would defend;
 Embraced a precedent of monstrous birth
 That would destroy all unity on earth,
 Confound distinction, level bad and good
 And drench your very palaces with blood.
 Relentless race! not all their pangs can grieve;
 Nor will ye suffer those who would relieve;

Who

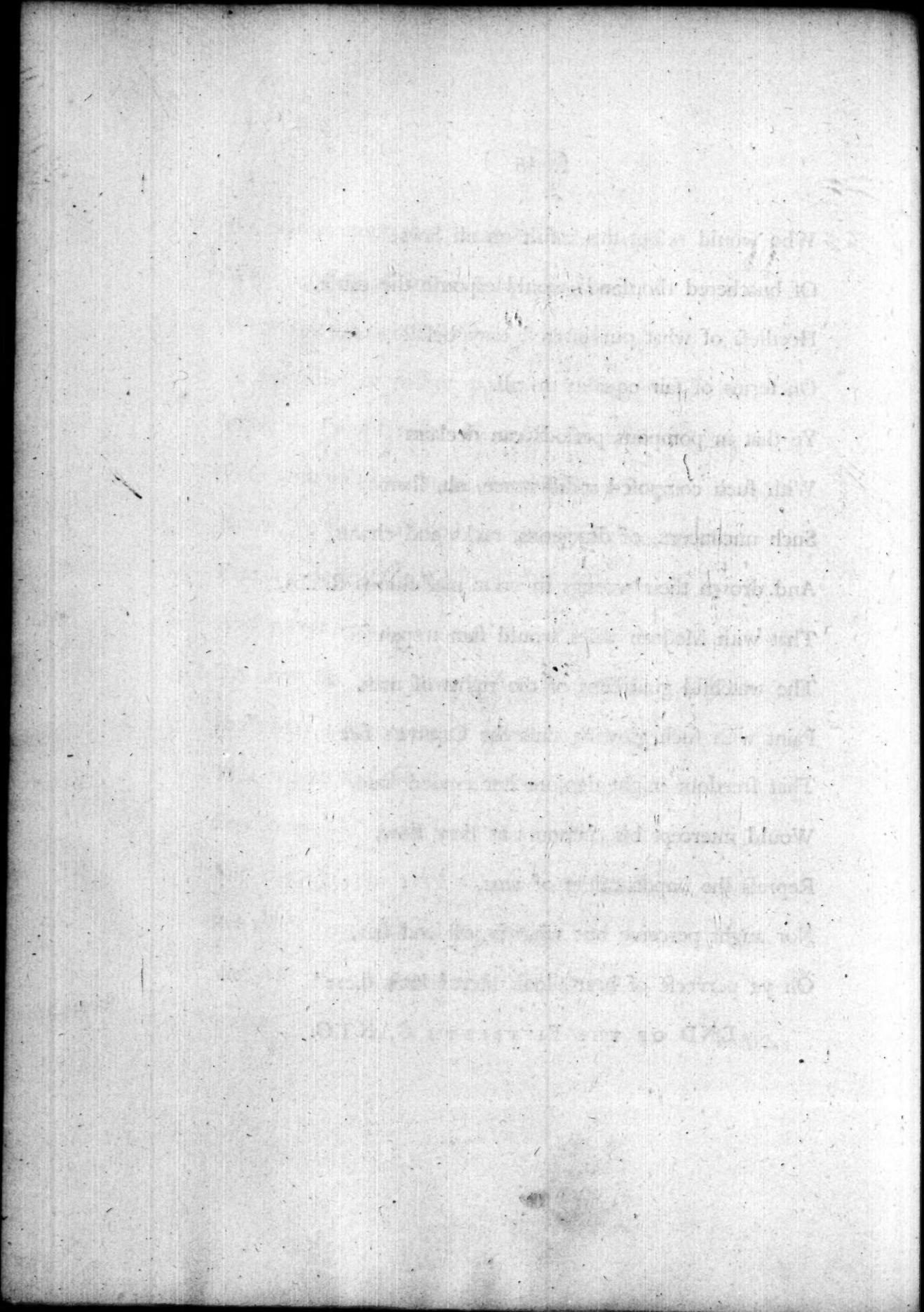
Who would resent this insult on all laws;
 Of butchered thousands would espouse the cause,
 Heedless of what our interest may befall
 On terms of fair equality to all.

Ye that in pompous periods can declaim
 With such composed indifference, oh, shame !
 Such unconcern, of dungeons, racks and chains,
 And drown their wrongs in your mellifluous strains,

That with Medean wiles would fain trepan
 The watchful guardians of the rights of man,
 Paint with such glowing tints the Captive's fate
 That freedom might deplore her envied state,

Would intercept his clamours as they flow,
 Repress the importunities of woe,
 Nor aught perceive but what is just and fair,
 Oh ye perverse of heart, look there ! look there !

END OF THE FIFTEENTH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE SIXTEENTH CANTO.

UPON the blood-stained planks Cyllenius stands,

And thus arraigns the predatory bands:

Monsters of guilt! accomplices in blood!

What yawning deep, disgorged your ravenous brood?

E e

For

For sure no earthly power protects your race,
Ye, that the very name of men disgrace!
What laws or duties human or divine
With such infernal practices combine?
Can Justice, subjugate the weak and poor,
Exalt the rich and grind the needy boor?
The blood of innocence delight to spill,
Or with accumulated horror fill
The cup of life, or spread through future times
The perishable taint of mortal crimes?
Above her mild restraints can Freedom tower,
And shame the most outrageous stretch of power?
Can that exalted Faith, whose paths are peace,
The lift of human miseries increase?
Forgiving Meekness, scatter dire alarms,
Or spread o'er peaceful states the din of arms?

Can

Can Charity, the harmless swain annoy,
 Or sap the very source of every joy ?
 With rancorous hate can Christian bosoms beat ?
 Can pure Religion, countenance a cheat ?
 Can aggravated murder, be forgiven
 Or 'scape the vengeance of all-seeing Heaven ?
 The sigh of hopeless grief, the Captive's groan,
 Have reached at length to her eternal throne.
 Nor guilt's dark earments can obstruct their way
 Or bar their access to the realms of day ;
 Irrevocable fate has sealed your doom,
 And I, the Minister of wrath, am come
 To execute of Jove the stern commands ;
 That all the miseries of these wretched bands,
 That with relentless rage ye would enthral,
 Upon your own perfidious heads may fall.

Thus

Thus spake the God, amid the dismal yells
That ever issued from their loathsome cells;
Then with uplifted wand, in thunder cries,
Ye worse than Slaves, ye more than dead, arise !
As when with shouts, that rend the troubled air,
Blockaded Troops, grown furious by despair
From various avenues their force combine
And in fierce conflict with the assailants join ;
Or rising through the breach with hostile rage,
Though on unequal terms, the first engage
Though overpowered by numbers doomed to bleed,
Innumerable multitudes succeed
That soon the fortune of the day reverse,
And their own weapons prove the victor's curse ;
So from their dark retreats the Captives pour
And through the hatches crowd with hideous roar.

Their

Their ponderous fetters turned to horrid arms
Now fill the astonished crew with dire alarms.
With inextinguishable fury round
They deal their blows; the groaning hulks resound.
The want of art, superior strength supplies;
They fall in crowds, but still new crowds arise,
That with increasing rage their ground maintain,
Environed with mountains of the slain.
In vain the affrighted crew the shock withstands;
With their own arms, they charge the ferried bands.
Heavens! what convulsive agonies ensue!
What streams of blood, the limpid waves embrue!
Some o'er the deck, some in their cabins lie,
Some to the desert cells for shelter fly,
Or panic struck, amid the wild uproar,
Plunge in the boundless deep to rise no more.

But

But soon the God recalls the intrepid band
That in his presence now submissive stand.
His awful voice their kindled rage appeased,
And all the tumult of the battle ceased.
Then to each troop, its various rules assigned
And strict obedience to their Chiefs enjoined,
That from the wretched Captive's sons he chose,
Escaped from that metropolis of woes:
And strictly for the general good commands
That not a prisoner perish by their hands.
Some to the masts, some to the sails apply
Some o'er the shrowds with prompt obedience fly;
Some cleanse their sullied arms, the guns explore
In vile oppression's cause employed no more;
Some at the helm, their wonted skill display,
Some through the main direct their devious way;

In

In useful trades and occupations placed
 They now no more the universe disgraced.
 The rest, transformed, are to those ills exposed
 That on their wretched Slaves they had imposed.
 Laws, for their future state, he then ordains.
 How they should regulate their course explains;
 Upon what friendly coasts their anchors cast,
 And in what happy climes arrive at last;
 Where all their sufferings and toils may cease
 And their days pass, in liberty and peace.
 But backward first, advised them to repair
 And to their wretched friends, extend their care;
 The horrors of each prison to explore
 And join their Father on the distant shore.

The God then vanished from the wondering crew;
 And to the neighbouring coast awhile withdrew.

Upon

Upon a mountain lights and lays him down,
 Whose towering summit awes the subject town;
 Where sore opprest with all this scene of woes
 He tastes the balmy comforts of repose.
 Oblivious Sleep, the genuine poppy shed,
 And blissful visions hover o'er his head.
 Short were his slumbers. The victorious band
 Soon with their numbers darken all the strand.
 Sudden he starts, and casts his eyes around;
 While peals of thunder seem to shake the ground.
 The Tyrant, erst with insolence elate,
 Astonished sees the near approach of fate.
 Now through the gates the furious squadrons pour.
 His screams rebeallow to the ocean's roar.
 Blood steams around. The streets are choaked with dead,
 And the rent mansions topple overhead.

Crowned

Crowned with success they quit the fatal plain,
And with their swarthy comrades plough the main ;
While shouts of triumph rend the vaulted sky.
Round the twon fails propitious zephyrs fly,
Now gilded with the sun's departing rays.
The God, well pleased, the glorious sight surveys,
From the high eminence on which he stood
That far and wide commands the placid flood ;
With answering shouts salutes the joyful band
And on uplifted pinions spurns the land.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH CANTO.

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of the first 1000 words used in the book.

1. *the* 2. *is* 3. *and* 4. *to* 5. *a* 6. *in* 7. *it* 8. *you* 9. *that* 10. *for*

11. *on* 12. *an* 13. *at* 14. *be* 15. *in* 16. *we* 17. *my* 18. *he* 19. *she* 20. *it's*

21. *but* 22. *as* 23. *or* 24. *if* 25. *so* 26. *not* 27. *with* 28. *out* 29. *up* 30. *down*

31. *over* 32. *under* 33. *about* 34. *near* 35. *very* 36. *just* 37. *like* 38. *all* 39. *some* 40. *any*

41. *more* 42. *most* 43. *such* 44. *other* 45. *anyone* 46. *nothing* 47. *anywhere* 48. *anytime* 49. *anyhow* 50. *anyway*

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T H E T R A V E L S

C Y L L E N I U S.

THE SEVENTEENTH CANTO.

MILD eve resumes the empire of the sky

And softening shadows o'er the welkin fly;

The sun full-orbed with solemn pace retires

And now collected sheds his parting fires;

Suspended

Suspended o'er the wave prepares to steep
 His harrassed coursers in the burnished deep.
 Still the eye brightens and the bosom warms
 And decks all nature with increasing charms.
 Ecstatic orb! effulgence most divine!
 Source of enchantment even in thy decline.
 From whence the highest truths and pleasures flow
 That elevate or charm us here below.
 Whose magic influence calms the troubled soul,
 Thrills through each nerve and reigns without control.
 Chears with a simile the fixed brow of grief;
 Even to the wounded spirit brings relief,
 That from the world and all its shackles free
 Can hold sweet converse with his God and thee;
 Survey the splendors of the early dawn,
 Scale the high cliff or scour the dewy lawn.

To

To trace the gradual progress of the day
Till the last lingering shadows melt away;
Or listening to the cock or mellow horn
Quaff the salubrious breezes of the morn;
Or with the universal choir upraise
His grateful voice to Heaven in notes of praise;
Or view the noontide glory of his beams
When o'er the prostrate world his radiance streams,
Impregnates the ocean, penetrates the ground
And spreads new life through all the vast profound;
When o'er the darkened earth, deep thunders roll
And fill with secret dread the guilty soul,
When through the gloom, incessant lightnings fly
And bursting tempests howl along the sky,
He looks in peerless beauty from his car
And laughs at all the elemental war;

Or

Or feel when his meridian course declines
When with attractive grace his visage shines,
When of the earth he takes his tenderest leave,
The mild approach and magic tints of eve ;
When his last beams gleam o'er the fertile soil
And the swain whistles from his daily toil ;
When distant murmurs soothe the listening ear
And the lone curfew sounds, 'tis Heaven to hear !
Though dropped at length beneath the western hill,
Still somewhat more than human feelings thrill
The aspiring soul, through all her powers refined,
And pour instruction on the thinking mind.
Then mild philosophy delights to roam
And views with anxious eyes her native home ;
Then babbling age resumes the wonderous tale
And fancy seeks the long withdrawing vale,

Or

Or winds by some lorn stream her devious walk,

Then social quiet joins in friendly talk

Nor fears distract the heart nor cares annoy,

Each thought is wisdom and each sense is joy.

Then the rapt Muse the great Creator sings

And contemplation soars on seraph wings,

While through the shade the nightingale complains

And with his wild note charms the listening plains,

Extends to other worlds his piercing ken

And smiles at all the vanities of men,

Compares this point of time, this short career,

To the vast round of Heaven's eternal year.

How blest the man, who free from pain and strife

Can finish thus the evening of his life !

Or when this crumbling fabric melts away

Can thus renew the splendors of his day,

And

And recompence what envious age destroys
 In the pure fountain of immortal joys.
 Even those no grace nor beauty can inspire
 Whose hearts ne'er glowed with elegant desire,
 Who never traced the wide expanse of Heaven
 Nor listened to the plaintive song of even,
 Still feel within themselves, the wonderous power
 And blessed effects of that bewitching hour,
 (That even extend to the unlettered hind
 And preach a moral lesson to mankind)
 Still in the lowliest occupations blest
 Enjoy the alternate charms of toil and rest,
 And find each season by its proper use
 May to their health and happiness conduce,
 Still lend a willing ear to nature's voice
 That through the paths of life directs their choice.

Attentive

Attentive to the saving truths she sings
 Can form a real estimate of things,
 Even from the cottage look superior down
 On all the transports of the feverish town,
 Where nature's sacred order is reversed,
 And pleasure dwindleth to a hectic thirst;
 Where day is turned to night and night to day
 And every social joy absorbed in play.
 Successive gauds distract the wearied eye
 That even when closed refreshing flumbers fly;
 Where not a feeling warms the beggared heart,
 That real satisfaction can impart,
 Enjoyment flies the grasp on eagle wings
 And disappointed hope the bosom wrings;
 Where soaring fancy still mistakes her aim,
 Passions debase and emulations tame;

G g

Where

Where senseless fashions are the glorious prize
 To which aspiring youth direct their eyes;
 The Prince's smile, the friendship of the great,
 The blushing honours of exalted state.
 Where some humiliation still annoys
 And all their boasted happiness destroys,
 Some flight of vanity beyond their power
 That checks the transports of the festive hour:
 For if one step their wishes should exceed
 In others more essential they recede,
 So in perpetual counterpoise remain
 And all their bliss is but increase of pain.
 Where neither taste nor learning can avail,
 But folly ever spins her ideot tale;
 The heaven-born mind, the cultured genius lost,
 And of indifference feel the chilling frost;

Nor

Nor the most inbred worth can recommend,
Nor even the Sage or Patriot find a friend.
Where everlasting goffips din the ear,
Where truth has nought to hope, nor shame to fear;
Where those we should detest, the most are prized,
All that we should revere the most despised.
Where ever-changeful fashion sprinkles round
Oblivious juices o'er the enchanted ground,
Perverts each sence and warps each noble deed;
The wise forget to think, the learned to read,
Until transformed like famed Ulysses' train,
The hapless victims of her charms remain.
Where schemes that wealth or grandeur may advance
Weave through their fickle brains in mazy dance;
Nor even when realized can lull to rest
Or quell the eternal cravings of the breast;

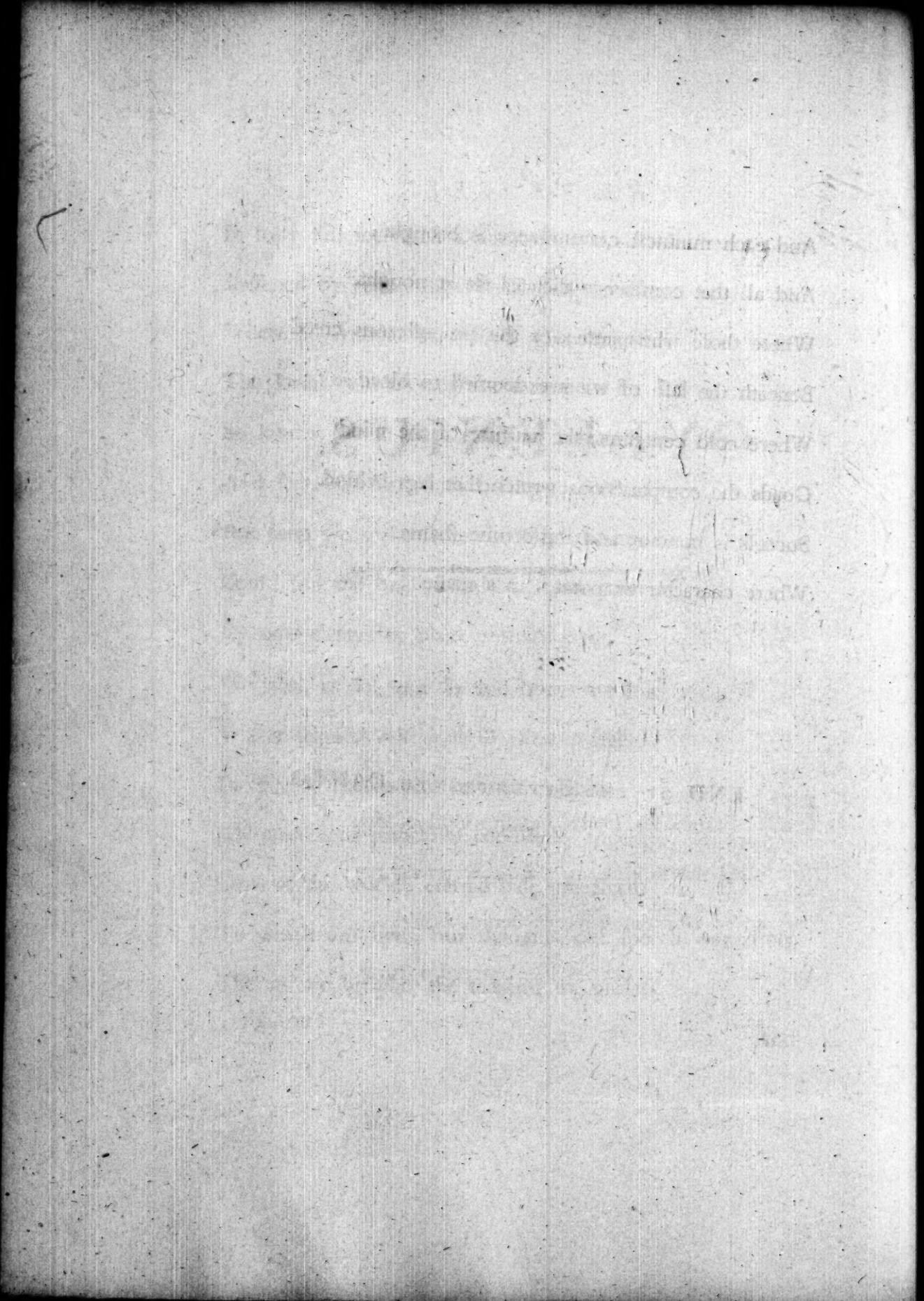
In

In folly still increased a hundred fold,
Lessened by rank, impoverished by gold.
Where all without at least, is mild and fair;
The jovial countenance, the courteous air
So kindly soothe the feelings of a friend
And seem unasked their bounty to extend;
But soon we wake from this Elysian dream;
Could but the smallest aid our lives redeem,
By cold delays or blank refusals crost,
We find, at last, our fondest hopes are lost.
Where feigned criterions of what is right
In spite of reason and in nature's spite,
(Of monstrous principles confusedly mixed)
Firm as the world's eternal base are fixed.
To which our lives, our thoughts, our speech, our dress,
The air we breathe, the maxims we profess

And

And each minutest circumstance is brought;
And all that conscience dictates' set at nought.
Where those who pause o'er this preposterous creed
Beneath the lash of wit are doomed to bleed;
Where cold contempt, the vulture of the mind
Goads the compunctionious wretch that lags behind.
Success is honour, and misfortune shame.
Where character evaporates in a name.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE EIGHTEENTH CANTO.

HALF sunk in Thetis' lap the God of day
Now gilds the mountains with a lingering ray;
Enraptured o'er the scene Cylenius hung
And as the light declines still upward sprung.

Through

Through the pure region wanders unconfined
 And calms the tumults of his anxious mind.
 As he ascends Earth's faded charms renew,
 That even the immortal Gods with envy view;
 The radiant orb still sinks beneath his eyes
 And sober twilight veils the earth and skies.
 From the high vault, with one tremendous sweep,
 He skims the level surface of the deep;
 O'er the white cliffs on agil pinion climbs
 And in the moist air bathes his parched limbs.
 Round many a cultured Isle and peaceful Bay
 Disportive winds along the watery way.
 Now to the North, now to the South inclines,
 While o'er the dimpled wave his radiance shines;
 Sometimes on slackened wing he fweeps the strand,
 Then wide diverges beyond sight of land.

Sometimes

Sometimes by navies seen with wondering eyes
Outstrip the lingering breezes as he flies;
Now gently gliding o'er the placid main,
Soothed by some Triton's shell or Nereid's strain
Or sportive Sylphs that wing the peopled air,
Surveys the expressive scene thus wondrous fair;
Or of the sea-gull hears the plaintive sound
While the waves beat in mournful cadence round;
Views in the chrystral plain the inverted sky;
Now through the marble concave towering high;
Where half the kingdoms of the subject world
Are in immeasurable plains unfurled;
And each fair form that struck his roving eyes
Sunk in the vast expanse unheeded lies.
Now gleam once more the splendors of the day,
And o'er the encroaching shade the sunbeams play,

H h.

Still

Still as he rises burst upon his sight
 And through the Empyrean shed alternate light,
 Here nature sinks to rest and all is still:
 There howling tempests the wide regions fill,
 Incessant lightnings fly, and meteors glare,
 And conflagrations stream through all the air.
 Impending clouds in dusky volumes roll
 And bursting Hecla roars from pole to pole.

Now of the Line he crossed the vernal node
 And steers his course along the Ecliptic road,
 To climes where ever-quickenning verdure smiles;
 The pride and glory of the Hesperian isles;
 Where Cromwell erst, to spread his name afar,
 Snatched from Iberia's brow the wreaths of war.
 Within his ken, Guiana's coast appears,
 And far removed the boundless Cordelliers,

That

That on the earth's remotest verge arise
 And with their blue tops pierce the vaulted skies.
 The flashing light in sportive eddies gleams
 Where Paraiba collects her hundred streams
 That down the Amazon impetuous pour
 And with their conflux rend the affrighted shore;
 Rivers and lakes through nameless forests glide,
 And Oroonoko pours his silver tide;
 That from Popayan derives its source
 And through Paria winds its rapid course;
 Whose equinoctial plains the Negro laves
 And joins through secret tracts their kindred waves:
 Whence the light Indians ply their agil oars
 From Guayra to the Andalusian shores.
 Vales, beyond vales, in endless ranges lie,
 Where scarce a spire attracts the roving eye;

Where

Where nature scatters with unsparing hand
 Her choicest blessings o'er the desert land,
 And all the noblest features she can boast
 Amidst a race of savage Pards are lost.

Unnumbered isles around the Mexic bay
 In wide-extended perspective decay ;
 On which the sun's last rays enamoured sleep
 And stretch their shadows o'er the boundless deep.
 Than these more fair nor the wide Tyrrhene yields ;
 Nor even the Egean in her bosom shields ;
 Where Delos first beheld the infant God
 Or where Cytherea fixed her blest abode.

But onward as he wheels his westward flight
 Ten thousand objects rush upon his sight.
 Lakes, rivers, gulfs, and oceans stream around,
 And pathless deserts fill the horizon's bound ;

Huge

Huge continents project into the main
And ferried floods inundate all the plain:
Where nature's charms more negligently hurled
Seem to surpass the limits of the world;
Simple, yet bold; majestic, yet serene;
Prodigious all! yet still with rapture seen.

Where earth's extremest verge the land divides
And isles of ice obstruct the raging tides,
Where famished monsters scour the frozen plain
And storms and tempests hold eternal reign,
The intersected region faintly gleams:

St. Laurence, hugest of the northern streams.
From inexhausted lakes his torrents pour
Wide o'er the coast of savage Labrador.
Outstretched beneath, our dwindled empire lies;
And where Quebec's increasing summits rise

'Midst

'Midst overhanging rocks and woodlands green
The ever-memorable heights are seen,
Of British valour still the constant boast,
Where erst the pride of British youth was lost.
There far and wide extended o'er the plain
The Lake superior shines, itself a main ;
Beneath whose hollow caves the powers reside
That over all her subject streams preside.
If even Olympus through the air were born
Or San Burazo from its basis torn,
The highest hill of all the peopled world
In her unfathomable depth were hurled,
Not the minutest trace would e'er be found.
There Niagara's thundering streams resound,
Whose foam is seen, in splendid columns tost,
From Onondago to the Huron coast.

Not

Not far beneath, extends the happy land
That erst Britannia ruled with iron hand;
And close embowered amidst surrounding woods
(The best defence) and navigable floods,
The City stands for justice most renowned;
Where the great Penn with well-earned bays is crowned;
Whose honoured name, with rapture shall be heard,
While truth and reason are on earth revered.
While round his peaceful walls the Schuylkill plays
Shall the hoarse Delawar resound his praise.
The veteran Chief, the lisping babe shall hail
And of his virtues tell the wonderous tale,
Who unsubdued by power or thirst of gain
Stretched forth his hand to all their hostile train,
Bad fears subside and rising murmurs cease,
And finds his claim in equity and peace.

Blest States! who have at once that good attained
 Which others in an age have scarcely gained.
 Thrice blest! if charmed with genuine liberty,
 And from the gilded bait of conquest free,
 Ye could persist even as ye have begun
 And run the noble race your Sires have run.
 Long may their Genius your councils guide
 And o'er your plains each guardian power preside!
 May their protecting wings be ever spread
 Where Justice triumphed and true Valour bled!
 Far to the West, new scenes distract his eyes,
 Vast chains of rocks, o'er boundless deserts rise.
 Unnumbered lakes, interminable plains,
 Where nature even the touch of art disdains;
 Still decks the vale and crowns the oak-clad wood;
 Unrivalled arbitress of land and flood.

Scenes that no power can reach, no science scan,
 Where never was impressed the foot of man;
 Through realms unknown beneath the Arctic pole
 The Mississippi's limpid currents roll,
 Athwart the Illinoian direct their way,
 And o'er Louisiana's vallies stray,
 Amidst a thousand streams that round them throng
 And wind their tributary waves along,
 Still with accelerated force descend
 Till in the main their wide meanders end.
 Nor should the Ohio remain unsung,
 Pride of the earth and theme of every tongue;
 Or Missouri that parts the Tigua woods
 And with the Osage joins his boisterous floods;
 Whose waves outstrip the zephyrs as they fly
 Or the light tenants of the vernal sky.

To California's remotest bound,
Whose shores the southern main encircles round,
O'er pathless hills and deserts unexplored
Extend the claims of Spain's imperious Lord.
O'er wastes and wilds the spiral turret gleams
Uncultured bogs and wide o'erflowing streams;
And towering Alps in stately order stand
And fierce Volcanos darken half the land.
Where on each side encroaching billows roar
That in an isthmus form the indented shore,
The once unrivalled capital appears
That ruthless Cortez drenched with widowed tears.
Where fire-eyed Rage the work of death began
And the vile Ruffian passed for more than man.
Where all the arts of polished life were found
That peace and happiness diffused around,

And

And inoffensive mortals lived at ease

'Midst every scene that could attract or please.

Where lenient Monarchs ruled a smiling land

The Inquisition waves her fiery brand;

Outrageous bigotries all sense disgrace

And lawless Viceroy thin the human race.

Oh, foul dishonour of the Spanish name!

What virtues can atone this waste of fame?

The honours that attend war's wild career,

Or even the perils that we have to fear,

Some generous impulse to the soul impart

Some sparks of glory warm the enlivened heart,

When upon equal terms the foes engage

And mutual wrongs provoke the battle's rage.

What martial honours here could be acquired?

What but a pedlar profit be desired?

A weak

A weak defenceless race they have ensnared
 And seized what even pirates might have spared;
 At Mammon's filthy shrine have trucked away
 What tributary worlds could not repay:
 Their high pretensions in one act resigned;
 To everlasting infamy consigned.

Still through each clime, these deeds of darkness fly,
 Chill every heart, and stream from every eye;
 Still of the indignant earth attract the gaze;
 That not the flights of time can e'er erase;
 Still on their annals fixed, the horrid stain,
 Through all succeeding ages will remain:
 Even from the grave will outraged nature rise
 And claim the tardy vengeance of the skies.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CANTO.

(2)

THE TRAVELS

OF CYLLENIUS.

(Continued from page 16.)

(Continued from page 17.)

CYLLENIUS.

THE NINETEENTH CANTO.

SUCH deeds of shame, Cyllenius now descried,
Whose deep pollution even these outvied :
Since the worst ills that hostile powers impose
A tame submission to their will may close ;

But

But the more willingly, the Slave complies,
The heavier far, the oppressive burden lies.

O'er Kingston bay, his airy flight he flings
And skims along the coast on levelled wings ;
Where harrassed Negroes ply their constant toil
And petty Tyrants drain the fertile soil ;
Where the sad remnant of the captive train
Consume their wretched days in want and pain :
The scourge completes what tyranny begun
And rescued thousands perish one by one :
On bags and bales stretched o'er the busy shore,
Fill the thronged streets with agonizing roar ;
Their wounds and sores exposed in open day,
Boiling beneath the sun's intensest ray.
Where Drowth and Famine stalk their dismal round,
And human gore manures the fatten'd ground ;

Unfeeling

Unfeeling monsters frame capricious laws,
 And hundreds fall, ere one dares ask the cause.
 The more the profits of their trade extend
 The faster they precipitate their end.
 Their menaces with brutal rage enforce,
 And place in whips and knives their sole resource;
 Like prowling tygers seise their helpless prey
 And through their panting vitals urge the way;
 'Midst lingering pains and flow-consuming fires
 Think the poor suffering wretch too soon expires.
 Nay, in the festive hour of mirth and joy
 The peace of this devoted race destroy;
 And pains and penalties in sport dispense
 Pleased with the pangs of injured innocence.
 Heap tenfold wrongs upon the Lover's head,
 Then lead his sorrowing Mistress to their bed.

Of

Of virgins immature deflower the charms From gentle bosom
 And force resisting beauty to their arms; In her hand but
 Then spurn the object of their fond embrace In tremor
 And from beneath their roofs indignant chase; With cold
 Regardless of the pangs they may endure; Oppression bind
 Amidst accumulated crimes secure. Revolts in could but
 Where punishment still finds some vain pretence Long still
 To o'erleap the moderate bounds of the offence.
 Even the poor foundered wretch, who racked with pain,
 Presumes in smothered accents to complain
 Of his imperious Lordling's fickle will,
 Must of the cup of sorrow drink his fill.
 Chained to the ground in solitary cell
 The wretched victims of their fury dwell;
 Where they of food, of friends, of light deprived,
 Long tedious days, and even weeks have lived.

Then

Then scourged reluctant to the parching plains,
 While ebbing life just loiters in their veins
 Are forced those scenes of anguish to resume
 That baffle all the terrors of the tomb.
 Such deeds of aggravated guilt and shame
 For which our language scarce affords a name,
 Cyllenius as he wheels his ample round
 Beneath the specious mask of justice found:
 Which oft by wild destruction are repaid!
 That such in other isles too are displayed
 Where Slavery her crimson ensign rears
 By all report too palpably appears;
 The same atrocious cruelties prevail,
 And the great ends of all creation fail.
 Impaled alive or broke upon the wheel
 The utmost stretch of brutal power they feel.

The living to the dead, bound face to face,
 And left to perish in the foul embrace;
 Or pent in iron cage their entrails tear
 And beat the massive bars in wild despair;
 To public view exposed and public scorn,
 Drag out their wretched days in state forlorn.
 If not for fancied crimes, at least for those
 That from their Masters' base oppression rose.

The God, who much had seen and much had heard
 From every mouth, and much too justly feared,
 If this infernal traffic should remain,
 (That no restrictive laws can e'er restrain)
 Now towards the Capital directs his flight
 And lights unseen amidst the shades of night:
 Where all the Satraps of the isle combined,
 Their brilliant powers and generous efforts joined,

To

To thwart the measures of the patriot bands
 Who to the wretched Slave extend their hands;
 Would their unalienable rights retrace
 And rescue Britain from the foul disgrace.

Unheeded through the crowd he passed along
 And takes his seat the sapient Chiefs among.
 The first in rank, who guides the high debate,
 Loudly forebodes the downfall of the State.

If this delicious commerce e'er should fail;
 Where gold is poised with life in equal scale.
 Blessed counterpoise! whose influence divine
 May round their brows imperial honours twine.

Warmly congratulates the faithful few
 Who still their utmost efforts would renew,
 To check the rapid strides of moral truth
 That cool the ardour of aspiring youth.

Derides

Derides the officious fools, whose airy schemes
 Must soon reduce them to the worst extremes; ^{11 or 12}
 Who would enfranchise the laborious boor,
 Confound the interests of rich and poor, ^{13 or 14}
 Divest even Monarchs of their high applause ^{15 or 16}
 And govern mankind by impartial laws.
 Laments, with many a sympathetic tear,
 Amidst the objects of the public fear, ^{17 or 18}
 The base ingratitude of British hearts; ^{19 or 20}
 To whom their Isle convivial warmth imparts; ^{21 or 22}
 Who would divest them of their dearest right ^{23 or 24}
 And leave their cultured plains in dismal plight. ^{25 or 26}
 Since those they most revere, the rich and great, ^{27 or 28}
 Would thus be hurled from their meridian height; ^{29 or 30}
 Reft of their only means to till the soil; ^{31 or 32}
 Or even compelled perhaps themselves to toil. ^{33 or 34}

While

While bursting plaudits the wide conclave fill.
 He counsels, firm resistance to their will.
 A Chieftain next, of threatening aspect rose;
 That scowled defiance on his patriot foes;
 And while contending crowds reluctant wait
 With turgid voice resumes the warm debate:
 I council open war! what, shall we sit
 Contriving here, while metaphysic wit
 And patriot jargon taint the happy land?
 Or till we fall beneath a ruffian's hand?
 Shall we in ignominious bondage live,
 And wear those fetters, 'tis our pride to give?
 Shall this fair isle become an Ethiop's styre?
 The Master drudge beneath the Captive's eye?
 No; let us rather brave the impending gloom,
 Anticipate the horrors of our doom;

Let

Let us by arms assert our ancient right,
 Nor wait the event of an unequal fight,
 But rush while yet we may from street to street
 And murder every Ethiop we meet.
 A sudden murmur fills the spacious hall;
 "To order" is the universal call;
 Which when restored, a youth attracts their eyes
 Who with persuasive accent thus replies:
 I should be much for open war, O Peers!
 If that which most awakes the public fears,
 The dissolution of all social ties,
 From this devoted traffic could arise.
 Our isle indeed must strangely be exposed
 Were an enfranchisement of slaves proposed;
 But thanks to Heaven! no philosophic dream
 Has yet been carried to this dire extreme;

No Patriot raised his sacrilegious hand
 'Gainst this Palladium of our prosperous land.
 Nor need we fear our traffic e'er will fail
 While ships are hired or men exposed to sale ;
 While crowded Slaves our smiling plains adorn,
 We'll laugh Britannia's vapouring sons to scorn ;
 Who still have listened to each vain surmise
 And fondly deem, for there the error lies,
 That forms like these can be of human race ;
 Which even the brutal progeny disgrace.
 Since neighbouring States, for freedom most renowned,
 Whose patriot zeal has scattered blessings round,
 Have still precluded this opprobrious clan
 By special clause from all the rights of man.
 Howe'er these wild delusions we may feel,
 Let us pursue our course with temperate zeal.

Let

Let not compunctionious nature's erring light,
 Tinge the pure precepts of substantial right.
 If one of two contending powers must yield,
 'Tis fit the stronger should maintain the field.
 Despise the childish fears that she imparts.
 And guard with jealous care your wavering hearts.
 Must Charters then, the frolics of a day,
 By faction's boisterous breath be swept away?
 That very trade which Britain now contends
 Upon her stipulated faith depends.
 This is the parent state, the best ally
 Whom we have still delighted to supply
 (Such are the friends of these degenerate times)
 With all the sweets of our benignant climes;
 Still wasted wealth on each propitious gale;
 Who now would fright us with a grandam tale!

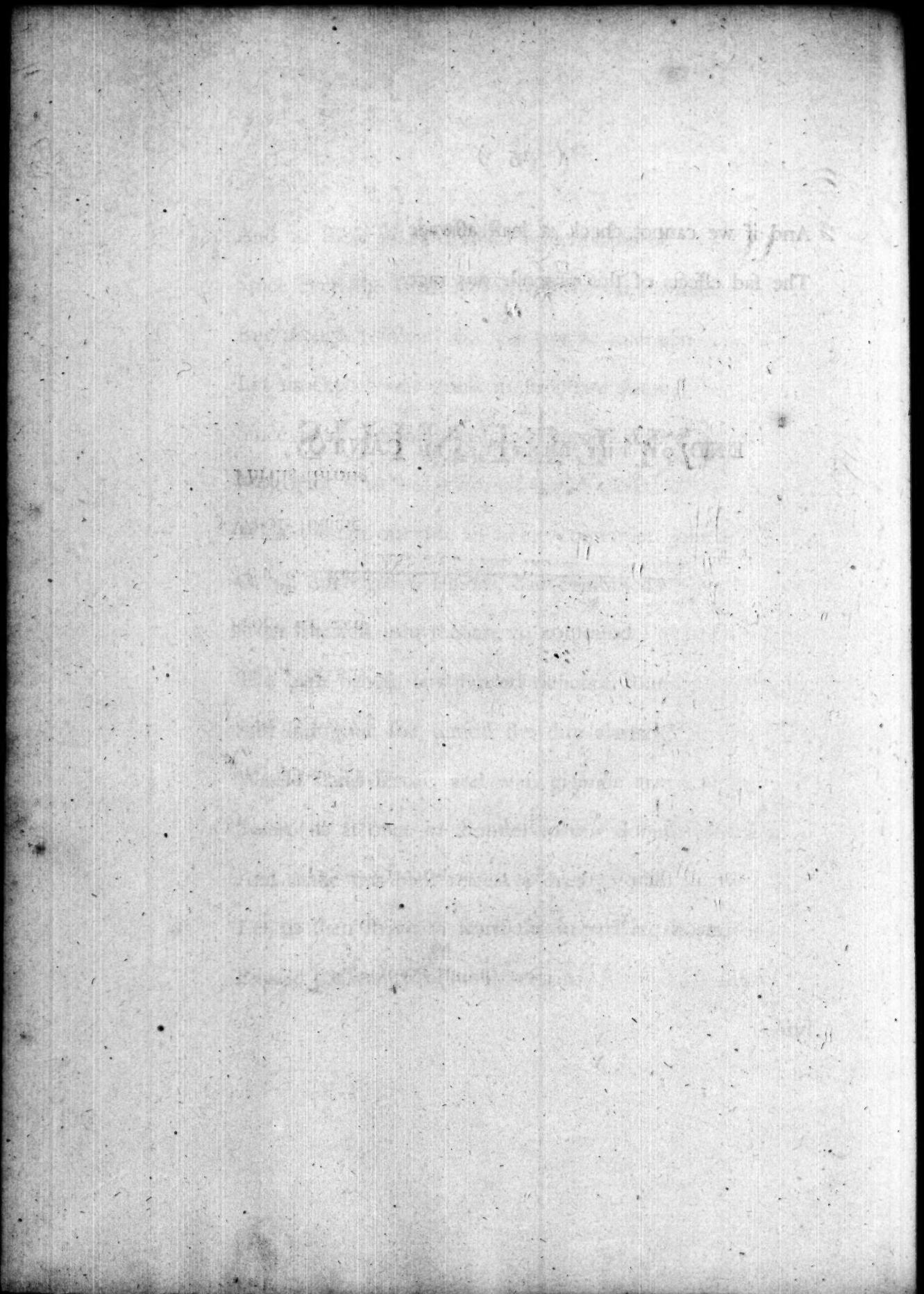
If o'er the earth reforms must still proceed,
 Let those adopt them first who most have need;
 But if in prosperous times we chance to live,
 Replete with all the bounteous Heavens can give,
 'Twere madness to renounce the present good
 And drench our peaceful plains with Christian blood.
 Such schemes too often to excesses tend;
 That which is perfect sure we need not mend.
 Those who are foremost in this wild career
 As they advance, still find new ills to fear.
 Each change creates some unforeseen distress;
 The little they enjoyed, becomes the less.
 What but a few annoyed extends to all
 And the vast fabric totters to its fall.
 If we are conscious of the happiest fate
 Let us stand forth the Champions of the State,

And all these plans of wild reform control
Since even the smallest part involves the whole.
But though resolved our charters to maintain
Let us expose our griefs in suppliant strain;
Since mild remonstrances and feigned respect
May gain what no resistance could effect.
What though our Isle in fierce contention joined,
Or all our captive legions, had combined
With blackest insurrection, to confound
The high behest, and hurled defiance round,
Still our great foe, amidst the dire alarm
Would stand secure, and with gigantic arm
Sweep us at once in thunder to our doom,
And make this blest retreat a dreary tomb.
Let us then strive to ward the impending storm,
Expose the vanity of wild reform,

And

And if we cannot check at least affwage
The sad effects of this preposterous rage.

END OF THE NINETEENTH CANTO.



(5)
THE TRAVELS

**OF
CYLENIUS.**

THE TWENTIETH CANTO.

AS when of old in Pandemonium joined
To wreak their vengeance upon humankind,
The powers of Hell their secret joy attest,
Whilst Beelzebub the great design confessed;

Ere

SIR VIVIENNE.

(Ere yet this scene of wretchedness began!)

Such wild applause, o'er all the assembly ran.

One next of Atlantean shape appears,
 Whose fwanthy countenance and pendent ears
 And crisped locks that o'er his shoulders hung,
 Plainly bespeak the stock from whence he sprung.

Hesperian Sages, Guardians of our Isle,

The Chief began; or shall we changing file

Be called a selfish crew, tyrannic, base,

The vile oppressors of the human race?

Devoid of all humanity or sense?

For such of late has been the stale pretence.

But yet methinks the cause in which we trust,

Which has this night so fairly been discussed,

The sapient councils that these walls inclose,

Might obviate all the scandals of our foes.

Though

Though much I reverence the sagacious youth
 Who has so well maintained the undoubted truth,
 That we may purchase Captives where we can
 Without impeachment of the rights of man;
 Who well deserves the applause he has received;
 Yet in one point he grossly is deceived.
 Since all the endowments of the human mind
 With somewhat more than human patience joined,
 In the most abject Slaves may still be traced;
 And when in happier situations placed
 Have sometimes passed that limited degree
 By Heaven assigned to frail humanity.
 The passions still more eminently shine,
 And plainly speak their origin divine;
 That even to the last their force maintain
 And triumph 'midst excruciating pain.

'Twere

'Twere vain to prove, that their corporeal powers

In each particular resemble ours,

Those who would thus degrade the human race

Full oft participate the foul disgrace :

Since these wild sophistries, of sense the scorn,

Extend to all of Ethiop parent born.

I, who each attribute of man possess,

By parity of reason should be less;

Since he who sprung from this laborious clan

We must suppose, can be but half a man.

Let those decide who boast the fairest mien,

Who have my unremitting efforts seen

For what may best promote the public good,

Of my integrity of parts, and blood.

I do not blush to own my humble birth

Nor would disparage more exalted worth,

But

But with submission to this sapient band,
The stable bulwark of Hesperian land,
Will still maintain, upon the surest ground,
No source of real preference can be found,
Save that which education may impart
The sole refiner of the human heart.
That all beneath the Line or Tropics seen,
Howe'er distinct in colour or in mien,
Not less than any now within my ken
Possess the essential characters of men.
To any test of wit or manly proof
That may be urged in nature's true behoof
I challenge all, even that sagacious Youth,
And let the event decide the doubtful truth.
To equal honour too extend my claim
And gratitude and friendship's sacred flame;

M m

Full

Full oft displayed on the Negretian coast

Beyond what Europe's slothful sons can boast.

He spake ; and forthwith from his seat uprose

A martial Chief; whose overwhelming brows

And furrowed countenance bespoke a mind

For shrewd debates and subtle shifts designed.

Well versed in all the arts of false pretence;

Nor less for arms renowned than eloquence.

Twere well by lenient measures to oppose

The dangerous inroads of our patriot foes.

But since such groundless calumnies prevail

And the world listens to an ideot tale,

Since the weak multitude are still misled

And sympathetic tears so often shed

O'er the imagined sufferings of the Slave,

May fwell the triumph of each factious knave

Who

Who with rebellious rant and treasonous tracts,
With garbled evidence and altered facts,
Would represent that trade by which we live
As the worst curse avenging fiends could give,
'Tis not less needful that without delay
We should this load of obloquy repay;
In some short tract, with due display of sense,
Wide o'er the land promulge our just defence.
The mischiefs that from wild reforms redound
Expose to view, with Jacobins confound
That class of men who would our rights dispute;
And with retorted arguments confute.
That this grand question of the dreaming age
So long obscured by philanthropick rage,
Even among those who reprobate our trade,
May with inverted optic be surveyed.

To

To chain at once all tongues and blind all eyes

Substantiate some good that may arise

(Since from the worst abuses upon earth

Some partial benefits derive their birth)

From these incursions on the Afric shore,

How much their Chiefs our absence would deplore;

And thus derive their continuity

Even from the precepts of humanity.

Roundly assert, that traffic they detest

Has through all ages been esteemed the best;

This curse of curses the supremest good;

When well explained and rightly understood.

That from this source ecstatic pleasures flow,

Which those who have enjoyed them only know.

Still blazon forth the names and rank of those

Who with the fairest evidence oppose

The

The wild assertions of that captious crew
 Who would expose its fallacy to view.
 Thus with triumphant air maintain our right
 And put at once their puny race to flight.
 Shall that become the basis of a law
 Which men of honour swear they never saw?
 But as impertinents may snarl or sneer,
 Or think opinions, how'er sincere,
 Can never be opposed to truth and fact,
 Or more conclusive reasons may exact,
 (Maintain perhaps, that they may both be true,
 Since what one seeks another may eschew)
 Or may such tract, with other tracts repay,
 Or with an eye of cool contempt survey,
 Infatuated trash, mere trumpery call,
 And swear there are no arguments at all,

Things

Things must be so ingeniously arranged
That from the point the mind may be estranged.
Opinions to evidence opposed
If not of weight sufficient must be glazed:
While they in artful contradiction stand
The balance may incline on either hand.
Let us retaliate this foul disgrace
And meet our adversaries face to face;
Their most impregnable retreats assail,
Fly to expedients where force may fail;
Still with evasive pleas maintain our ground;
Embarrass, ridicule, distract, confound,
These patriot Quidnuncs in our turn abuse,
Till scarce themselves shall know which side to choose.
The Public in politic warfare joined
To the most specious reasons are inclined,

Nor

Nor to the tedious forms of proof attend;
But with implicit faith on names depend.
Let us exalt our friends with loud applause
And strengthen with the vain at least our cause;
With their own arms attack the patriot train;
(Of our invaded liberties complain,
Talk of the mischiefs that must soon prevail
If these unalienable rights should fail,
That commerce must a fatal check sustain
And the impoverished Planter sigh in vain,
That thousands rest of all resource must lie
A prey to grief and endless misery,
If by these devilish wiles we are betrayed)
Let them in deepest colours be pourtrayed,
Malicious, false, precipitate and blind,
The common enemies of human kind,

Who

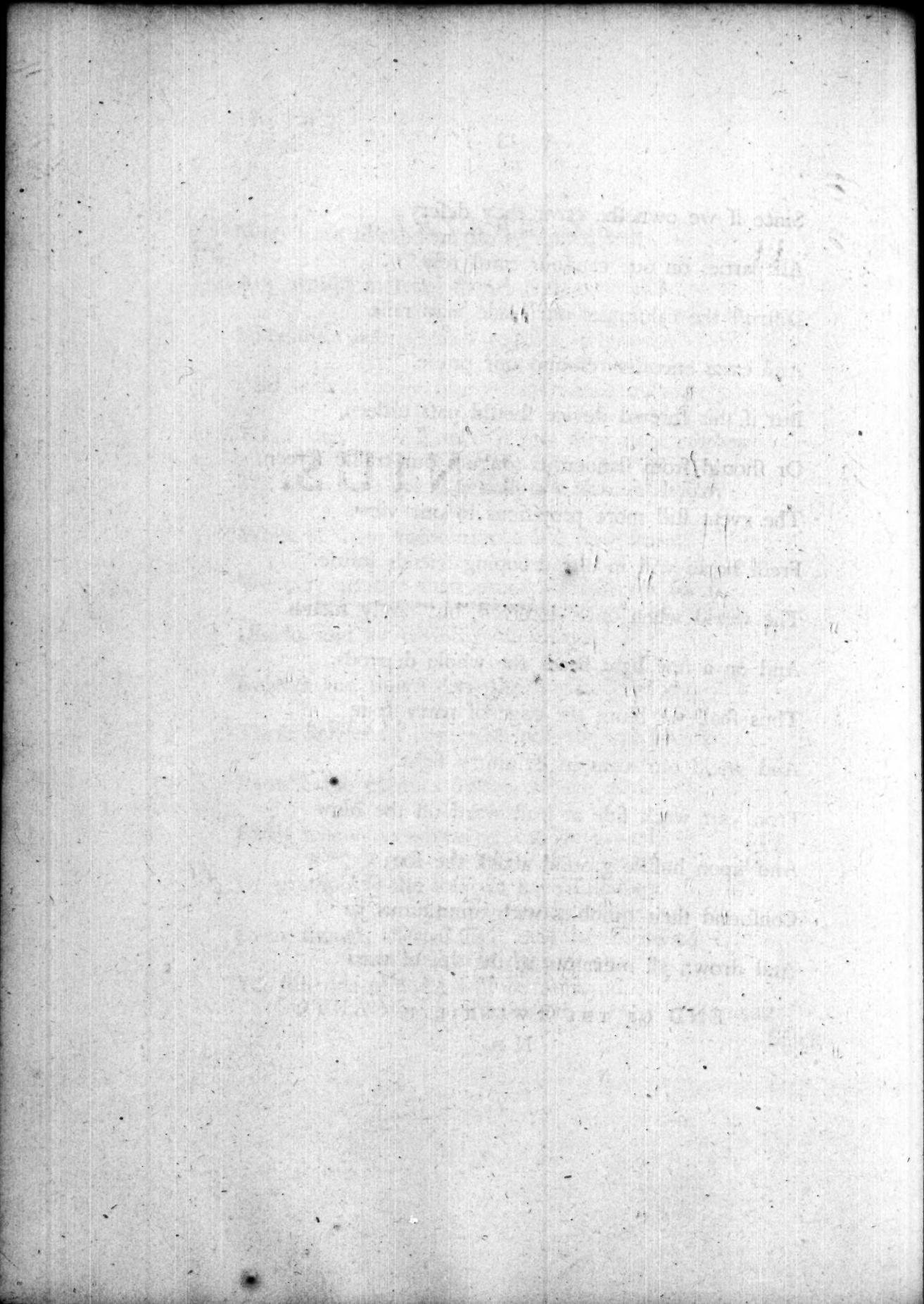
Who scare like Satan the affrighted ball
 And would in rebel flames extinguish all.
 Sometimes with feigned retreats, divert their aim,
 And with sarcastic sneers their minds inflame;
 While they with shrewd retorts their pens employ
 We may their grand redoubts with ease destroy;
 While at some controverted fact they storm,
 We may arrange their proofs in different form;
 Divide, and by dividing overthrow;
 Enlarge and thus trepan the unguarded foe
 These statements then with rallied force invade;
 Repulse the enemies ourselves have made;
 Exult where no advantage can be gained,
 Or triumph in the loss we have sustained.
 Even, though asserted facts may be disproved,
 Yet still one obstacle will be removed.

Since

Since if we own the error they descry
 All parties on our candour must rely.
 Distrust the calumnies our trade may raise
 And even enemies refound our praise.
 But if this shrewd device should pass unseen,
 Or should from slanderous tongues our traffic screen,
 The event still more propitious to our views
 Fresh hopes will in our drooping friends infuse.
 The world when once deceived, but rarely mends,
 And on a few light heads the whole depends.
 Thus shall we blunt the edge of party spite
 And wield our arms in desultory fight.
 From our weak side at least ward off the blow
 And upon hostile ground attack the foe;
 Confound their quibbles with tumultuous jar
 And drown all murmurs in the din of war.

END OF THE TWENTIETH CANTO.

N n



THE TRAVELS
OF
CYLLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CANTO.

BUT though with papal thunders we oppose
The officious zeal of patriotic foes,
Let savory epithets through every page,
(The candid public, the discerning age,

And

And the enlightened few, and thousands more,
Of exclamations too an endless store)
Of our appeal be artfully inlaid ;
Since flattery is with interest repaid.
Thus all on easy terms their names may raise
And every giddy fool aspire to praise :
Even some who side with these pernicious elves
Perhaps may veer to vindicate themselves.
Nor the black catalogue of monstrous crimes
So oft ascribed to these Elysian climes,
Should aught of confidence or zeal destroy,
Nor but in ridicule our pens employ.
Each fancied instance of oppressive rage
That has been handed down from age to age,
Murder, rape, rapine, want, distress and care,
Disease and treachery, tremendous pair !

We

We must encounter with ironic sneer,
And all their buckram suits will disappear.

Talk of such calumnies with high disdain
As the mere phantoms of a sickly brain;

Our cool contempt in some light air attest,
Or turn the clamour with a merry jest.

Thus the foul charge will of itself decay
And each imputed crime be washed away.

On those who seemingly disown our cause
We must bestow unlimited applause;

Who still subvert what most they would defend,
And with their enmity our trade befriend;

From their own principles delight to veer,
And to no party ever are sincere;

Who on all sides their talents can display,
And the worst cause in reason's garb array;

Adopt

Adopt some favourite topic of reform

~~From their own heads to ward the impending storm;~~

And while they seem to swell the patriot train,

The credit they have lost with ease regain;

Still find as they increase the scanty store

To every favourite vice an open door.

But that which most of all deserves our praise,

Which our eternal gratitude should raise,

Is that sound rock, that mirror of defence,

Of genuine rhetorick and sterling sense,

That while one spark of loyalty remains

To rouze our slumbering zeal and fire our veins,

Must swell the plaudits of the wondering nation,

Model of art! yclept the Proclamation.

Since all we can advance, if well received,

Upon the self-same plan must be atchieved.

Our

Our matchless Premier, experienced youth!
To shield us from the sudden glare of truth
That from our eyes might purge the film away
And shed at once intolerable day;
By this important stroke, oh, skill divine!
Long round his brows may laureate honours twine!
Has to his sage control our minds inured
And from all chance and change the State secured;
Taught us each patriot effort to detest.
And his own image on the work imprest.
From universal clamours for reform
Has cunningly presaged some rising storm,
And by a turn of thought the most refined,
Destructive rage with moderate views combined;
That indignation which abuse excites
With the contempt of all politic rights;

Our

Our antidote and bane confusedly mixed
 And influence on a solid basis fixed ;
 In one bold trait discordant views pourtrayed,
 That all the hostile train shrink back dismayed ;
 Dispersed the gathering storm without a blow
 And won the hearts of an insulting foe ;
 Rebels and Patriots together bound,
 Secured his power and scattered blessings round.
 In this grand effort of politic art
 Where the false maxims that our foes impart
 Are artfully confounded with the true,
 We may discern the line we should pursue.
 Of charms like these 'tis my delight to tell
 And on such multiplied perfections dwell ;
 Where all that might alarm the public mind
 Has to oblivious silence been consigned.

Nor

Nor even a circumstance exposed to view
 But the most flattering prospects must renew
 Those strides of power that have the State deformed,
 To arbitrary Monarchy transformed,
 Have with consummate prudence been concealed;
 Nor even the smallest particle revealed
 Of all that justifies the Patriot's fears
 And oft bedews our laurels with his tears;
 As if no perils ever could ensue
 Save those that from our own reforms accrue.
 Where not the least distinction has been made
 'Twixt those whose efforts must our rights invade,
 And which alone this edict can oppose,
 And the disinterested views of those
 Whose temperate minds and truly patriot zeal
 Serve only to promote the public weal,

The real constitution to preserve; not dev't a circ'cumst'ce
 Nor from those principles would ever swerve from his m'l
 On which the safety of the State depends; to a b'f'f' & b'f'T
 Nor prostitute to any private ends. v'c'sion M'ris'c'nd's oT
 'Twixt those who would our interests uphold o th'w'v' H
 And those who truck and barter them for gold. now to V
 'Twixt our true friend and our insidious foe; b'f'f' l's & Q
 Our antidote and bane; our weal and woe. w'ld'g' j's b'f'
 'Twixt those who to the Proclamation lend a'ring on' h' & A
 A willing ear, and those whose intrigues tend clod'g' ev'g'd
 To anarchy, or by some specious cheat le's' d'f' v'c'sion
 Even their own sage precautions would defeat. lock'g' s'v'c' T
 So the poor Culprit, conscious of his sins, books d'v'k'w' b'nA
 Who oft from some prevarication spins sl'p'g'g' d'f' b'nA
 A cobweb argument in his defence, sl'p'g'g' d'f' b'nA
 And thence infers his spotless innocence, gold' g' v'c's'c' v'c's'c'

With

With scornful glance on his Accuser turns
 And every proof of guilt indignant spurns ;
 To stubborn facts opposes specious show
 And wards on every side the destined blow ;
 With such address his air-drawn faulchion yields
 That truth to equivoque submissive yields.
 Then rising with triumphant air displays
 The splendid virtues of his better days ;
 Each crime to groundless calumny resolves ;
 Even from imputed blame his life absolves ;
 O'erpowers with gushing tears our wavering sense
 And drowns the memory of his past offence.
 Nor in this tract should we omit to quote
 What Saints so oft have said and Sages wrote ;
 Or what our Ancestors, even though more free,
 More just, and more enlightened far than we,

Have ever thought of this propitious trade ;
Whose zeal in its defence has been displayed
In renovated laws through many an age ;
Which well might our implicit faith engage.
Would Britons then with anxious care maintain
What is of human happiness the bane ?
Nor e'er have testified their doubts or fears
Through the long period of a hundred years ?
Would they have sanctioned an oppressive plan
That violates the social rights of man ?
Or stained the honours of a deathless fame
With acts of complicated guilt and shame ?
'Twere well too, to remind the dotard crew
Who take of human ills this narrow view,
That Slaves embarked from Afric's dreary coast
Are more at ease, than all the numerous host

Of

Of martial Slaves, that brave the ocean's roar,
 Or Convicts wafted to a distant shore ;
 Whom pining want or fell disease devours ;
 There half have perished to a third of ours.
 If from an impulse of deluded zeal
 These wild promoters of the public weal
 Our servants for imagined crimes indict,
 Or bring some act of cruelty to light
 That seems to justify their vain surmise,
 (Since in all trades abuses may arise)
 The trial through each stage we must attend ;
 And strive with all our interest to befriend
 Those that by slanderous tongues may be abused,
 Of what enormities soe'er accused ;
 And compensate their sufferings in our cause
 With all the pomp of popular applause.

But

But if no evidence can be obtained
 To purge the guilt of which they stand arraigned,
 Let art the want of evidence supply ;
 Watch their Accusers with attentive eye ;
 Still edge them on with many an artful tale ;
 If in one point of evidence they fail,
 Though unconnected with the essential part,
 Or in one instance from the truth depart,
 The public clamour will at once decay
 And all these air-built visions melt away ;
 The prosecutions to their shame redound
 And on their rebel heads the shaft rebound.
 Now comes the master-piece that crowns our cause
 And blunts the edge of our insulted laws.
 The needful evidence we must descry
 To turn to our account the unguarded lie.

The

The Accusers then for perjury arraign;
 And when convicted, to the world explain
 The infatuated conduct of our foes,
 From whom these groundless persecutions rose.
 Boldly infer that as in one they fail
 And have amused us with an idle tale,
 So every crime their malice can impute
 With the most perfect ease we might refute.
 That all the horrid murders they devise,
 Infidious arts and wanton cruelties,
 Are a mere Christmas tale to fright the crowd:
 Since none this magic process can unshroud,
 That we in secret Conclave have resolved,
 By which all crimes are in a trice absolved.
 Thus gathering strength from its imputed crimes
 Our trade may flourish through succeeding times;

And

And those who with mistaken zeal deplore,
 When all their visionary schemes are o'er,
 May thus become enamoured of our cause
 And crown our efforts with deserved applause.
 The listening crowd in deep attention hung
 On every word that warbled from his tongue ;
 Which thus resolved all doubts and chased all fears
 Amidst the transports of his high compeers ;
 Who on all sides their plausible accents raise
 Till the high vault rebellowed with his praise.
 Whom then the throned President addressed ;
 And with repeated bows their thanks expressed.
 Highly commends this project of defence
 Fraught with politic art and solid sense.
 Forthwith commands o'er Britain's wide domain
 Such Tract be published, whose exalted strain

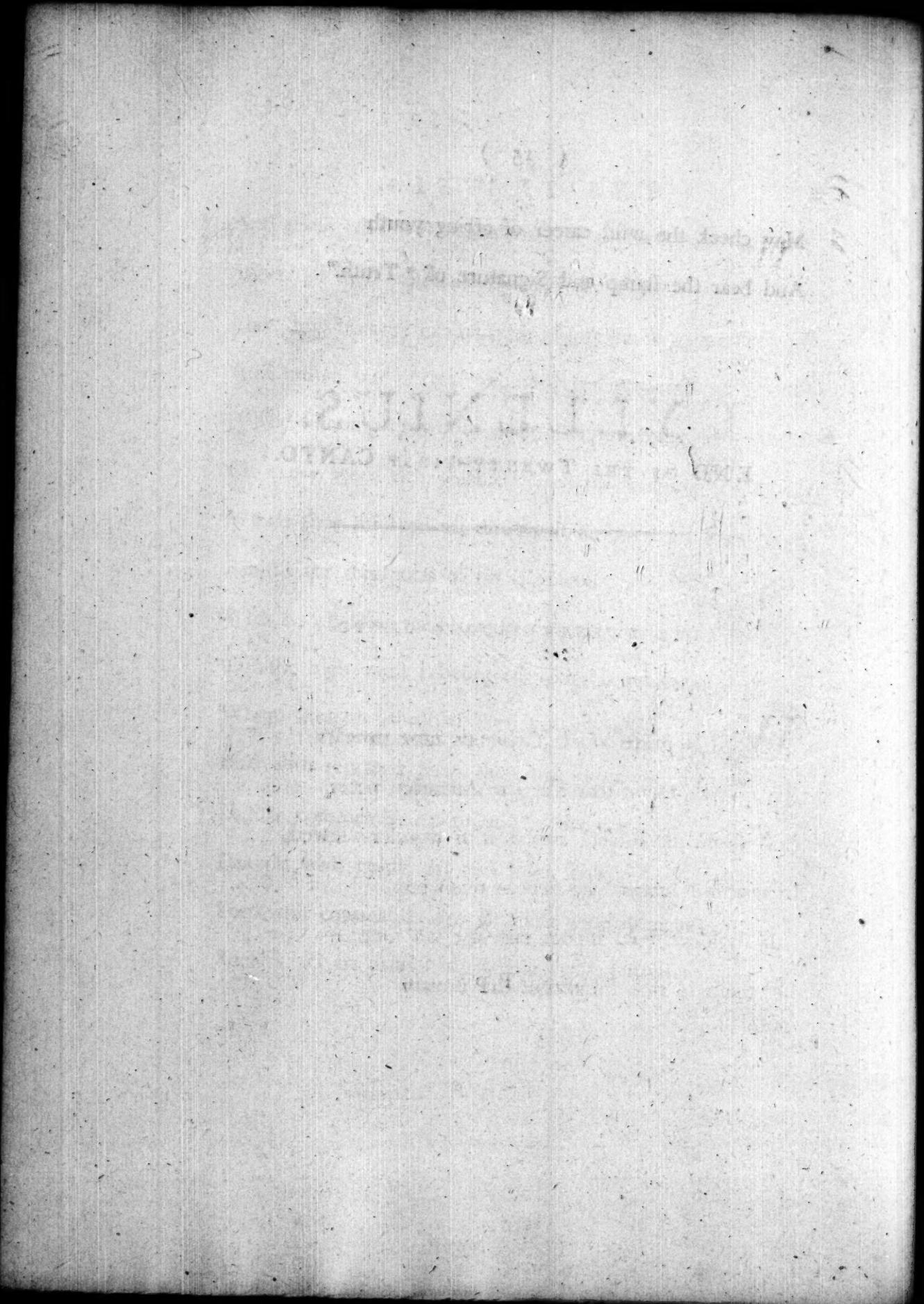
May

(15)

May check the wild career of erring youth
And bear the stamp and Signature of "Truth."

END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CANTO.

P p



THE TRAVELS

O E

CYLLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-SECOND CANTO.

WITH grave aspect Cyllenius now uprears
His godlike form, that o'er the Assembly peers,
And while the subject crowd with wonder viewed,
In peaceful accents the debate renewed:

If those ye hold in bondage are not men
Let them in due subjection still remain

In

In all that may conduce to public good;
The appendages of soil and not of blood.
'Tis sure no crime to yoke the sportive steer,
To tame the horse, or chase the fallow deer;
Which though allotted to the human race,
Should on Creation's scale preserve their place.
The law that justifies their moderate use
Affords no palliation of abuse.
Humanity should even to brutes extend;
That in the Master still should find the Friend.
But in the commerce ye would fain renew,
Though even considered in this narrow view,
The grossest violation will appear.
The hardships these devoted wretches bear,
Embarked from Congo to the Hesperian plains,
Surpasses all the very brute sustains;
And

And to whate'er descriptions they extend
 Must in their total extirpation end.
 But what can e'er be urged in your defence,
 What Jesuitic plea, what vain pretence,
 Were those that ye presumptuously disown
 Possessed of minds and feelings like your own?
 If to your fellow creatures ye deny
 That lenity which even brutes enjoy?
 I would not wound, but to correct the heart.
 Tis now the time to act a Roman part.
 Pursue it even in your own despight.
 No real interest ever clashed with right.
 But by these idle tales are ye deceived?
 Or even one moment in your hearts believed?
 Were Slaves not men while yet your trade was sure?
 Would you have doubted were it now secure?

Such

Such senseless theorems themselves betray.
 Did ever Brutes the mental powers display,
 That can abstract, compare, associate, solve?
 The cautious foresight and the firm resolve
 That can with those of rebel Captives vie?
 Or human force or human art defy?
 Of those who your domestic interests guide
 And in whose sage experience ye confide,
 Who guard the cultured Farm, the Counter grace,
 Can Monkies, Apes, Baboons supply the place?
 'Tis a mere outrage to the plainest sense!
 The truth is evident past all pretence.
 'Tis clear as day; it glares upon the sight;
 Breaks through the cloud with more resplendent light,
 The brighter shines, the more ye would conceal.
 Your hopes, your fears, your very acts reveal.

May

May not the noblest features of the mind
To the most homely aspect be consigned?
Even to the coarsest form, the blackest skin?
May not the crust conceal the gem within?
Who thus the character of nations scan
Can ne'er have traced the history of man.
May not the same distinction be applied
To Tartar, Huron, Indian, Samoide?
Since these varieties of tint and mien
Throughout the earth are evidently seen.
On all, in brutal ignorance immersed,
Such reasons may with equal force be urged;
And every character exposed to scorn,
Save those who are in temperate climates born;
Where cultured powers and manners more refined
Call forth the latent embryos of the mind.

As

As the feed quickens in the fertile loom,
 And the fair fruit succeeds the vernal bloom,
 So the untutored mind, by science taught,
 Expands by slow degrees the aspiring thought;
 Whose tender buds from nipping blasts secured,
 In full perfection are at length matured.
 In Man alone this feature we discern.
 His most distinguished merit, is to learn.
 If nature is a niggard of her store
 'Tis that he may exert himself the more.
 Whate'er of intuition she denies
 His high susceptibility supplies.
 But still his lowliest plight is oft the best;
 Far more in ignorance than knowledge blest;
 That might seduce him from that rustic state
 That best can weather out the storms of fate.

This

This were productive of eternal strife,
 That sweetens even the very dregs of life.
 They who his mean condition most despise
 Should most regret he wants the power to rise.
 But if all sense and argument should fail,
 If prejudice o'er reason should prevail
 And such fantastic dogmas still retain,
 Chuse even the meanest of the Captive train,
 Give him the advantages yourselves enjoy
 Nor let consuming cares his peace annoy,
 Let science smile upon his tender youth,
 Conduct him through the thorny paths of truth,
 To competence advanced in manhood's prime
 Let no temptations urge him on to crime,
 Lead him from shore to shore, from town to town,
 Let bright examples spur him to renown,

Teach him his wayward passions to control,
Refine his manners and expand his soul,
The fact will then determine the dispute;
Then fairly judge if he be man or brute.
If ye recede, now challenged to the proof,
Nor urge one reason in your own behoof,
The world must needs conclude, 'tis all the vain,
The senseless gabble of a heated brain,
And that ye harp upon this frail surmise
To palliate your own iniquities.

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CANTO.

BUT to reform forsooth is to destroy;
All change must needs the public peace annoy.
Well may the man who reasons thus suppose
Sages and Patriots their country's foes.

Are

Are then politic evils past a cure?

Or must we to the end of time endure?

Can then abuses thus our minds enthrall,

That if we touch but one the State must fall?

Or would he brand us with eternal shame

And sink beneath contempt the British name?

If midst the terrors of despotic sway

Reforms to anarchy may lead the way,

And subjects with rebellious rage infect,

Much more may the abuses they correct.

Such pleas may be in every case applied

And may be urged alike on either side.

But to abolish this infernal trade

Of all reforms, could least our peace invade;

From which the greatest good must needs accrue,

Nor even the smallest mischief could ensue.

Let

Let those who would procrastinate each change,
 Who fear the general welfare to derange,
 Themselves point out that more propitious time
 When with their views our interests may chime.
 Let them stand forth at once with manly zeal
 The honest guardians of the public weal,
 And pledge their faith and honour to repel
 Those grievances at which all hearts rebel.
 Let them not dally still with false surmise
 Nor with fallacious schemes distract our eyes,
 What ills soe'er the present times portend,
 But in due time at least their aid extend.
 That we this happy confidence may share
 Nor of our ancient liberties despair;
 Each base suspicion may at once reject,
 And have at least the comfort to reflect,

By If

If from the times alone these scruples flow,
With truly patriot zeal their bosoms glow.
But if such pleas were but a stale pretence,
A hacknied instrument of state defence,
With which our feeble champions they disarm,
A form of words, a ministerial charm,
To soothe our fears, our clamours to withstand,
And spread their venal influence o'er the land;
If on the surest grounds it be received
That even those who are the most aggrieved
Would not destroy the balance of the state
But to their lightened scale restore its weight;
If it be most notoriously true
Whate'er may be the whimsies of a few,
The grand majority would not forego,
For all that Rome or Athens could bestow,

Or

Or the most modelizing brain could give,
That form of government in which they live;
If at one time these very men propose
That system of reform they now oppose,
And while the same abuses still remain,
Disclaim, embrace, and then disclaim again
Those patriot principles we now defend;
Still prostituted to some private end;
If in our hearts we firmly should believe
That at their hands, we never shall receive
The fair requital which we all desire
And our invaded liberties require,
Some spark of rage might well our minds pervade
To see our dearest interests thus betrayed.
Well of such treacherous arts might we beware,
And guard our freedom with redoubled care;

Boldly

Boldly resort to our implied compact ;
With somewhat more than vassal strain exact
The full redress our grievances demand,
And check ere yet too late, with cautious hand,
The rapid growth of that enormous power
Which o'er all right and law delights to tower.

Well might we reprobate that faithless crew
Who like some prudish Whore expose to view
Those specious virtues that their hearts belie ;
In others still some glaring fault descry
And construe every action to their shame ;
Still as their own, all sense and merit claim ;
And while they seem to touch the splendid goal,
Indulge their secret lusts without control.

Shall we then see the welkin overcast
And the high forest bend beneath the blast,

Nor

Nor seek a shelter from the coming storm?
 Or do we fear the progress of reform
 That must correct the mischiefs we deplore
 And to their ancient purity restore
 Those sacred rights all Britons should enjoy,
 Nor dread that influence which must destroy?
 Shall we renounce the price of so much blood?
 Exchange for childish toys, that sterling good
 For which our ancestors so dearly paid,
 And be the dupes of shameless gasconade?
 Or to confirm what base intrigues have won,
 (Since three estates are dwindled into one
 Balanced of yore with strictest equity,
 The best criterion of prosperity,
 That all the gauds we boast but ill requite)
 Resign our last resource, our lawful right?

Of our calamities compleat the train
 And lose the privilege even to complain ?
 Yet some who most deplore the beggared state
 Still frown on all that would emancipate.
 This base subversion of their rights expose,
 Yet what may best restore them still oppose.
 Good Heavens ! what strange perversity is here ;
 That which can realize their hopes they fear !
 Talk of reforms, their souls are up in arms
 And their chilled bosoms throb with dire alarms ;
 Prophetic horrors swell each labouring vein
 And dire chimeras haunt the maddening brain.
 From the best cause the worst extremes they bode,
 Wild as the Priestess of the Delphic God.
 That even those who have the most to fear
 Should Liberty her golden standard rear

And

And with her presence clear this favoured Isle,

Could scarce so much regret her genial smile

As they that mild reform the State requires,

Which can alone accomplish their desires.

'Tis sure the strangest paradox on earth,

That in some hour of whim or festive mirth

A venal Junto should the State derange,

Produce at once the most alarming change,

On which our future welfare may depend,

O'er lives and properties their power extend,

Should of our rights remove the staple bars

Amidst unjust and unsuccessful wars,

And that the general Council of the State

In sapient Conclave joined and high debate

Should dread those wise reforms we all desire,

Even those the general welfare most require.

Who

Who by such shallow reasons would beguile
Methinks were best refuted by a smile.

Who from the wealth and commerce we enjoy,
Deduce those principles that must destroy
And dam the very source from whence they rose;
With pertinacious cavils still oppose
The sober efforts of our patriot zeal,
Which can alone preserve the public weal ;
And still confound them with those random views
That for a while the fickle crowd amuse ;
But if in evil hour they should prevail
Must tenfold mischiefs on our race entail.

But of such reasons, the most wild of all,
(If childish quibbles we can reasons call)
Is from the downfall of your trade to trace
The diminution of the Negro race.

If

If on our own experience we rely,
If all we read be not an arrant lie,
Where'er the human race are cloathed and fed,
To genial climes inured, to labour bred,
Blest with impartial laws and public peace,
Their numbers will invariably increase.

So wonderful has this increase been found,
So far surpassing the contracted bound
Which from these vile resources we can strain,
Which of all population are the bane,
That not a doubt can e'er exist but those
On whom these rustic services repose,
Cherished with fostering care and equal laws,
Would soon evince the justice of their cause,
That even the present stock, would soon expand
A numerous offspring o'er the fertile land,

Upon

Upon the most uncultured waste would thrive
And faithful to their friends in concord live.
In that proportion wretches waste away
The happy still increase from day to day;
The germs of nature quicken in the Sun
And through the paths of life progressive run;
But slowly 'mid obnoxious vales respire,
And ere well ushered into life expire.
At Guasco, Lima, or the Mexic shore,
That by the Southern breeze are winnowed o'er,
Or where the coasts of Afric wide expand,
Even on the barren plains of Negroland,
Or on some Isle of the Atlantic main,
Place but a handful of this Captive train,
Let them with every comfort be supplied,
Let one plain rule of Justice be their guide,

To

To wholesome toils inured, and vernal skies,
And in a century, ten to one shall rise.
If in this ratio they have still declined
The fatal cause were easily divined;
The abject state in which these wretches stand,
The numbers that are ruled with iron hand,
The general distrust that cannot fail
O'er all their drooping kindred to prevail,
The littleſs habits that must need attend
Those that no higher can their views extend,
The perilous ſubſtance they acquire
Who can to independence ne'er aspire,
Or if rapacious Tyrants ſhould opprefſ
But rarely from their laws obtain redrefſ,
The want of moral, of connubial ties,
The charms that from those ſources ever rife,

Systems

Systems that bid defiance to reform
And slavery in its most atrocious form,
The wanton cruelties they oft endure,
From which nor sex nor age is e'er secure,
Those restless cares that gnaw the secret heart,
Where each surrounding object must impart
The sense of that equality we boast,
And still enhance the blessings they have lost,
But above all, the loss of that repose,
That calm contented mind the Freeman knows,
Who in all States alike secure from harm
Finds even in poverty some secret charm,
Who though their niggard stars but little give
Upon that little can securely live,
Such are the sources of this rooted ill
With which mortality delights to fill

The

The Sepulchres of these relentless climes;
Such, if they should extend to future times,
Unless by mild philosophy refined
Some spark of sense illume the public mind
And all this train of grievances redress,
The growth of population must repress,
Must in the end destroy the very race,
Did not this horrid trade supply their place.
But he who all objections would resolve
And stubborn facts by magic process solve,
From reason to sophistic arts descend
And by the meanest shifts obtain his end,
To prove those very facts which he denies
Himself, the strongest argument supplies;
Since all who listen to so poor a tale
Must needs perceive that better reasons fail,

Or candidly presume this grand report
 Of some facetious Patriot were the sport,
 In an inverted sense must be explained
 And a mere satire on yourselves contained.
 Well may ye crown his efforts with applause;
 The Advocate is worthy of the cause.
 But though no shadow of the "Truth" appear,
 That sacred name still captivates the ear;
 Whate'er defects may strike the public eye,
 The signature most amply will supply;
 So the lame Artist, who in days of old
 By some facetious Author we are told,
 Of truth and nature spurned the cold restraint,
 And when a Horse or Lion he would paint,
 For what it was designed none e'er could learn
 Nor even the least similitude discern;

But

But being often asked of this and that
And warmly rallied in familiar chat,
Determined to repair his lessened fame,
And underneath each figure, wrote the name.
But rest assured the blessings ye enjoy
No real Patriot would e'er destroy,
Much less would those who are with freedom blest
Unite their efforts to disturb your rest.
Such visionary fears will waste away
And still increasing toil your hopes repay;
Your profits rise, your commerce too extend
The more the wretched Captive ye befriend.
'Tis in those very measures ye detest,
Of all reforms the wisest and the best,
Your real interests can alone be found ;
Or that to lasting happiness redound ;

And

And if those interests ye would still pursue
 Beyond the present hour extend your view;
 Nor let the doubts of age nor fires of youth
 Pervert the precepts of eternal truth,
 But rise superior to their mean control
 And by degrees emancipate the whole.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THIS is the grand specific of your woes;
On which all hopes of safety must repose.
Let those whose fears may be alarmed, reflect
Even while this saving council they reject,

Which

Which if with due allowances received
Were in process of time with ease atchieved,
How oft those very ills their minds affail,
Which on their future race too they entail,
When they survey this formidable band
Whose numbers though unarmed o'erawe the land,
Their dark conspiracies, their open force,
And find in vigilance their sole resource,
Which now they vainly dread from their release;
As nought but slavery were the road to peace.
'Tis their continuance in this abject state,
From which ye should presage the storms of fate.
How far less perilous were the design
Their freedom with our interests to combine,
To raise a fettered people from their woes,
From grief to joy, from suffering to repose,

Than

Than to perpetuate the galling chain
Through yet unnumbered years of want and pain;
To render this innumerable crew
Subservient to the pleasures of a few;
To leave the cares and toils of life to those
Who ever wait in ambush to oppose
That frail authority that ye maintain;
Who if they should their liberty regain
Would with remorseless rage your vitals tear,
Nor sex, nor age, nor even kindred spare;
Drain from your shrivelled veins the loitering flood,
And quench their thirst of vengeance with your blood.
While yet ye may, anticipate the storm;
Adopt one general system of reform;
With prudent foresight form some just compact
Ere they themselves with brutal force exact.

* T'were

'Twere sure more safe, more eligible far,
To avert the cause of such tremendous war,
This fair and manly conduct to pursue
Whatever inconveniences ensue,
Than to exist, in the perpetual dread
Of sleeping thunders brooding overhead,
Than for the present, for the future age,
If aught their interests can your cares engage,
The loss of life, of property to fear,
Or that blest peace which can alone endear;
Which ever at the sport of chance must lie
And fixed upon the hazard of a die.
Whate'er delusions veil the public mind,
Look through the world, and ye will ever find
(If in no single instance it appears,
In the vast round of time, the flight of years)

That

That tyranny participates distress,
Still dreads some sad reverse of wretchedness ;
That in proportion to the Captive's groans,
The proud Oppressor still his fate bemoans ;
Still rues the effects of his pernicious guile
And feels upon his back the scourge recoil.
The constant tenor of barbarities,
Of vile oppressions wanton cruelties
That have been heaped on this devoted race,
Of which no trait your memories can trace,
Remains imprest upon the minds of men,
And will be measured back to you again.
But let us wave all ills that may ensue,
An instant more this tale of woes renew ;
These eyes have traced their sufferings as they rise,
These ears been deafened by their dying cries.

T t

Not

Not the least nerve that vibrates through my frame
But still attests the complicated shame,
The deep-felt sympathy, the thousand fears,
The writhe of anguish, and the flood of tears
That such a scene of misery can impart;
That chills each drop of blood that warms the heart;
That forms from first to last, one constant train
Of pining sorrow and of howling pain;
From whence the worst of crimes derive their birth;
That make a charnel dungeon of the earth.
The voice of outraged nature loudly cries,
Stop the career of such enormities !
Let murdered thousands plead their children's cause.
Let listening nations crown ye with applause ;
Who to the skies your tarnished names will raise
And unborn myriads resound your praise ;

To

To noblest deeds your groveling thoughts inflame
And laurels sprout upon the dregs of shame.
Let one great effort for the past atone
And make your Captives' interest your own.
As fellow-creatures, nay, as friends receive ;
The freedom ye enjoy delight to give.
A poor, laborious, helpless, friendless crew,
From whom the blessings ye enjoy accrue,
From peace, from comfort, from their country torn,
Implore your aid in wretchedness forlorn.
Behold them prostrate o'er your fertile lands
Stained by their blood, though cultured by their hands !
With out-stretched arms pour forth their fervent prayer
The unalienable rights of men to share !
Those rights that ye with conscious pride display
And which no power on earth can take away ;

Those

Those rights that Britons still delight to give;
Who bid their foes once vanquished, rise and live.
Can ye those rights even to your friends deny,
Doomed to long ages of captivity?
Nor flight this warning voice with vain demur.
Be wise in time; 'tis madness to defer.
Let not these sins now rest upon your heads;
This scene of guilt that half the world o'erpreads,
That wakes the tortured soul to frantic fears
And swells the Atlantic wave with orphaned tears,
Its last resource in your protection find
Lest some avenging scourge come close behind.
Lest even these walls should speak! these stones arise!
Nor brave the tardy vengeance of the skies.
To dally with their woes were to ensure;
Too long repentance brings too late a cure.

Such

Such horrid crimes in one great act efface

And purge this stigma on the human race.

Thus spake the Godhead. Some attentive stood

And listened to his speech in pensive mood;

While others of its tedious length complained,

Still at each word one constant sneer maintained;

But all with rising murmurs now oppose,

And from their seats at once indignant rose;

Whom while their kindling fury he allayed

With cool contempt the President surveyed,

And to some Ruffians' charge that wait his nod

Forthwith consigns the interdicted God.

To his exulting comrades now appeased

Thus spake, and from the cares of state released:

"Well have ye ended long"—a bray succeeds;

The work of retribution now proceeds.

The

The Guard that towards the God direct their way
 Their rashness with convulsive groans repay;
 Stretched on the ground in horrid shapes they lie
 And fill the vaulted roofs with bestial cry.
 Their boisterous Chiefs with panic dread assailed
 Their tyrant Councils now too late bewailed ;
 Their eyes in deep amazement round they threw
 Nor scarce believed the change that struck their view.
 But who their shame can paint, their chilling fears,
 When with long snout, and hideous length of ears,
 They saw their President, in sad array,
 Step following step, and bray succeeding bray,
 With fullen aspect through the Assembly pass,
 Now metamorphosed to a monstrous Ass !
 When o'er the Hall tremendous darkness spreads
 And peals of thunder burst upon their heads;

While

While sulphurous vapours groan beneath their feet;
And flames collected in one dazzling sheet
Through the rent walls, gleam o'er the rocking floor,
Mixed with the hurricane's impetuous roar.
'Tis said, that in that agonizing hour,
Earth to her center, felt his magic power;
And the grim Ghosts, that tremble at his nod,
Rouzed at the summons of the enraged God.
Conscious of all their past enormities
Swift fly the Chiefs with intermingled cries;
Now here, now there, amid the shades of night;
But soon the potent rod arrests their flight;
Some on the very ground on which they stood,
The prime abettors of those scenes of blood
That in their horrid traffic have been spilt,
Transfixed remain, a monument of guilt.

The

The rest, who now too late his wrath deplore,
 Writting with agonies unfelt before,
 (Who still preserve in a distorted face
 Some vicious semblance of the human race,
 Or find a tortuous train their course impede
 Or in their heels accelerated speed)
 Obscurely gleam in many a bestial form
 And add new horrors to the howling storm.

So oft we see reposed in rural state
 Beneath some Alpine hill's stupendous height,
 The flocks and herds innumerably spread,
 Or graze in mingled troops the flowery mead;
 When sudden darkness veils the inclement skies
 And the deep snows in misty columns rise,
 From side to side the gathered torrents pour
 And whirlwinds madden with tempestuous roar,

From

From jutting cliffs huge Avalanches bound
'Till earth rebellows with the thundering sound.
With panic terrors seized, the bestial train
In wild confusion scour the fertile plain,
And every living soul in deep affright
Seeks a sad refuge through the dubious light;
Or in the tempest lost, bewildered strays;
While at one glance, the pitying Swain surveys,
Behind some rock's impenetrable screen,
The complicated horrors of the scene.

END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH CANTO.

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THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THE Hesperian Council thus dissolved, upflew
The agile God, and o'er the Atlantic threw
His flight precipitant, while overhead
The Moon emerging from her azure bed,

Wide

Wide o'er the horizon spreads her lambent light
And fits serene sole Arbitress of night.

Unnumbered Stars come twinkling in her train;
Not even a sound disturbs the peaceful main.

The labouring Hinds forsake the silent shore;
The sportive Tritons skim the waves no more.

The woods are hushed. No wind is heard to blow,
No distant flock to bleat, no stream to flow.

The planetary orbs their course fulfil
In solemn silence round, and all is still.

Sleep o'er the earth extends her ebon reign
And smooths the brow of care, the bed of pain;
Of fainting courage steels the sinewy arm
And shields the fearful maid from fancied harm;
Of harrassed toil the wonted force supplies,
And sheds soft dews upon the Labourer's eyes;

On Sorrow's cheek suspends the falling tear,
 Solves every doubt and chases every fear;
 The calm of innocence to guilt imparts,
 And intercepts awhile his poisoned darts;
 Pours on the Captive's eyes the long-lost day
 And bids Elysian visions round him play:
 The lingering wretch's friend; in mercy given
 To clear life's rugged path and point to Heaven.

Gods! what a proud display! what pomp is here!
 How sunk, how lost, all human joys appear!
 What thought such scenes can reach, what tongue rehearse?
 Each spark, a Sun! each point, a Universe!
 What a vast concave strains the wondering eye!
 What floods of glory burst from all the sky!
 Here may the soul expatriate, and proclaim
 In hymns of praise, the great Creator's name!

Here.

Here learn the wonders of his hand to trace
 And roam through all the infinite of space!
 Worlds above worlds in endless maze explore,
 For ever soaring may for ever soar.
 Pause, deeply pause on the stupendous plan!
 Then think, how mean, how poor a thing is man.
 Whose high swoln pride, the Heaven of Heavens would fill,
 And bend all nature to a reptile's will;
 Of God himself the eternal sceptre bear
 And in his councils deign to take a share;
 Would even his high prerogative invade,
 And boasts that all, for him alone was made,
 Who from no higher source derives his birth
 Than the mere worm that crawls upon the earth.
 What is the pomp of life, the pageant show
 That chains our hopes and wishes here below,

All that excites our wonder or our praise,
That age can sink or force Herculean raise,
(Though the rent hills were from their base upturned
Where Atlas reigned or Titan lays inurned;
Or the vexed tides on Norway's desert shore
That opening far and wide with thundering roar
Disclose the bottom of the monstrous deep,
While navies down the hideous vortex sweep,
Or isles of ice that girt the hidden Poles
As fame in her recording page unrolls,
Should Babylon her hundred gates unfold,
Or Carian vaults display their fretted gold,
Though towers on towers once more should brave the skies,
Or to the clouds a new Colossus rise,
Or Memphian fanes or mounds of the Chinese)
Compared to such stupendous forms as these?

Where

Where the most ample range of earth and main
To which our narrow optics we can strain,
Or all that wealth or power can impart,
The pomp of empire, and the boast of art,
That human hands can frame or hearts desire,
Or wild ambition's utmost force acquire,
That Kings have grasped, or conquering armies trod,
Is dwindled down to one promiscuous clod :
The most gigantic scenes the world can boast,
And form itself, and time, and space are lost.
Since all those peopled orbs that strike our view
And round our sun their stated course pursue,
Whose wonderful dimensions far extend
Beyond what human thought can comprehend,
Nay, those unseen, no optic glass can trace,
Mid regions of immeasurable space,

That

That round each glimmering star, itself a sun,

Their courses too in stated order run,

And to the end of time will ever roll,

Form but a part of an unbounded whole.

To which even these, no more proportion bear,

Prodigious fabric! vast beyond compare!

Though thick as leaves that strew the autumnal plain,

Or sands high wafted o'er the troubled main

Mixed with the foaming waves' rebounding spray,

Than the light troops that on a summer's day

Upon the sun-beat casement sportive bound,

Or o'er some taper flit their narrow round.

Here is a Temple worthy of the Gods!

Not made with hands nor piled on earthly clods;

While Heaven's eternal splendors round us shine

Here let us talk of Majesty divine;

Here let us trace the wonders of his hand,
That rise and fall, at his supreme command;
Here learn his laws, his attributes to scan,
And comprehend his essence if we can;
Who sits enthroned in unapproached light,
Coeval, coeternal, infinite.
Here let us bend with adoration due
While we to scenes like these extend our view,
Where nature spurns the narrow bounds of time;
In silence more than eloquence sublime.
Shall we of babbling age the tales explore
And dwell on vain traditionary lore?
To feeble instruments our voices raise
And rack invention to resound his praise?
To painted idols bend the supple knee,
And search through all, for what in all we see?

Doze o'er the Pedant's strain our doubts to solve
 That still in tenfold night our thoughts involve,
 When nature's volume opens to our view?
 Points to the obvious path we should pursue?
 Where the most plain and simple sense, descries
 Those saving truths, that oft escape the wise;
 Lifts us from cold conviction to applause,
 And brings us straight to Thee! thou first great cause!
 Whose mighty hand sustains this pendent ball;
 Ancient of days! Eternal source of all!
 Who by thy own redundant light explored,
 By all, who lift their eyes, must be adored!
 On all we see thy presence is impressed.
 Whichever way we turn, thou standst confessed.
 His own existence he must first resign
 Who even one moment, calls in question thine;

That

That from this point on which we stand, this beach
 Of space, to where no finite thought can reach,
 Has through all ages been the constant theme.
 In wisdom as benevolence supreme !
 As spots in yon fair Orb's resplendent light
 All imperfections vanish in thy sight.
 The scattered ills by which our lives are crost
 In an unclouded blaze of goodness lost !
 If even as far as human thought can trace
 These seeming evils fly away apace,
 How much more then, must to thy piercing eye
 The whole seem fair ? Those specks that we descry
 To universal happiness redound,
 And in disjointed parts are only found ;
 E'en as in life some pain we must endure
 Ere one substantial good we can ensure ;

As

As down the Labourer's brow the drops that run
 Sweeten the morsel that his toil has won.
 Let him who dares thy justice to arraign
 First of his high prerogative complain,
 Since thou hast made each moral agent free.
 The fault is ours. No malice dwells with thee.
 As at the dawn of things, at nature's birth,
 When first thy spirit brooded o'er the earth,
 Thou sawest each orb its destined course fulfil,
 Even so thou seest, and pronouncest still,
 Through the vast range of Heaven and Earth and Flood,
 That every thing which thou hast made is good.
 Whate'er of thee reflection can impart,
 Or sage instruction pours upon the heart,
 Whate'er the Schoolman proves or Sceptic seeks
 Concentrates here, where even silence speaks.

Whate'er

Whate'er can most exalt thy name combines.
Thy deep-felt presence here around us shines.
Here the rapt soul holds converse with her God;
Perceives creation at thy powerful nod
Together move in one harmonious chain;
And dwells delighted on the heavenly strain.
Fair Cynthia tunes to thee her evening song,
The waves resound thee as they glide along;
The wandering Planets sing thee as they roll,
And bear thy name to Heaven's extremest pole;
All beings here one general chorus raise,
And the wide Universe resounds thy praise.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH CANTO.

NOW is the time, for those that wisdom love
To haunt the silent shore, the twilight grove,
While nature's faded forms their charms renew
And Heaven itself is open to their view.

The

The pensive Youth now seeks some sad relief
 In brooding o'er his hidden stores of grief;
 'Midst overhanging rocks delights to stray,
 Sick of the follies of the garish day ;
 Or towards the mouldering fane his steps to bend
 Where stands the urn of some departed Friend,
 And feels enamoured of that sight of woe
 The melancholy joy that tears bestow :
 Or lifting to the stars his anxious eyes
 Bids peace attend him to his native skies.
 Led by the waning Moon's inconstant ray
 O'er huddled graves, he takes his doubtful way ;
 At every sound, his trembling foot recedes ;
 On every stone he treads, his bosom bleeds ;
 A voice, he seems in every wind to hear,
 High beats his throbbing pulse with chilling fear !

Incumbent

Incumbent horror spreads her dragon wings;
 The bird of night her doleful Requiem sings;
 The trophied Isles admit the glimmering light,
 With many a frail memorial richly dight;
 Portentous visions glare to fancy's eye;
 High o'er the vault the grifly Spectres fly;
 The yawning sepulchres eject their dead,
 Uprears the stiffened joint, the prostrate head!
 Loud shrieks of woe reverberate through the gloom
 And wake the sleeping echoes of the tomb,
 That of some troubled Ghost bespeak the pains,
 With intermingled sighs and clanking chains
 That seem to trail along the hollow ground;
 And living phantoms glide in silence round,
 Though scarce distinguished through the lurid air;
 While fiends of Death their winding sheets prepare,

Y y

Whose

Whose shadowy vestments sweep him as they pass,
 And to his eyes present life's finished glass.
 Scared at the sight he flies the sacred dome
 And seeks with trembling steps his distant home,
 Where he arrives with looks aghast and pale,
 Nor scarce finds strength to tell the hideous tale.

Now deeply pondering the delusive joys
 Of life, and low ambition's gilded toys,
 The Moralist pursues his lonely way,
 And hails the presage of eternal day!
 Or where the tufted wood o'er-arched embowers,
 Stands rapt in thought and talks with his past hours;
 To the great source of all his mind expands
 And bends submissive to his high commands;
 Checks of his erring will the mortal strife
 And contemplates the charms of moral life;

Contemns

Contemns the clamour of the brawling throng;
 Whose ever-veering thoughts of right and wrong
 Efface that law on every heart imprest;
 Of all our Guides the surest and the best.
 Catches her awful dictates as they rise
 Taught by this sage Instructress to be wise.
 And learns that squeamish virtue to disdain
 Which scarce can "touch the world without a stain"
 Basely deserts the post it ought to guard
 Yet still from God and Man expects reward.
 Since all who would to noble deeds aspire
 Or the high meed of well-earned praise acquire,
 Or steer their course through life with steady hand,
 Must first temptation's gilded snares withstand.
 Though perilous the post by Heaven assigned,
 Still arms with firm resolve his constant mind;

Still

Still in the ranks of life preserves his place,
And meets the Syren dareful face to face;
Conscious no real virtue can be found
But must to others' good at last redound,
Nor aught we can perform deserve applause
Save what contributes to the public cause.

But yet not rashly confident; aware
The world at best is but a specious snare,
May blast the fairest hopes that ever bloomed;
A grave in which all virtue lies entombed;
That the low shed is still her pride and boast,
In the wide range of courts and senates lost:
Though she her brightest charms can ne'er display
But when enthroned amidst the blaze of day.

Deeply bewails the errors of the age,
The groundless jealousy, the rancorous rage,

That

That from fanatic precepts ever flow;
While some too high would soar, some creep too low.
Some who themselves pursue that better way
Which never led one human heart astray,
With what their conscience dictates still comply,
But to their flocks this privilege deny.
In whom those bigot weaknesses we trace
That all their better qualities disgrace.
In manners mild, outrageous in discourse,
Who find in flurs and sneers their chief resource;
Who not contented with their own applause
Still in obloquious strain maintain their cause;
Nor trust in truth and reason for support
But to intolerable rage resort;
Nor strive by mild persuasions to correct
But found all merit on a name or sect;

Nor

Nor where opinions differ e'er approve,
Too selfish to applaud, too cold to love ;
As if the Heavens were framed for them alone
Or but one path led there, and that their own.
Even where religious scruples most abound
And scarce one point of union is found,
Where sect with sect perpetually jars,
And with each other wage eternal wars,
In spite of all our reasons to dissent,
In spite of conscience, warn us to repent !
Or if our practice should not still concur
With all their precepts, modestly infer
The difference from some weakness must arise,
Some worldly lust, some idol sacrifice,
Some secret wish that we would fain enjoy
Beneath the veil of incredulity :

Thus

Thus charitably lift us ere we fall
And in imputed crimes involve us all.
Amidst their foes these shadowy weapons wield,
But their frail brethren discreetly shield ;
In gross invectives their high worth display,
And to schismatic errors lead the way ;
By their eternal calumnies expand
The worst of inquisitions o'er the land ;
On all sides round satiric venom spread
Which still rebounds on the aggressor's head :
Since all who dare dispute their ghostly rules
Are most egregious Knaves or arrant Fools,
Nor from their tenets can we e'er depart
But from the wayward passions of the heart.
In whom that liberal character of soul
That spurns of outward forms the mean control,

Save

Save in their turgid rant we rarely find;
 But which in practice ever lags behind;
 Nor that exalted charity can trace
 Which holds all mankind in one strict embrace;
 To every Sect, extends her ample views,
 Which God adores, and the plain path pursues
 That conscience dictates to the pure in heart;
 Which dares through life to act an honest part;
 Which whether high or low, or bond or free,
 (Howe'er their sentiments may disagree,
 Or modes of life or habits of the mind)
 Should sure in one communion be combined.
 While thus our peace they shamelessly invade
 The interests of virtue are betrayed;
 All rational distinctions pass away;
 Scarfs, bands, and creeds, to honour lead the way,

And

And the great cause they labour to defend
 Becomes perverted to the meanest end.
 Their praise that scattered with impartial hand
 Might rouze to noblest deeds the flumbersome land,
 That to intrinsic worth should be applied,
 Is the mere perquisite of priestly pride.
 Thus led aside by every paltry view
 They lose the very object they pursue;
 Those interests they most should serve disown,
 Yet not one jot have e'er advanced their own.
 Nay more, that indignation they excite
 Still brings the failings of their sect to light.
 Scarce from the flames of Hell can one immerge.
 Beneath the Satyrist's envenomed scourge
 Those that were else revered are doomed to fall;
 Abusing others are abused by all.

While the unthinking Tyros of the age,
Whom other thoughts and other cares engage,
Survey their bigot Teachers with a sneer
And laugh at all that they should most revere.
The lessons too of early youth despise,
And view their follies with approving eyes;
Soon loose all sense of what is just and right,
Convinced Religion is an arrant bite;
The qualms of conscience but a merry jest,
Nor those who feel them better than the rest.
Bereft at once of council and control,
The most supine indifference crowns the whole.
Both Porch and Pulpit topple to the ground
And more than Atheist darkness reigns around.

END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS
OF
CYLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

SOME who from vice and folly ne'er depart;
Who spurn the better feelings of the heart;
The common sense of mankind dare outface,
And all religion by their lives disgrace.

Who

Who deaf to reason, to all praise or blame,
 The voice of conscience, or the voice of fame,
 By inward lights, at length, have found a way
 That leads through darkness to the realms of day ;
 Round the dark brows of guilt the palm to twine ;
 Their vices with their interests to combine.
 From the most treacherous arts, the basest deeds,
 Still fly for refuge to their favourite creeds ;
 And for the qualms of conscience seek redress
 In speculative hoards of righteousness.
 Such poisonous maxims through all ranks expand,
 And with their Proselytes infest the land ;
 Who, faithful to their Teachers, scatter round
 Those subtle arts for which they are renowned,
 And practise every Jesuitic wile
 Beneath the cover of a Saintly smile.

For

For Characters that stain the human race
Upon their list of Worthies find a place;
Even to the very scum of earth have given
The rare prerogative to rise to Heaven.
Who in their vicious courses ne'er relent;
Too proud to feel, too perfect to repent;
But in their errors fixed as fate remain,
Fast bound by an indissoluble chain.
Who to the world present the indignant scene
Of Knavery skulking under Virtue's mien.
Teach us, the most unhallowed things on earth
May from the purest source derive their birth;
And all that can the human heart degrade
Beneath the mask of justice be displayed.
Those wide extremes, that never yet could chime
Of conscious innocence, and hardened crime,

Though

(Though scarce a Reprobate was ever found
 That such diverse ingredients could compound,
 Though Cataline and Borgia stood aghast)
 By puritanic zeal are joined at last.
 Yet farther still, these self-named Saints advance,
 And cast at Virtue a contemptuous glance ;
 Tell us in psalms and prayers to place our trust ;
 That one good Knave outweighs a hundred Just ;
 Tell us that men whom every crime debase
 Are still the objects of peculiar grace ;
 And in proportion as those crimes increase
 May rest assured of their eternal peace.
 That all those qualities we most despise
 Have ever been a passport to the skies.
 As if to gaols and dungeons were confined
 The brightest Paragons of human kind,

Or

Or stakes and gibbets to their votaries given
 Like Jacob's ladder to ascend to Heaven.
 Yet with triumphant air these wretches boast
 That those who to all sense of shame are lost
 Have by their saintly precepts been reclaimed,
 And all the fury of their passions tamed.
 Even the worn reprobate, the practised cheat,
 Who all the vigilance of laws defeat,
 Who in the very dregs of guilt have rolled,
 This saintly process turns their dross to gold.
 As well the Thief might in the face of day
 The effects of his persuasive powers display,
 When those, who by assassinations thrived,
 Have, leagued with him, in peaceful knavery lived;
 Exchanged their ruthless trade for subtle art;
 Sustained through life a less obnoxious part;

Have

Have ever firm in their vocation stood
And even abhorred the very scent of blood.
Who from the paths of duty ever stray
But gladly would pursue the safest way?
Ere hardened guilt matured the timid thought
They strove to practise what they now are taught;
And in their hearts were Converts to those rules
Explained at large in Methodistic schools.
These boasted Proselytes, though changed in name
Have ever been substantially the same.
Both Saint and Sinner perfectly agree
In every feature but Hypocrisy.
Still with insidious art our peace molest;
Still are of all society the pest;
Void of compunction, void of common sense,
Versed in the juggling arts of vain pretence,

Callous,

Callous, revengeful, underhanded, rash;
 Whose Gods are monsters, whose religion trash;
 Who sanctify their crimes, and found divinity
 On rules of practical iniquity;
 The light of Heaven preposterously explore
 Where Pluto reigns and Cerberus guards the door.
 What wonder then the most corrupted mind
 Should ever to such maxims be inclined;
 That soften down the rugged paths of vice,
 Dissolve all moral scruples in a trice,
 Relieve the Culprit from his dire alarms,
 Sweeten the cup of guilt with magic charms,
 Teach them their wonted habits to retain,
 Nor the most abject meanness to disdain
 If with some outward forms they still comply
 And rend our ears with frightful psalmody.

No warning voice now cries "Repent and live!"
 Salvation on far easier terms they give.
 Who through that tedious path would ever stray
 When faith and hope point out a nearer way?
 When in a breath we may at once obtain
 What oft through life is sought, and sought in vain?
 Thus all this vain parade of sanctity
 May be reduced to mere impunity;
 An opiate drug, a spiritual art
 To root out every virtue from the heart.
 But Stars may fall, the Moon in flames expire,
 The God of day withhold his wonted fire,
 Or universal nature change her plan
 Ere such vile maxims form an honest man.

END OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS
OF
CYLLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

THE Minstrel now by nature's charms inspired
Feels with seraphic warmth his bosom fired;
Beneath some venerable oak reclined
Whose chequered leaves scarce whisper to the wind,

That

That pregnant with the rich perfumes of night
 Wakes every sense to rapturous delight.
 Or gazes on the Moon's enamoured beams
 Who through the opening foliage sweetly gleams;
 Upon the flow'ry bank invites to rest;
 Or softly stealing o'er the lucid breast
 Cf some lorn stream, that scarcely seems to flow,
 Surveys her image in the waves below.
 Penfive he winds along the margin green
 Charmed with the solemn stillness of the scene.
 Through splangled meads, and awe-inspiring groves,
 By wayward fancy led enchanted roves;
 Where Dian faintly sheds a glimmering ray
 And moves the lone companion of his way;
 Where not a sound pervades the listening ear;
 Unless the wakeful bird perchance be near

To tell her sorrows to the peaceful shades; and and and
 Or rustling zephyrs wake the sleeping glades, push and
 The heaven-aspiring thought to earth recal; in air buoyed
 Or the deep gurgling of the water's fall. until all ill beA
 Where brooding night sits jealous of her sway and w^o O
 And even disputes the empire of the day, gateway bNA
 'Mid lengthening shadows that sublimely spread w^o bM
 Rival the gloomy mansions of the dead. and blos^o addA
 Or towards the desart shore directs his way
 Where the bright scenery emulates the day,
 And o'er the wide expanse of ocean's breast
 Beholds the boundless firmament imprest;
 Where worlds on worlds the faithful mirror grace,
 And all the radiant forms the eye can trace
 Thro' Heaven's high vault, with answering colours glow;
 And wondering views a universe below.

Darts his keen eye the ample space around
 Where darkening shadows the horizon bound,
 Beyond its utmost verge mountainous rise
 And lift the flaming billows to the skies.
 Or where earth's lengthening shades new scenes display
 And yawning caves obstruct the cheerful ray,
 'Mid overhanging rocks whose ridgy steep
 Adds tenfold horrors to the gloomy deep:
 Where oft the screech owl wheels his drowsy flight
 And gilds his pinions with reflected light,
 Or mouldering fragments from their summits hurled
 Rend the blue vault and seem to shake the world.
 Then posting onward to the mountain's height
 A new creation bursts upon his sight;
 Woods, meads, and villages distinctly seen
 And steaming rivulets that wind between,

Whose

Whose shadowy waves through deep recesses stray,
That here and there attract the genial ray
And spread reflected light on all around;
While the dim brake, the dew-enameled ground,
The stately mansion, the aspiring tower,
The winding path, that tufted groves embower,
On every side attract his ardent gaze;
Still brightening in the Moon's resplendent blaze;
Even the lone cot, beneath whose humble shed
The labouring hind now rests his wearied head,
And flocks and herds stretched o'er their pastures green
Distinctly traced amid the verdant scene,
Catch the soft radiance of her silver car,
And towering hills gleam faintly from afar.
Night's lovely aspect still his bosom warms,
Still round he turns, still gazes on her charms;

Surveys the wandering planets as they roll
 And every varied sign that girts the Pole;
 But chiefly thee, fair orb! delights to trace
 And dwells enamoured on thy placid face.
 Whether thou trim unseen thy wakeful fire,
 Or slowly rise, or modestly retire;
 Whether unveiled thy splendid form appear
 Or o'er the darkened clouds obscurely peer;
 Or half concealed beneath their fleecy shade
 In dim eclipse thy radiance be displayed;
 Or amidst glittering ramparts throned on high
 Thou beam majestic o'er the low'ring sky,
 Though more than half thy orb be overcast;
 In each new form still lovelier than the last.
 Who seem'st to hold communion with the mind
 That doats on thee, by fancy's fire refined.

What

What magic charms, benignant power, are thine!

What skill can trace thy influence divine!

Who lull'st the most distracting cares to rest

And speakest peace to the afflicted breast.

Led by thy chastening smile, the chosen few

Who true Religion's narrow path pursue,

I fly from the glare of life and fights unholy,

"Thou sovereign mistress of true Melancholy!"

Whose heavenly graces, whose expressive beams,

Whose secret whispers, whose inspiring gleams

The light of truth and reason can impart

And spread their saying influence o'er the heart;

That often are absorbed in noise and strife

Or lost amid the cares of active life.

Who canst to noblest heights our views extend;

The lamp of science, and the Muse's friend;

Who lead'st us oft by thy all-clearing ray
 O'er the loved scenes of youth once more to stray;
 The enlivening hope, and the sublime desire,
 When first ambition fanned her kindling fire!
 The bold adventure, and the sportive feat,
 When through each vein tumultuous pleasures beat!
 Whose well-known traits, of all that once we proved
 Even from the very dawn of life beloved!
 Of all this time-worn fabric could impart
 When feelingly alive in every part,
 That long forgot in dull oblivion lay,
 The pleasing recollections oft convey:
 From whence that flood of joy and rapturous glow
 Which from thy brightening aspect ever flow;
 Which though with added force all minds receive,
 Unconscious of their source we scarce conceive.

As in thy presence still those charms are found
Whose cheering rays illumine life's dull round,
As thou art pleased the memory to impart
Of blissful scenes that captivate the heart,
They leave imprest on the attentive mind
The liveliest hope of joys still more refined;
Some faint presage of future scenes display;
Propitious dawn of an eternal day!

When all the busy hum of men is o'er
And Sol's fierce orb attracts our eyes no more,
Exhausted with the constant glare of light,
Thy milder beams refresh the dazzled sight.

Who when dim night extends her sullen reign
And frowns tremendous o'er the cheerless plain
Bidst a new Heaven arise, and a new earth!
From whom each grateful change derives its birth;

That

That while it serves to guard the ripening ear
 And forms the stated periods of the year,
 Controls the wind, and chains the foaming flood,
 Co-operates to universal good.
 But not to this dim spot of earth alone
 Though deeply felt, thy wonderous powers are known;
 Majestic honours too to thee belong
 When stars around thee tune their evening song;
 When Hesperus thy near approach proclaims
 And o'er the sky thy streaming glory flames
 Thou risest lovely from the western main
 With Heaven's bright host exulting in thy train;
 When Lucifer bespeaks the early dawn
 Thou shedst thy last rays o'er the dewy lawn;
 When thy portentous orb in crimson dyed
 Tinges with streaks of blood the ruffled tide,

And

And through the misty air obscurely seen
Broods o'er the dark and melancholy scene;
Or when tempestuous clouds inclose thee round
And shadowy forms sweep o'er the darkened ground,
(By their impenetrable dusk concealed
Or by their radiant skirts alone revealed)
Thou sit'st serene, though hid from mortal eyes,
And reign'st unrivalled Sovereign of the skies.
Who art of youth and age the pleasing theme,
Giv'st a new zest to love's enchanting dream,
Add'st sweet vicissitude to nature's charms,
Protect'st the timid swain from dire alarms;
Welcome alike where want and wealth reside;
The Poet's idol and the Painter's pride;
Who to no servile forms thyself confin'd,
Chaste as the wave, and changeful as the wind,

From

(12)

From life's dull trammels set'st thy Votary free.

Meek daughter of the skies, Peace dwells with thee!

END OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLLENIUS.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CANTO.

ON sounding wings Cyllenius speeds his flight
And towers amidst the splendors of the night.
Around him still aspiring zephyrs breathe;
Immeasurable oceans roll beneath.

Beyond

Beyond their utmost verge he darts his eyes
 Where glittering mountains mingle with the skies,
 And proud Vesuvius distinctly seen
 Tinges with vivid flames the awful scene.
 Innumerable isles are scattered round
 And wide-extended mists the horizon bound.
 High o'er the Azores bright Tercera smiles
 And Teneriff gleams o'er all her subject isles ;
 The Atlantean hills their summits rear
 And half eclipsed the Appenines appear ;
 Amidst surrounding shades Mount Blanc outspread
 Lifts through the gloom his snow-encircled head ;
 The glassy wave reflect the scattered rays
 That here and there converged resplendent blaze
 The clouds and mists and shadowy forms between,
 That in perspective order intervene,

Wide

Wide o'er the variegated scene expand
 And add new lustre to the distant land.
 But ere to Britain he directs his way
 Towards the Cumean coast resolves to stray.
 Still as he past revolving in his mind
 The fate of myriads he had left behind;
 Driven to the last resort, resolves to take,
 (Their proud oppressors' yoke at once to break,
 And even the name of servitude efface)
 More signal vengeance on their impious race;
 The dreary paths of Acheron he treads
 To rouze the Furies from their iron beds.
 But shall the Muse too here attend his flight
 And trace the horrors of eternal night?
 O'er sulphurous floods and fiery concaves rise
 Concealed from mortal and immortal eyes,

That to the realms of darkness lead the way,
And all the wonders of the deep display?
Whose dolorous vales and agonizing climes
Are the best lesson to succeeding times.

Gods of the dark abyss! whose awful sway
The powers of Hell and gliding Ghosts obey,
Chaos and Erebus and Night profound
Whose dismal shades encompass ye around,
Pardon the bold attempt! if she relate
The laws and mysteries of your silent state;
Disclose the glorious triumphs of the just
Who in eternal wisdom placed their trust,
Through every scene of life with honour passed
Still greatly persevering to the last;
The inevitable ills that wait on those
Who conscience' sacred dictates dare oppose,

By

By open force or secret frauds oppres,
 Or wear the mask of specious righteousness,
 And on advent'rous wing presume to scan
 The final prospects of immortal man.

Where Lake Avernus rolls his sluggish round
 And poisonous vapors taint the sterile ground,
 Where never pierced the Sun's meridian ray
 Nor bird nor beast was ever known to stray,
 With baleful nightshade twined and sullen yew
 Hell's hideous portals lie concealed from view.
 Within impenetrable shades are spread
 And steams of Acheron thicken over head ;
 Where the pent winds are scarce perceived to breathe,
 But peals of thunder seem to roar beneath,
 And distant flames the dusky air illume
 That deeply tinge the subterraneous gloom.

At

At every step more rugged is the way,
More dismal shades obscure the doubtful day;
By pestilential vapors sore opprest,
Incumbent horror swells the labouring breast.

Here total darkness reigns, there twilight peers
And hideous sounds assail the trembling ears;
Gulfs below gulfs, rocks above rocks arise,
Deep as the centre, towering as the skies;
Caves, steeps, lakes, bogs, rough, dense, rare, moist and dry,
That neither oar can cleave nor wing can fly,
In endless mazes thwart the dreary way
Where Chaos circumscribed still holds his sway,
And ancient Night the consort of his reign;
Deceptionous Chance and Rumour's babbling train,
And Ades too and Phorcys' triple brood,
And Anarchy and wild Confusion flood;

By

By Jove's red arm to these dark regions hurled;

Still with their baneful breath infect the world.

Maintain their power by one perpetual jar

And spread on all sides round the din of war;

Nor laws nor ramparts can their strife affwage;

Still o'er the affrighted deep contentious rage.

But posting onward to the nether skies

More indistinguishable scenes arise,

Where nature's germs in shapeless ruins tost

And the Originals of form are lost,

And waves o'er waves in horrid conflict blown

And roaring winds assault Hell's steadfast throne;

Sulphurous clouds in fiery vollies sweep

And stunning voices rend the hollow deep;

Where being lies entombed, destruction lives,

And still some new, some monstrous shape conceives;

Where the most hideous sights that fear can dread
Unutterably strange around are spread;
Nor aught appears that eye could ever trace
Within the precincts of diurnal space,
Beyond what human thought can comprehend
Or where even fancy's wildest flight extend.
Where earth and air, and fire and flood are seen
Confus'dly mingled o'er the dismal scene,
Like shades that on the sightless eyeballs gleam
Or some distracted trance or feverish dream,
Abominable, wild, prodigious, drear!
Where space is lost, dimensions disappear
And elements with elements engaged
By no controlling power are e'er asswaged,
Perpetually embroiled with jarring sound
And more than lightning's speed are whirled around.

Here

Here atoms by attractive force are held;
There with explosive violence repelled,
High o'er the gloom in fiery eddies tost
Amidst the vast vacuity are lost:
Whence rocking Earthquakes felt from shore to shore,
And fierce Volcanos, with convulsive roar,
That from these horrid turmoils take their birth,
Rend the firm basis of the solid earth.

When passed through these, if ever mortal passed,
A broad and beaten track he finds at last;
Where the grim Spectres move in shoals along
While countlefs myriads join the shadowy throng;
Where oft emerging to the realms of day
The grisly Potentate delights to stray,
Or when retreating to his dark abode
Earth yawning wide gives entrance to the God.

To

To where the triple barrier wide extends
 O'erarched with adamant the path descends ;
 Where deep involved amidst the shades of night
 The infernal mansions burst upon the sight.
 The iron palace and the dreary shore
 We all must visit to return no more.
 Through the dark deep, tremendous gleams are spread,
 The dim air mantles over Lethe's bed ;
 Down the steep gulf in streams the phantoms glide
 And rush impetuous towards the Stygian tide ;
 Numbers to which the pearly drops of morn
 That faintly gleam upon the frozen thorn,
 Nor even the puny atoms can compare
 That sweep the strand and wing the noontide air.
 On all sides round the universal host
 Throng pale and trembling o'er the dusky coast.

Dejected

Dejected Youths, who cropt in early bloom
 Were born reluctant victims to the tomb;
 And pensive Virgins, lost in beauty's pride;
 Who lived adored, and sore lamented died !
 Experienced Sires, who life's full course had run
 And Infants ravished ere it well begun.
 The filken Sons of pomp, that rest of all,
 The midnight banquet, and the crowded ball,
 The gorgeous palace, the high-sounding name,
 Hounds, horses, hawks, precedence, wealth, and fame,
 Parks, temples, villas, views, now stand forlorn !
 Impassioned Lovets, from their wishes torn,
 In life's full zest, in pleasure's rapturous hour,
 In the warm transports of the nuptial bower,
 Where fortune's treacherous smile confirmed the cheat,
 And man, blind man ! pronounced their bliss complete.

Bards, Artists, Orators, that long had toiled,
 Early and late the lagging hours beguiled,
 Wide o'er the astonished world their names to raise
 And fed upon the fostering dews of praise.

Majestic Warriors, whose bosoms gored
 Still bear the marks of many a hostile sword,
 Who in the battle's front undaunted stood
 And sealed their country's honour with their blood ;
 Even in the very arms of victory fell
 And mixed with shouts of joy their funeral knell.

All these their troops combine, with thousands more,
 And view with haggard eyes the distant shore ;
 While not a sound is heard, nor fight appears,
 But fills the shuddering bands with frantic fears.
 Loud peals of groans arise, and shrieks of woe ;
 Down their wan cheeks the tears in torrents flow ;

Discordant

Discordant tongues and intermingled strains
 Of their impending fate bespeak the pains,
 The words of grief! the accents of despair!
 And hollow voices murmur through the air;
 While the grim Fiends of Hell, their forms disclose,
 That o'er the yawning Gulf terrific rose;
 And the red waves of Tartarus resound;
 And the huge Monster of the Stygian sound
 Forth issuing from his den, begins to rear
 His crested snakes, and shakes his bristling hair.

O'er the dun wave the surly Boatman steers
 And thus with horrid threats assaults their ears:
 Ah, Caitiffs! never hope to see the skies;
 Prepare yourselves for endless miseries!
 I come, to drag you to the abodes of shame,
 To everlasting gloom, and frost, and flame!

As

As when a sudden blast scowls o'er the ground
And the dark forest shakes with rustling sound,
Such chilling tremors through the assembly ran ;
While the scared Ghosts, all helpless, pale, and wan,
With out-stretched hands, and ever-streaming eyes,
And piercing screams, and horrid blasphemies,
At his stern bidding, take their destined way,
Still hurried on, would still prolong their stay !
With rueful gaze, portend their future doom
And cleave, with heavy hearts, the doubtful gloom.
Yet ere the leaky raft is paddled o'er
The vacant strand o'erflows with myriads more.

END OF THE TWENTY-NINTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLENIUS.

THE THIRTIETH CANTO.

WHÈRE the parched soil receives the hapless crew,
The depths of Tartarus, open full in view,
And all the horrors of the damned disclose
Writhing amidst unutterable woes.

A Cavern

A Cavern huge, immeasurably spread!
 Whose sulphurous flames, a baleful twilight shed
 And dart, by fits, resplendent gleams around;
 Nor height, nor depth is seen, nor shore, nor bound.
 A track immense of wide encircling fires!
 Where torment lives, and hope's last glimpse expires.
 With human forms and features flattered o'er
 That rend the air with agonizing roar!
 Where more than half the race of sinful man
 From the high period that their woes began,
 Even from the dawn of time, to this sad hour,
 Of every varied clime, and state, and power,
 In one accumulated host combined,
 Are to eternal punishment consigned.
 Where while the Imps of Hell their penance urge
 And ply amain the inexorable scourge,

Or

Or amidst racking whirlwinds overblown,
 Or o'er the boiling surge remorseless strown
 That bellows to and fro with ceaseless rage,
 Or on some rock transfix'd from age to age,
 They look around for peace and rest in vain.
 A Sea of woes! a Universe of pain!

Beneath a load of conscious guilt opprest,
 A deeper Hell still yawns in every breast;
 That even the fiery scourge and torturing steel
 Are balmy air to what within they feel;
 And all the miseries of the dark abyss
 A bed of down, a Paradise to this.

Amidst this vast expanse, where heat and cold
 Each in extreme, divided empire hold,
 Where the vain boast of rank and wealth and fame
 Tend but to more inevitable shame,

The

The proud Oppressors of the human race
 Still occupy the most opprobrious place.
 Czars, Sultans, Kings and Rulers of the earth,
 Who trace from Gods, or men like Gods, their birth,
 Whose wild ambition was the nation's curse,
 Are here condemned to feel, oh, sad reverse!
 And here must feel, till time itself expire,
 Plunged in the burning Lake's intensest fire,
 Those pangs which they delighted to impart;
 That with redoubled force and devilish art
 Relentless Fiends incessantly supply:
 As first in rank, now first in misery.

The next are their accomplices in guilt,
 By whose advice those seas of blood were spilt;
 Who by their arts and intrigues still elude
 All that contributes to the public good;

Have

Have still defeated every useful end
 To which politic institutions tend;
 Who of all thrones have been the foul disgrace;
 The plagues and scourges of the human race;
 Seized on those very rights they ought to guard
 And now receive their merited reward.

The next in order are the rebel crew
 Who from their lawful Sovereigns withdrew
 Their vowed allegiance, and far and wide
 Their native soil with slaughtered thousands dyed;
 Or for some paltry end of wealth or fame,
 A splendid post, or an immortal name,
 Would o'er a peaceful state, a prosperous land,
 Beneath the veil of liberty expand
 Tumultuous anarchy and wild uproar,
 And spread the flames of war from shore to shore;

Exalt their frothy fabrics to the skies,
 And vend for antidotes envenomed lies ;
 Beneath some patriot pretext conceal
 That restless and inquisitory zeal
 Which from religion has at length been driven,
 Knead in politic paste the unhallowed leaven ;
 Fantastically deem no nation free
 Who to their Idol scorns to bend the knee ;
 Inculcate lenity by dire alarms
 And rouze at once the giant world to arms ;
 Add to their wild Utopian liberty
 An equivoque yclept equality ;
 The thirst of conquest artfully disclaim ;
 Embrace the substance and reject the name ;
 Seduce the crowd with hopes of promised bliss
 And seal their doom with a fraternal kiss ;

Their

Their baneful maxims studiously disperse
 That must all forms of government reverse;
 Tyrannic rage with regal sway confound
 And beat of sophistry the eternal round;
 The pestilential blast and kindly shower;
 The moderate use and worst abuse of power;
 Those forms of government that thin the earth,
 Of crimes and massacres the hideous birth,
 With those that peace and opulence expand
 And scatter blessings o'er a smiling land;
 As if all interests were comprised in one
 Or the wide world composed for them alone.

Promiscuous forms of guilt succeed to these
 Of all descriptions and of all degrees;
 But those the most pernicious to mankind
 Still to the keenest torments are consigned,

Exempted

Exempted or exposed to fiercer climes,

According to the measure of their crimes.

The prime promoters of the Negro trade

Who all the natural rights of men invade,

And those subordinate in rank and blame

Whose sullied hands commit the deed of shame.

Delinquents who in posts of honour placed

Their friends, their country, and themselves disgraced.

Pastors who with dissembled piety

Sap the firm basis of integrity;

Who study to subvert that high behest

Which God himself enthroned in every breast.

The Imps of Law, who deaf to honour's call

Their Clients with insidious arts enthrall,

Unmoved by pity, or remorse, or fear,

The wretched Captive's sigh or Orphan's tear,

Still

Still make a traffic of iniquity
 And drain the sources of prosperity;
 Of public mischief still increase the store,
 Of public justice bar the open door.
 Parents regardless of their sacred trust
 Who teach their children all but to be just,
 Who cross each harmless flight, each sportive mood,
 That they themselves in early youth pursued;
 With spurs, stings, whips, and goads, still urge them on,
 And plunge them in those ills they else might shun;
 Indignant spurn each inexperienced thought
 And all their hopes and wishes set at nought;
 Still exercise their power with ruthless air
 And drive their wretched offspring to despair.
 The worthless pageants of exalted state
 Whom to our own disgrace we call the great;

Who

Who solemnly belied their noble birth
 And even the least pretence to honest worth.
 Those who have still preserved some sense of shame
 But centered all their merits in a name,
 Have followed virtue to be seen of men
 Still measuring back the tedious path again;
 Upon their vices kept so strict an eye
 That the promiscuous crowd might pass them by;
 But unobserved in conscious meanness bold,
 Still at the current price their honour sold.
 Those who in sport or play or proud parade
 Or on the lap of sloth supinely laid,
 Unconscious of the source from whence it flowed
 Have squandered all the bounteous Gods bestowed;
 Who were through life by no foul crime disgraced,
 But the dull round of strenuous folly paced,

And

And by a base neutrality betrayed
That glorious cause which should all hearts pervade,
Of warm philanthropy, of public good;
Since without these, the claims of rank or blood,
Or wealth, or talents, are an idle boast,
And even the very ends of being lost.

The unfaithful Guardian, the factious Chief.

The Saint who placed all virtue in belief.

The Hypocrite who bribed the voice of fame.

The Slanderer who aspersed an honest name.

The Caitiff who purloined his neighbour's gold.

The venal Voter who his birthright sold.

The Duellist who raised from wretchedness
Pierced the fond heart that pitied his distress.

The Author who to truth and nature blind
Poured his rank venom on the opening mind.

The

The Magistrate who tortures law and sense
To find for knavery some fair pretence.

The Charlatan who deals destruction round
Or keeps concealed what might to health redound.

The Usurer who perverts the end of law,
In every statute finds some secret flaw,
Wrings from the hands of want unhallowed pelf,
And in the general wreck secures himself.

Of pilfering Tradesmen too a numerous band.

Contractors who impoverished half the land.

Priests who of perjury could stand the shock
And preach contempt of riches to their flock.

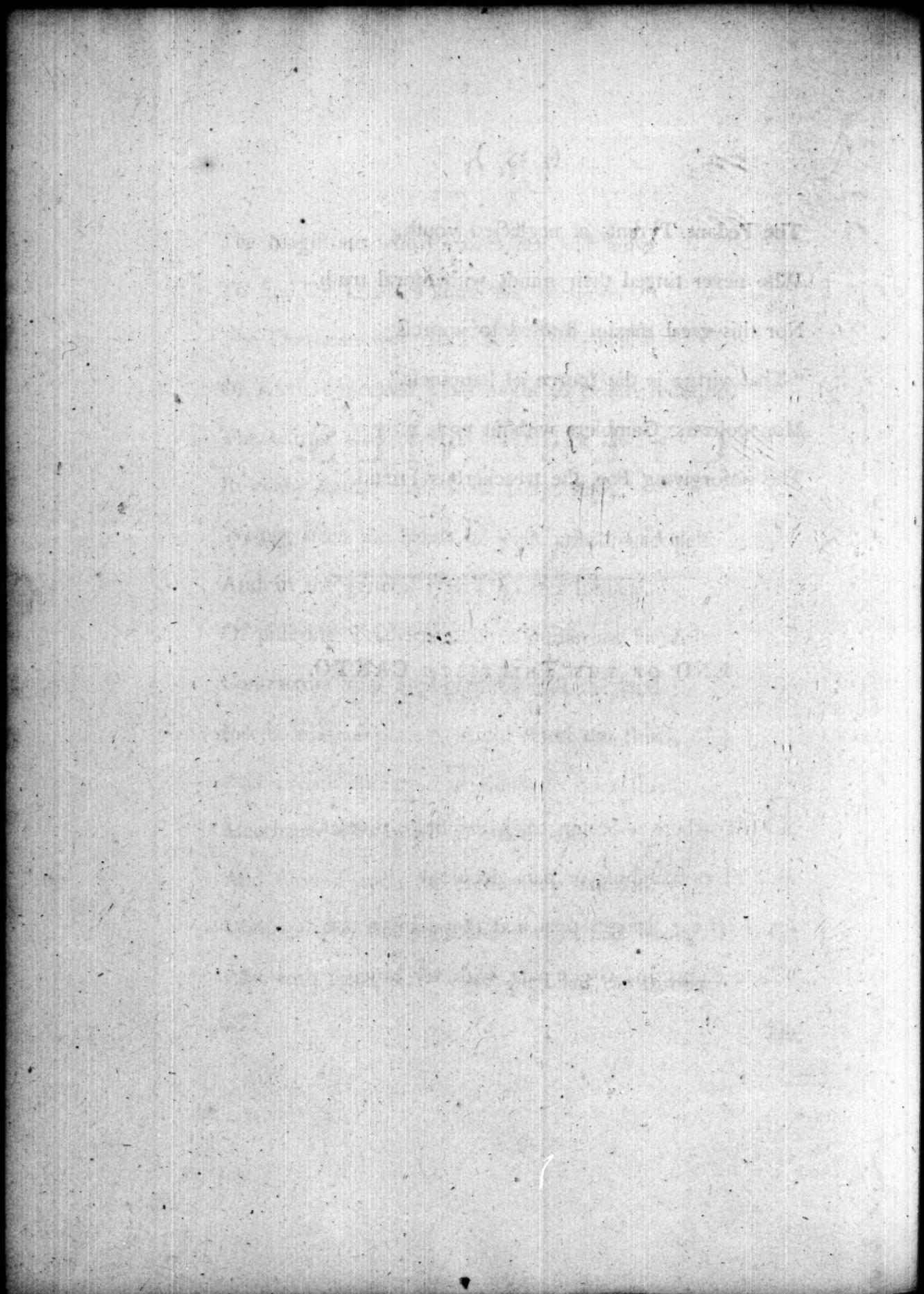
Merchants who rioted at others cost
And thrived upon the credit they had lost.

Witlings who still confounded right and wrong
And with some shallow jest beguiled the throng.

The

The Pedant Tyrants of neglected youth,
Who never tinged their minds with moral truth,
Nor this great maxim studied to impress
“ That virtue is the source of happiness.”
Monopolizers, Gamblers without end;
The unforgiving Foe, the treacherous Friend.

END OF THE THIRTIETH CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-FIRST CANTO.

BUT where a beaten track the shore divides
That of eternal bliss or pain decides,
Are seen the straight path and the narrow gate
Where Saints and Sages pass, with joy elate,

To

To regions where perennial comforts flow;
An awful contrast to those scenes of woe!

Here first in merit as in bliss supreme,
The forms of patriot Kings majestic gleam;
Who felt the grievous burthen of a Crown
And in the public welfare placed their own.

Who ne'er in speculative leagues engaged,
Destructive wars from pique or passion waged;
Nor traced of commerce the unbounded course
To find of groundless jealousies the source ;
Nor drained of wealth and blood the precious stores,
For interests beyond their native shores.

Conscious the millions that in quarrels fly
The poor industrious Subject must supply;
That but few armaments repay their cost;
Few triumphs compensate the treasure lost;

Nor

Nor even alliances secure their end
But where their benefits to all extend.
Who ne'er by favour had been led astray
Nor the high trusts of delegated sway
By an o'erwhelming influence betrayed;
Nor fought their subjects' birthrights to invade,
Nor by a bribed majority decide
The hideous patchwork of the State to hide;
Nor public confidence, the Monarch's boast,
By tricks and shifts and lame expedients lost;
Nor that fair frame to swift destruction hurled
That once had been the envy of the world.
High honoured here the Minister appears,
That clear in his great trust, nor hopes nor fears
Nor even the rabble's curse nor Sovereign's smile
Could from the paths of duty e'er beguile.

Still

Still faithful to his Country, King and God,
The even paths of truth and justice trod.
Who at the helm was ever found awake;
Felt all the varied interests at stake;
Proud of his cause, and jealous of his fame,
Disdained to sanction blunders with his name.
Laughed at the wretched baubles that engage
A dancing, tripping, piping, braggart age.
Yet even these sublimed with skill divine.
Bad round experienced heads the laurel twine;
Places and pensions to desert assigned
And titles to the friend of human kind.
Convinced whatever liberty may gain,
That virtue can alone her cause maintain;
That she to charters must in vain appeal
If foul corruption sap the public weal,

If

If those rewards the multitude pursue
Should still from base compliances accrue,
On Tools and Minions should be cast away;
To wealth and vanity an easy prey.
Who ever spoke the language of his heart;
Nor by the subtle turns of wit and art
Still studied to confound, what else were plain,
The estimates of public loss and gain;
What others had involved in deepest night
Still rendered clear and obvious to the sight.
Who with no faction ever deigned to side
But made his country's good his law and guide:
Nor for his post retained a fond desire
When by her interests summoned to retire.
The intrepid Chiefs, that in propitious hour
Their country rescued from oppressive power,

Who

Who by no wild Quixotic schemes beguiled,
But calm, collected, equitable, mild,
Even in the midst of war's tempestuous rage
Still found the means her sufferings to asswage;
Wrenched from the bloody Tyrant's ruthless hand
The abdicated rod that thinned the land;
Or even without a blow by one accord
Whilst in its scabbard slept the hostile sword,
By one close compact of confederate force,
Drew peace and freedom from their genuine source;
Founded on general will, on obvious good.
Of weak sedition chased the ebbing flood;
And won the hearts of even the murmuring few
Who would the reign of lawless power renew;
And that for which full many a harrassed State
Were forced to brave the worst extremes of fate,

And

And wars and massacres in vain endured,
Even amidst peace and justice had secured.
Or when on some decisive change intent
Coolly reflected on the great event,
And where the hazard passed the promised gain
Nobly retreated to their posts again.
Chose with a moderation truly great,
Rather than risque the being of the State
Its multiplied abuses to endure,
Or found in alteratives a milder cure.
Conscious whatever zeal their thoughts inflame
Miscarriage were a crime, misfortune shame;
Might on the realm entail more dreadful woes
Than even the very Tyrants they oppose.
Conscious no victory could e'er repay
The partial blessings they had cast away

Should hopeless anarchy their wishes cross;
No dubious good compensate certain loss.
Who by the experience of other climes
Controlled the frantic humour of the times.
With lenient measures tempered civil rage.
Taught by the warning voice of every age
True freedom ne'er from tumults can ensue.
That those politic phantoms we pursue
Full oft conduct us to the worst extremes.
Of wild uproar the everlasting themes!
Lead to a state so horrible, so curs'd,
That even of governments the very worst
The Sun surveys in his diurnal round
Would more completely wretched scarce be found.
That even when peace has been once more restored
Those schemes of liberty so long explored

In spite of all the miseries we had past
Receded from our fond embrace at last.
That even defective governments exceed
The monstrous medleys that too oft succeed.
Who, since on that great cause they would befriend
The happiness of millions may depend,
Since hope is founded on complete success
And the least failure leads to wretchedness,
Weighed with paternal care, and minds composed,
The important confidence in them reposed;
Conscious no means can happiness secure
But those alone that will their end ensure;
That they must answer for the scenes of woe
That may from unsuccessful measures flow.

The warm Philanthropists, whose ample mind
Embraced the interests of human kind,

Who

Who could of tyrant power the rage control
 And dart their glowing eyes from Pole to Pole;
 Could ease the torturing pangs of hopeless grief
 And to extensive empires bring relief;
 Through dungeons bid the rays of mercy shine
 And clear their midnight gloom with light divine.
 Who at the call of innocence opprest
 When Death's cold hand prest heavy on her breast,
 When through the grate she poured her helpless moan
 And pined unseen, unpitied, and unknown,
 Disdained to shed an unavailing tear;
 Of tardy Justice roused the deafened ear;
 Obtained, ere yet too late, the well-earned meed
 And posted to her aid with lightening's speed.
 The mouldering cot delighted to explore
 Where without beds, upon the cold, damp floor,

Where

Where scarce a roof repels the beating rain,
Laborious Hinds, with all their wretched train,
A prey to want and pale diseases lie;
When both the Priest and Levite passed them by;
Their timely aid soon closed the gaping wound
And scattered peace and health and joy around.
Nor could the noisome stench, the fetid air,
That guilt and poverty are doomed to share,
Nor the most loathed aspect of want and pain
Their ever-active charities restrain.
Who felt more conscious pride, more keen delight
While the poor sick wretch, gladdened at their sight,
While they relieved his wants and soothed his pains,
Or pressed o'erwhelmed with filth his throbbing veins,
Than if triumphant wreaths adorned the bed
Or diadems were showered upon his head.

Who

Who fired with ardor for the public weal
In every act displayed their patriot zeal;
Exposed the vile, extolled the generous deed,
And on true worth bestowed her noblest meed;
Confirmed the good, and shamed the ignoble great;
Levelled the inequalities of fate;
Convinced mankind what high respect is due
To those who virtue's narrow path pursue;
That when the feverish dreams of life are past
Conducts them to eternal joys at last.
That true distinction can alone depend
On what of being best promotes the end.
Embracing and embraced, unshaken stood
Beneath the bulwark of substantial good;
Unawed by censure, heedless of applause,
Of moral justice still maintained the cause;

From

From whence all social comforts must redound;
In which true liberty alone is found.
Who by their lives this saving lesson taught,
“ That what we pass is all, what prize is nought;
That what the proud o'erlook, the weak despise,
Is the most glorious triumph of the wise;
That howe'er low in state or mean in birth
The virtuous may be happy even on earth.”

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST CANTO.

intervenir duas semanas depois, quando o mol-

de Almada et al. (1995) mostraram que

o tempo de permanência da infecção é de

aproximadamente 10 dias (intervalo entre

início da infecção e o momento da detecção da

infecção). No entanto, é importante ressaltar

que a infecção pode ser detectada mais

tarde, quando o vírus já está em menor con-

teúdo.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-SECOND CANTO.

JUDGES who not inflexibly severe
To mercy ever lent a willing ear.
Who ne'er of regal influence felt the sway :
Clear as the light and open as the day.

3 H

Nor

Nor with affected pomp those laws displayed
 Which they in secret studied to evade.
 Nor tampered with the votaries of guilt
 Nor made a traffic of the blood they spilt.
 Nor in a maze of precedents concealed
 The obvious import of the laws repealed;
 Nor by the subtle terms of legal art
 Intrenched the dearest blessings they impart;
 Nor racked invention with infidious aim
 To o'erturn of government the balanced frame.
 Nor, in the base intrigues of Court immersed,
 From the strict line of justice e'er diverged;
 Nor favoured those protected by the State;
 Nor of the obnoxious Culprit sealed the fate.
 Nor this deceptive game so subtly played
 As even their country's vengeance to evade.

Who

Who never kept the subject crowd in awe
By the constructive twistings of the law,
Nor in the robes of power ignobly dight
Bad bold defiance to all social right;
Nor its minutest tittle ever broke
Though Monarchs threatened or an Angel spoke.
Nor on mere forms morality to found
Extra-judicial precepts scattered round,
Some pigmy vice delighted to unfold
And left the tale of public wrongs untold;
Scorned of official arts the mean resort
Nor moved the obsequious puppets of a Court;
Nor while the vitals of the State decay,
Thundered their anathems, or sport or play;
Who faithful to the interests of the land
Still held the balance with an even hand,

Whose

Whose characters above suspicion rose

Nor crouched submissive to their country's foes;

Nor e'er renounced, the intrigues of power to scan,

The high distinction of an honest man.

Whose patriot zeal oppression ever rouzed;

Still in their hearts the Culprit's cause espoused,

His ablest advocates and surest friends;

Of public justice still secured the ends.

The Pastor with religious ardor fired

Who to terrestrial honours ne'er aspired.

Whether whole realms were subject to his care

Or doomed of poverty the ills to share,

The rough or flowery path still meekly trod,

Fulfilled his trust or humbly kissted the rod.

Employed those powers that to his charge were given

As one whose thoughts were ever fixed on Heaven.

A holy

A holy Messenger the Gods had sent,
A warning voice to bid the world repent.
Who faithful to the doctrine he professed
Conformed in all things to the high behest ;
Nor like the truant Shepherds of the fold
For rascal counters even his conscience sold.
That never stored their lamps with holy oil
But gloze their vices with religious guile.
That when the last resource begins to fail
Post to the temple but to shun the gaol.
That by their lives at least their faith disown ;
Expose our failings to expunge their own.
Even when ordained, their wonted course pursue
Though modestly concealed from public view ;
And still present to our indignant eyes
A mass of sanctified iniquities.

In his high function candid and sincere,
So preached the word that Infidels might hear ;
That all who listened to his artless strain
Felt its full force and studied to retain.
Convinced that piety if well defined
Involves the solid interests of mankind.
Never presumed those maxims to impart
That quench each virtue in the human heart ;
That by their roots uprend both Church and State
And plunge us in the worst extremes of fate.
Who ne'er mistook a firebrand for a rod,
A Hell for Heaven, a Demon for a God.
Who shared the sufferings of the weak and poor
Nor drove the sick and hungry from his door ;
Nor sought to fleece his flock each stale pretence,
Nor shut his ears to suffering innocence.

Even

Even when himself embarrassed how to live

The pittance he could spare would freely give.

Who in the cause of justice boldly spoke

And of oppression spurned the galling yoke.

Who passed this scene of woes, this vale of tears,

Like some poor Pilgrim full of hopes and fears,

That towns and cities long had posted through

Still casting round a transitory view.

Who less by precept than example taught

Those heavenly truths with which his mind was fraught.

In all things most unlike that faithless band

Who with their ill-earned affluence drain the land;

Who on a name that they disgrace rely

To screen their vices from the public eye.

With holy mockeries our ears infest,

Then crown our patience with a merry jest.

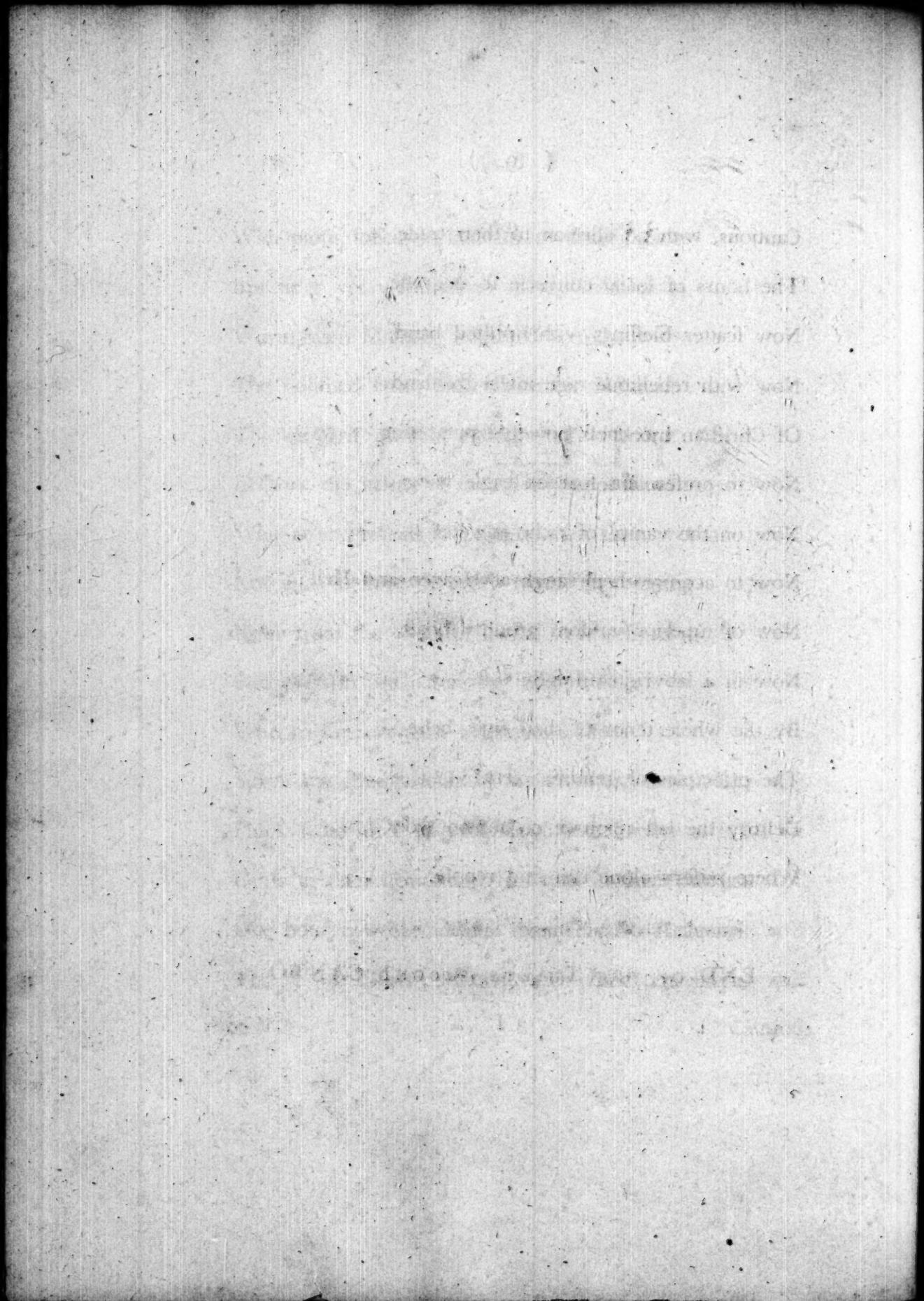
With

With pious folios decked survey their shelves
 But ne'er yet ventured to survey themselves.
 Worm-eaten Manuals extended round,
 The polished Gun, the emblematic Hound,
 The unworn cushion, and the festive board,
 Bespeak the habits of their sumptuous Lord.
 Who ne'er pretend to practise what they preach
 Nor even believe the very truths they teach ;
 Ne'er from the dross of carnal lusts refined ;
 Cast even in age a longing look behind.
 Who to support their claims to holiness.
 Storm the strong holds of conscious righteousness ;
 Pluck from all eyes imaginary motes ;
 Guile in their hearts and Anthems in their throats.
 One hour a week, address themselves to Heaven,
 The rest to sports and plays and pomps are given.

Cautious

Cautious, with no allusion to their trade,
The hours of social converse to degrade.
Now scatter blessings with uplifted hand,
Now with rebellious rage infect the land;
Of Christian meekness now delighted sing,
Now to preferment soar on eagle wing;
Now on the vanity of riches dwell,
Now to acquire them laugh at Heaven and Hell ;
Now of superior wisdom proudly boast,
Now in a labyrinth of folly lost.
By the whole tenor of their lives belie
The principles of genuine piety;
Destroy the last resource of human woes
Where misery alone can find repose.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND CANTO.



THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-THIRD CANTO.

SUCH as entrusted with the care of Youth,
Seasoned their minds with early hints of truth;
Nor through scholastic mazes taught to stray
Ere yet inspired with her enlivening ray.

Who

Who never by capricious rage beguiled
Oppressed with ruffian hand the helpless child;
But even corporeal punishment declined
When reason dawning upon the opening mind.
Conscious their own examples must instill
The best correctives of the stubborn will,
And that with mild forbearance to endure
Is oft of vice the most effectual cure.
Who ne'er by fond indulgence palled the sense,
Unearned rewards or partial preference.
With noble emulation fired their veins.
Impressed with indefatigable pains,
And filled their minds with reverential awe
For God's high attributes and sacred law.
Who taught them amidst scenes of noise and strife
And the contagious vanities of life

To

To steer their course with undiverted aim
Nor e'er refuse what they from others claim;
The lenity they feel, the tempered sway,
Amongst their little comrades to display.
Who in all instances those steps pursued
That can alone promote their real good.
Whose efforts still enriched their native land,
Not with that piping, gambling, strutting band,
Who wave their infect plumes in fashion's train
But useful citizens and honest men ;
That by their lives most evidently proved
How much their sage Preceptors were beloved.
Whose virtues built upon substantial ground
Cast a resplendent blaze on all around.
Unlike those frothy fabrics of the age
Which for a while the ravished heart engage,

Which

Which at a distance seem divinely fair,
 But still as we approach dissolve in air.
 Since the tree grows as first the twig is bent,
 Early impressed each greatly good intent,
 And formed that equilibrium of soul
 Where every part invigorates the whole;
 To every object its due weight assigned;
 And raised to noblest views the aspiring mind.
 Virtue in all her native charms arrayed
 And each atrocious form of Vice displayed;
 That this, howe'er adorned, they might detest
 And that adore, however meanly dreſt.
 Taught them all art and quibble to disclaim
 And on this basis found an honest fame;
 That round the Miscreant's brow no honours twine;
 That solid substances the brightest shine;

That

That the fantastic glare which youth pursues
Of emulation checks the ardent views;
That those who at each effort faintly pause
Lulled by the partial murmurs of applause,
Whose hearts ne'er glowed with her celestial fire,
Can to superior merit ne'er aspire.

Such as in no peculiar station placed
Or even with superior talents graced,
Who never blazoned on the lists of fame
But studied to preserve a spotless name.
Far more deservedly esteemed than those
On whom the most important trusts repose:
Since if secluded from the public eye
A thousand might as well their place supply,
But from his rank if one of these recede,
How rarely do we find his like succeed?

Whose

Whose charitable thoughts and honest zeal
 Essentially sustained the public weal.
 Who humbly walked through life their narrow round,
 Their highest bliss in conscious virtue found.
 Who shamed the puny whipsters of the age,
 Of low ambition damped the infectious rage;
 Checked of impiety the wild career,
 Taught even the blind to see, the deaf to hear;
 Cast to the poor the remnant they could save
 And won by industry what pity gave.
 Who uncorrupting, uncorrupted, stood
 Amidst venality's o'erwhelming flood.
 Who by the blameless tenor of their days
 And acts though oft unseen surpassing praise,
 Left those impressions on the minds of men
 That many an age indelible remain.

By

By the pure emanations of the mind,
 Although within a narrow sphere confined,
 Demonstratively proved, what general good,
 Were virtuous deeds consistently pursued,
 The most obscure of mortals may impart.
 How much example may correct the heart.
 That of whatever rank or place or trust
 The few whose minds are resolutely just,
 Though driven to the earth's extremest bound,
 Though by all human ills environed round,
 (Like gems that by their native radiance shine)
 Pierce the dark clouds of fate with light divine;
 The sum of public happiness increase;
 Still point to erring man the road to peace:
 With vice in one eternal warfare joined
 Still by their lives preach virtue to mankind.

Who rouzed the slothful and confirmed the strong,
 And drew the involuntary crowd along;
 Bad even the lowly Hind, the servile band
 Above the proud and great their views expand;
 Taught them to feel, that even their humble state
 May far surpass the choicest boons of fate;
 May more contribute to the joys they owe
 Than all that wealth and grandeur can bestow;
 The dignity of being, to revere;
 That the most tattered wretch, of heart sincere,
 May soar to Heaven upon seraphic wings
 And look with pity down on Peers and Kings.
 Here good men of whatever state or name,
 Whether extolled on earth, or lost to fame,
 Whether through smooth or trying scenes they pass
 Find the reward of all their toils at last.

Howe'er

Howe'er by birth or principle disjoined

Here in eternal union are combined.

Those that with ministerial powers arrayed,

Impartial justice in their acts displayed.

Who never stained their hands with paltry bribes,

Nor cast on merit their contemptuous gibes;

Nor tiptoe still at each promotion stood

To catch of fortune the propitious flood;

Nor by their lives have evidently shewn

Their views were centered in themselves alone.

Conscious no government can ever stand,

That freedom must in vain her rolls expand,

Should those on whom our confidence depends

Still act subservient to their private ends;

Still with accelerated speed should steer

Which ever way the prosperous gale may veer.

END OF THE THIRTY-THIRD CANTO.

which ever way they like to go
END of the Three Gables

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THOSE who devoted to the healing art
Could health and vigour to the frame impart.
Whose philanthropic views the thirst of gain
Ne'er from their proper object could restrain.

Who

Who scorned their high vocation to degrade
Or quench the lights of science in a trade.

Who ne'er to vain applause attached their fame,
Nor o'er a rival to exalt their name,

Their fortunes or their practice to extend,
Could to empyric meannesses descend ;

Nor found the paltry triumph of a day
Upon the credit they had cast away.

Nor strove beyond that moderate sphere to rise
For which their time or talents might suffice.

Watched o'er their patients with paternal care,
By sage experience taught, and well aware,
That those abuses under which we groan,
That wake the Widow's sigh, the Orphan's moan
And universal havock scatter round,
From haste and ignorance alike redound;

That

That even the meanest Quack might be preferred
To those whose brilliant powers are thus interred.
Who viewed the adventurous Youth with high disdain;
Nor deigned to mix with that empyric train
Who on the weakness of the crowd presume
And lead the incautious Patient to his doom.
With diplomatic honours, cheaply bought,
Which hide the dearth of science and of thought,
Still bend for patronage the supple knee,
Lured by the magic tinkling of a fee;
That ne'er by nature nor by art designed
For these abstruse reflections of the mind
Still take of each disease some random view;
Nor knowing what expedient to pursue
Their wild experiments remorseless try
Even the most obvious causes to descry;

Nor

Nor though the springs of life are ebbing fast
 But rarely blunder on the right at last.
 Still scatter anguish, pain and death around,
 Though deemed than Mead or Galen more profound,
And to the grave, such oversights confide,
 As scarcely her oblivious gloom can hide.
 Nor ever countenanced that erring band
 Whose baneful charities infest the land;
 That in despight of science and of sense
 Their Panaceas still unasked dispense;
 And at the expence of life and health and peace
 Their influence o'er the weak and poor increase;
 Who to their follies obstinately blind
 Still hail them as the friends of human kind.
 Who ne'er with fustian phrase and vain parade
 The infallibility of art displayed;

Nor

Nor truth with such effrontery outfaced
 That the most vile Impostor had disgraced;
 Nor with presumptuous aim those means employed
 That more mature experience might avoid;
 Nor with some favourite med'cine hurried on
 And hazarded the effect of all in one,
 Where no past effort could promote the cure
 Nor human skill could the event ensure.
 Conscious of all the systems upon earth
 Which from the wit of man derive their birth,
 That there are none which teem with errors more
 Than those we trace from medicinal lore;
 More from their nature to abuses tend
 Nor need more caution to ensure their end;
 Nor in the hands of even the most renowned
 Can e'er to public benefit redound,

But when applied with ever-watchful eye
That the minutest change may still descry;
But when humanity and profit join
And the most tender care and skill combine.
Who ne'er with fruitless efforts racked the frame
Where powerful nature the disease might tame,
But strove of health the saving rules to teach;
Still pitied those no remedy could reach.
Unlike that senseless and presumptuous crew
Who laugh at ills their skill cannot subdue,
Who while the sickening wretch his health deplores
And each resource of art in vain explores,
Nor can the blessings he has lost regain,
Still with contemptuous sneer insult his pain;
As to some stated number were confined
The nameless maladies that vex mankind,

To

To each assigned some certain remedy,
First, second, third, and fourth, and fifth they try,
If at the last the symptoms should increase
Smile at our weakness and depart in peace.
Who when all hopes were past, their charge resigned,
Nor with an itching palm still lagged behind;
Renounced each vain expedient of art
For those that chance or change full oft impart;
Since some abandoned to their proper care
Have drawn resources even from despair,
The most deplored infirmities have past
And spun their thread of being to the last;
Since some more prosperous rival oft is found
Whose efforts with desired success are crowned.
On life's last verge when the terrific foe
Prepares to strike the inevitable blow,

When

When every mortal symptom is displayed
The awful news with tenderest care conveyed,
That every anxious thought might be removed
From those who were on earth the most beloved;
Nor with obstreperous air forestalled the date
Of those few hours that might be stole from fate.
Despised the paltry intrigues of the age;
Nor deigned the weak and curious to engage
The secrets of those circles to disclose,
Who boundless confidence in them repose;
That 'twixt the dearest friends may breed annoy
And sap the source of every social joy;
Nor o'er their art with scientific phrase
Sagacious shrugs and looks of deep amaze,
Like some poor Quack who fears his trade may fail
To spread the most impenetrable veil;

Nor

Nor if the harrassed Patient reft of ease
But reasoned of the source of his disease,
Or of his health some saving knowledge sought,
Repelled with high disdain the audacious thought;
Conscious in spite of all the boast of art
And every light that science can impart,
Those simple rules experience can gain
Are oft the surest guides we can obtain,
Which when applied to a peculiar frame
May of the learned direct the devious aim,
Who of diseases take a general view;
From whence such fatal errors oft accrue.
Conscious what may to life and health conduce
Must ever be of most essential use;
That thousands die ere that relief is gained
Which by the plainest sense might be attained;

That

That on the explicit statements they receive
Which none but those who are informed can give,
Of all that may this feverish frame molest
Their own success must ultimately rest.
Who in an art where errors most abound,
Where no criterion can well be found,
Where blunders rarely are exposed to shame
Nor even skill ensures superior fame,
From their profession studied to exclude
All those who on suspicious ground have stood;
Since nought but this the public health can guard
Or the high benefits they boast reward.

END OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

O F

CYLLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THE Warriors who at honour's sacred call
Still rouzed to arms, nor feared to fight nor fall;
Who when their country shook with dire alarms
Disdained of sloth the ignominious charms.

Who

Who unseduced by power or thirst of gain.
Still thought as Citizens, still felt as men.
Who when engaged in an inglorious cause
Despised the breath of popular applause,
In spite of all their zeal might have acquired
To more substantial honours still aspired ;
Magnanimously spurned the pomp of place,
And rose superior even to disgrace.
Or though by prejudice or passion led
Redeemed their errors, nor ignobly bled.
Who ne'er by puerile adventures strove
Their talents or their courage to approve,
Nor with some doubtful enterprize elate
Renounced the essential interests of the State;
Which, if success by one mischance should fail,
Might on their country endless woes entail.

Who

Who though with ardent zeal their minds were fired,
 Though to immortal honours they aspired,
 With cautious foresight weighed the important stake,
 More to their duty than their fame awake.
 Nor to such measures would direct their view
 But the most able Veteran might pursue ;
 Or if disposed to some adventurousfeat,
 At least provided for a safe retreat.
 Who though by no superior power controlled
 Ne'er hurried on improvidently bold ;
 Though amenable to no earthly laws
 With vigorous arm sustained the public cause ;
 And more consummate prudence oft displayed
 Than if with delegated powers arrayed :
 Since when arraigned at Heaven's eternal throne
 The general interest must involve their own.

Who ne'er of conquest felt the outrageous zest
Nor sought the peace of nations to molest;
Nor panted with the thirst of human blood;
The dire effects of brutal rage withstood.
Supremely great the waves of glory rode
Yet calm and mild as a forgiving God.
Who when engaged in the conflictive jar
And wild impetuosity of war,
When every nerve contending squadrons strain
And martial ardor glows in every vein,
When scenes of horror steel the callous heart
And mutual insults mutual rage impart,
Even here, a place for godlike pity found
And raised the vanquished Chieftain from the ground;
With guardian care composed his dire alarms
And led unhurt amidst the clash of arms;

Where

Where boastful Chiefs had marched in proud parade,
The spoils of war presumptuously displayed
Or their defenceless foe in triumph led,
Prepared the sumptuous feast, the regal bed;
Nor suffered scarce his own disgrace to feel;
Even in his presence sheathed the avenging steel;
His numerous train like Citizens received,
Their sufferings soothed, and all their wants relieved.
Resigned their trophies to the vulgar throng;
So humbly walked their enemies among!
That with their blood might have the soil imbrued
Still more by gratitude than arms subdued;
Though trained to slaughter, smeared with human blood,
Yet ever feelingly alive to good.
Though at their country's cause the first to rise
And hostile threats and perils to despise,

Though

Though ferried legions waited on their nod
 That over earth and seas triumphant rode,
 Yet when the turmoil of the times was past
 Calmly retreated to their post at last.
 Even as their valour served the public cause
 Their patriotic zeal espoused the laws.
 Those efforts which had stemmed the tide of war,
 Of civil tumult hushed the impetuous jar.
 More great, more glorious in their station placed
 Than when victorious wreaths their banners graced.

Here all who strove their country to befriend
 Or turned their talents to some useful end,
 Or were distinguished by some virtuous feat,
 Through endless ages find a blest retreat.
 Who to the wretch forlorn stretched out the hand
 And with their superflux enriched the land;

Nor

Nor deigned on earth their treasures to conceal,
Where moths corrupt, and thieves break through and steal;
Who fought, in spight of transitory praise,
Their merits on their own applause to raise.
Who unseduced in these degenerate times
Opposed the torrent of o'erwhelming crimes,
Or though by vice or folly led astray
Sought with repentant tears the better way;
The paths of piety who meekly trod
And to an Atheist age proclaimed a God;
Through many a fiery trial fearless past,
Firm and unshaken even to the last.
Who in their dealings ever had displayed
Those liberal maxims that ennable trade.
Who for their parts and eloquence careft
With attic wit and heaven-born genius bleſt,

That

That shone conspicuous on wisdom's page
 And lashed the giant vices of the age.
 Who lost to all the gauds and pomps of life,
 Of vanity disdained the ignoble strife
 Or fashion's vapourish projects to pursue,
 While nobler objects dawned upon their view;
 Who still derived from meek simplicity
 Some new resource of genuine charity;
 Marked with some generous deed each rising Sun,
 Nor let the left know what the right had done;
 Who loved the honest Labourer to surprize
 And felt the transport of his brightening eyes;
 The pangs of hopeless anguish to beguile
 And chased all sorrow with a cheering smile.
 Nor yet contented to divide their store
 But even themselves the grievous burthen bore.

All these, amidst the innumerable train
 No pen can ever trace or page contain,
 Of those that rescued from the Stygian bound
 The happy precincts of Elysium bound,
 Their blissful hours in converse sweet employ;
 And feel that inward spring, that flood of joy,
 Which o'er his long-lost Child a Parent feels
 When at his feet the pious Stripling kneels;
 Or shipwrecked Mariners in tempest tost
 When first they light upon their native coast.
 All the most flattering prospects could bestow
 Or from the most romantic wish could flow,
 Which to attain on earth they vainly strove,
 Here with high zest and full enjoyment prove.
 Here poor men find the comforts they had lost,
 The rich perpetuate their proudest boast.

No more of tyrant rage the opprest complains,

The bounding Captive here forgets his chains.

The Martyr who persisted to the last

Delighted views the perils he had passed.

Here from the rack of pain the sick are free.

Here the meek sons of genuine piety

Who with their prayers assailed the throne of Heaven

Find even more than they could ask is given.

No griefs molest, no rankling cares annoy,

Nor even satiety their senses cloy;

No dreaded change their pleasures can allay

Through the long range of an eternal day.

The fancied joys of life's first dawn possess,

The doating Lover's dream of happiness!

Immeasurably wide extended round

Unfading verdure decks the fragrant ground,

And

And hills, and dales, and intermingled shades,
 And lucid rivulets, and peaceful glades,
 That of eternal Spring the charms renew,
 In sweet succession open to the view.
 While playful breezes fan the vernal scene;
 Fruits ever ripe and forests ever green.
 Luxuriant canopies, ambrosial flowers,
 Responsive melodies, and blissful bowers;
 That not the loveliest scene Sicilia yields
 Or blest Arabia's sheltering frontier shields,
 Where even their fairest aspect still more fair,
 In rural beauty could with these compare.
 Nor Towers nor stately Fanes are wanting here,
 But thick besrown, their sumptuous domes appear;
 And gorgeous Palaces are scattered round;
 Where oft with never-fading honours crowned

In troops and families the just repair;
 Or roam the earth, or ride the ambient air;
 O'er states and empires to their charge consigned
 Perform the mandates of the Almighty mind;
 To kindred souls extend their guardian care,
 Reward the Hero or protect the Fair;
 Or oft ascending to the blest abodes
 Range the blue vaults and mingle with the Gods.

END OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH CANTO.

